# MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS

GEORGE C. BRODRICK

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# MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS

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1831–1900

BY THE

HON. GEORGE CHARLES BRODRICK

WARDEN OF MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD

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# PREFACE

The present volume has not the character of an Autobiography; nor, indeed, could its author plead any of the usual excuses for publishing a Memoir of himself. It is not the life-history of one who has attained to eminence; it is not the record of an eventful career; it contains few, if any, graphic pictures of remarkable scenes or remarkable men. Since I am not "one who has kept a diary," some noteworthy incidents have doubtless escaped my recollection; while, on the other hand, I have been under no temptation to insert extracts on matters of slight importance.

It is, therefore, with genuine diffidence that I put forth this modest collection of "Memories and Impressions," instead of reserving them for the perusal of indulgent relations and friends. If they shall be found to possess any value for the general reader, it must be derived from the source which has secured acceptance for other memorials of quiet lives. No man who is approaching his seventieth year, who has passed through many phases of experience, who has viewed the world with open eyes, and who has thought for himself with open mind,

can fail to have something to say which persons like himself may care to hear, if he can but say it with simplicity and sincerity. While I claim no sensational attraction for my own Memories, and no special originality for my own Impressions, I have been encouraged to hope that both may interest some readers to whom I am personally unknown, and with this hope I await their friendly criticism.

I desire to make it clear, at the outset, that, in speaking of more or less eminent persons whom I have been fortunate enough to know, I have no intention whatever of presenting a series of character-sketches, or of drawing a complete portrait of a single individual. Least of all do I presume to offer "appreciations," favourable or otherwise, of persons still living. Without blaming other writers of different gifts or temperament, I may say, for myself, that I have never consciously studied the characters of my friends, however eminent, from a literary or artistic point of view, and that I shrink from bestowing formal praise or censure on those of them whom I still hope to meet on intimate terms in daily life.

One more disclaimer I venture to make. Having once decided on taking the public into my confidence, I cannot disguise my deliberate impressions, even when they happen to rise into strong convictions. On Home Rule, therefore, and some other

subjects, I have spoken without reserve, and unreserved speech may sometimes give offence to sensitive opponents. I can only say that I would gladly have avoided this, if it had been possible, and that I have never resented fair criticism of my own public action. As "life's night begins," we should become more and more charitable in our judgment of motives, but our perceptions of right and wrong ought not to become dimmed, nor should we be deterred from expressing them by the knowledge that, being human, they must needs be imperfect, and may, after all, be coloured or distorted by influences invisible to ourselves.

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# Memories and Impressions

## CHAPTER I

### EARLY LIFE AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL

### 1831–1843

My parents—Castle Rising—Life in a Norfolk parsonage sixty or seventy years ago—Old Hunstanton—School-room education—Glimpses of public events—Life at private tutors'—Early reminiscences of travelling.

I WAS born on May 5, 1831, at the Rectory, Castle Rising, four miles from Lynn, in Norfolk, being the second son of the Rev. William John Brodrick, then Rector of Castle Rising, and afterwards the seventh Viscount Midleton. My paternal grandfather, the Archbishop of Cashel, was younger brother of the fourth Viscount Midleton, whose third daughter (by his second marriage) was my mother. My parents, therefore, were first cousins, and, as my mother's only brother and four sisters died without children, I soon found that I had a smaller circle of relations than most of my friends. I was chiefly brought up with my eldest brother, the present Viscount Midleton, sixteen months older than myself; my next two brothers, Charles and Henry, died respectively at the

ages of sixteen and thirty-nine; my sister, Harriet, is living unmarried at Richmond; my youngest brother, Alan, is Rector of Alverstoke and Honorary Canon of Winchester.

No one can adequately measure what he owes to his parents, but I have never doubted that I was indebted to mine for whatever moral and religious principles became part of my character. My father was certainly the most consistently devout Christian and the most perfect gentleman that I have ever known. He was a man of delicate physique, but above six feet high, and of dignified presence, with a singularly winning gentleness of voice and bearing. My mother absolutely shared his faith, and followed his example in practice; nor do I believe that their married life was ever disturbed by the least shade of discord. Both had imbibed at an early age the Evangelical tenets of Wilberforce and Simeon, but my father was far too moderate in opinions, and far too Catholic in spirit, to be an extreme Low Churchman. His Evangelicalism consisted in a heartfelt conviction that Christ is the one mediator between God and the human soul; that conscious union with Christ is the one great secret and end of the Gospel; that such union is only to be realised by prayer and the aid of the Holy Spirit; and that no external agencies of Churches, Ministers, or Ordinances, have any Divine authority or spiritual value, except so far as they are instruments for the propagation and confirmation of personal religion. From this position he never swerved, and though he lived to recog-

nise much good, if not in the High Church movement, yet in the devotion of many who followed it, he died a firm believer in the Evangelical creed.

Castle Rising was, in some respects, a model country village, and its Rectory was just such a home as has sent forth many a hardworking youth to render good service in Church or State; indeed, Nelson himself was nurtured in a parsonage in the same neighbourhood. The great feature of the parish is the keep of a fine old Norman castle, in which Isabella, the wicked mother of Edward III., was confined for many years; surrounded with other ruins, and some of the highest and boldest artificial mounds to be seen in England. From these mounds, there called the Castle Hills, there was an extensive view of the Wash, and a large tract of salt-marshes reclaimed from the sea and protected by embankments. On stormy nights it was not uncommon for the inhabitants of parishes owning such land to be summoned hastily, for the purpose of preventing or repairing breaches in the sea wall. The church, too, is an excellent specimen of later Norman architecture, resembling in type the well-known church at Iffley, near Oxford. Close by is an almshouse of the reign of James I., which still retains its original character; as well as an interesting Hall of later date, recently tenanted by the Duke of Fife, but then occupied for two or three months of the year by Colonel and Mrs. Howard, the kindly and munificent proprietors of the village. Strange to say, though it contained but 300 or 400 inhabitants, it had continued to be a

borough—and, of course, a pocket-borough—until it was disfranchised by the first Reform Act. My father always believed that at the last election before that event he was the only legal voter, and that, although several other votes were actually received, they would all have been struck off on a scrutiny. The newly-elected members were bound to undergo the ceremony of "chairing," and were regularly "tossed" at a particular spot, afterwards proved to be the site of the old village cross, the base of which was discovered a foot or two below the surface. Besides the Castle, the Church, the "hospital," the parish school, and the inevitable public-house, the village consisted of a very few substantial farm-houses, and a number of comfortable though primitive cottages, often visited by Mrs. Howard as well as by my parents, and chiefly inhabited by farm-labourers and workpeople employed at a neighbouring mill. There was no meeting-house, and little, if any Dissent; most of the villagers attended church diligently, and sent their children to school long before any one dreamed of compulsory education. My mother, as well as my father, was assiduous in befriending the poor, and the remembrance of their example, by no means singular, would be quite enough to disabuse one of the untenable notion that devotion to parochial duties was a lesson first taught by the "Oxford Movement."

In the days of my childhood our corner of Norfolk, though far more accessible than many parts of England, was very much out of the world, accord-

ing to modern ideas. Lynn was, of course, our local metropolis, and Lynn itself, within one hundred miles of London, was practically farther removed from it than Edinburgh or Dublin is now. The single day-coach which traversed this road, and which in 1830 had to be dug out of the snow, took twelve hours in accomplishing the journey. The two well-known coachmen, Walker and Cross, exchanged vehicles at Cambridge, each driving out and home the same day. The occupants of post-chaises travelled more slowly, and either journeyed from dawn to dusk on a summer's day, or slept at Cambridge, at the Bull Inn. Every hostelry on the road had its character. It was, I think, at Royston that an old Tory, having stopped at an inn kept by a Reformer, and ascertained that the waiter's politics were of the same colour, indignantly exclaimed, on paying his reckoning without the customary *douceur*, "Then, sir, there is the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." The change at Lynn, from the waving corn-fields which covered the fens in spring, or the huge stacks which dotted the horizon in autumn, to the breezy uplands of North-west Norfolk, was at once startling and picturesque. Along the shores of the Wash and the North Sea rare sea-birds were blown inland with every heavy gale, and the bustard was not yet extinct upon the lonely tracts of common. The heaths which fringe the road between Lynn and Hunstanton, with a village every two miles, and a church usually capable of holding all its inhabitants, looked pleasant

enough in summer, but were swept in winter and spring by the bleakest of winds charged with snowy particles from the ice-fields of Norway, which Coke of Holkham used to claim as his nearest neighbour. Sandringham lies about midway, but was not yet imparked, and was then owned by a West Indian Nabob.

The graphic descriptions of village life in East Anglia by the author of "Arcady in the Twenties" are applicable, with little variation, to the succeeding decade. Judged by existing standards, it was sadly rough and hopelessly dull. Wages were low, prices were high, and work was not always plentiful. Education was in its infancy, and such village schools as existed would now be regarded as utterly inefficient. There were labourers whose whole life had been spent within half-a-dozen miles of Lynn, but who had only seen their market-town once or twice on special business. Notices of the requirements of the Parish authorities were constantly given out in church by the clerk, without his considering it necessary to inform the parson of his intention to do so. The parson himself had often little regard for appearances, and would sometimes change his surplice for his preaching-gown before the whole congregation without repairing to the vestry—if, indeed, there was a vestry. The churches were miserably kept, and some of the clergy were more sportsmen than pastors, owing their livings to patrons who cared little for the spiritual interests of their dependants. One such parson was seen to arise from his knees in

the midst of the general Confession in order to make a respectful obeisance to the squire, who happened to enter the family pew somewhat late. Many like stories were told, but I must add, in fairness, not only that my own father was a pattern of clerical dignity, but that I heard—perhaps was allowed to hear—nothing but good of the neighbouring clergy who resorted to our house. Probably in respect of birth, and even of University education, the rural clergy of those days were at least the equals of their successors, for the gravitation of the ablest and most zealous young curates into London and other great towns had not then begun.

The fact is that, sixty years ago, the ideal of clerical duty was very different from that which now prevails. Not only may it be said that evangelical "faith" counted for more and ritualistic "works" for less than in a modern parish, but the "priest" had not yet taken the place of the "minister," less concerned for the interests of his order than for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his parishioners. There is much truth in the language of a writer in the *Church Gazette:* "It might be that the clergy did not then hold so many services in the churches, or attend so many retreats, or study mediæval liturgies and rituals as is now the case; yet they took part, and a leading part, in every movement for the good of the people, not as a class apart, but as being of the nation itself. It is true, too, that they dressed more like professional men than priests, and they, with their families, formed part of the life of every

village and town. They were scholars, they were gentlemen, and they were trusted by all. It cannot be denied that these very qualities which made them of value to the State incurred the opposition of Newman and his followers of the Oxford Movement. The horizon of the clerical mind has since been curtailed, and the very name National Church is unpopular with the clergy." One side of this view was pithily expressed by an old gamekeeper at Castle Rising, in a conversation with myself on the character of a High Church Rector. "Sir, he don't care if there's no God and no Bible, so long as there's a parson, and a Prayer-Book, and a Church." If that Protestant gamekeeper were now alive, he might be further shocked to observe that Ritualistic practices are no longer restricted by the injunctions of the Prayer-Book.

The daily life at the Hall, as well as the Rectory, was then simple and monotonous. The servants were chiefly drawn from the neighbourhood, which also supplied all the domestic wants, and many of the domestic comforts, then known to owners of country houses. For most of them a visit to London was a rare and memorable event. Year in and year out they lived at home, receiving near relations on visits measured by weeks together, walking up their own game with the aid of pointers, and shooting with clumsy muzzle-loaders, attending Quarter Sessions, and occasionally meeting their neighbours in the larger market-towns, where the clergy, too, sometimes assembled for ecclesiastical or missionary

gatherings. Merry-makings and social reunions were few and far between; garden-parties, with the attractions of croquet and lawn tennis, had not been invented, while school treats and village entertainments were very rare. I can well remember one such being given on a grand scale by Colonel and Mrs. Howard, to celebrate the Queen's coronation, when fireworks were displayed from the Castle Hills, and a squabble took place between the inhabitants of two villages over the partition of roast beef which is reported to have been revived by their descendants at a Jubilee-feast in 1897. In those parts, and in those days, the village-carrier was often the sole vehicle of news to cottagers, for letters cost tenpence a piece, and often remained exposed for weeks in the window of the local post-office, because those whose addresses they bore shrank from the expense of claiming them. Though Castle Rising was a healthy village, I have no doubt the mortality there would now be reckoned high, since there was no provision for drainage or water-supply. Nursing was an unknown art in country districts, and the Lynn doctors used to drive about equipped with medicine chests and cases of surgical instruments, equally prepared for "the fever" or for injuries requiring amputation—of course, without the use of anæsthetics. Soon after my own birth, the cholera had scourged a village four miles off, but a sanitary cordon was said to have been maintained round Castle Rising by labourers armed with pitch-forks. The great epidemic of influenza swept over Norfolk, as it did over the rest of the country, in

1837, and we all suffered from it. This is sometimes described as its first appearance in England, but erroneously, for it is mentioned by name as prevailing in the last century. The importance of revaccination was fully realised even by my parents, who had themselves been inoculated, and, as there was a good deal of smallpox about, I was subjected to it at the age of seven.

My first sight of the sea was at the village of Old Hunstanton, the only seaside watering-place, if it could be called so, within easy reach of Castle Rising. Here there was but one regular lodging-house, the property of a Lynn clergyman, and the accommodation was so primitive and scanty that one of us children was reported to have been put to bed in a chest of drawers. I think it is scarcely realised by the present generation how modern seaside watering-places actually are. In the last century few people took summer holidays, except in the form of an occasional "day off," like Johnny Gilpin, or cared much for change of air or scene, except for the purpose of enjoying hospitality or drinking waters. Bath, Tunbridge Wells, Buxton, Harrogate, and other inland "Spas" had long been fashionable sanatoriums, but there must have been thousands of invalids who could not bear long journeys to such health-resorts before railways so vastly reduced the fatigue of travelling. Meanwhile, seaports and coast towns, with their squalid lodging-houses clustered round a narrow inlet receiving all the drainage, were not unjustly avoided by health-seekers as the very reverse of salubrious.

Scarborough was among the earliest of marine summer quarters, and was patronised by North country people in the middle of the last century. Smollett, in "Humphry Clinker," couples it and "Brighthelmstone" with "Bristol-Well," Tunbridge, and "Harrowgate," as places to which visitors took flight after the end of the Bath season, which seems to have lasted until May. Ramsgate and Margate were already frequented by Londoners, while Cromer, Yarmouth, and Southend probably came into note somewhat later. Most ports and towns on the South Coast were quite neglected by fashion, until George III. brought Weymouth into vogue, with the result that some attention was paid to sanitary requirements. In due course, Hastings, Worthing, Bognor, the Isle of Wight, and the Devonshire coast towns claimed their share of popularity; but our grandfathers and great-grandfathers went to the seaside for the sake of pleasure and sea-bathing rather than of health. How they could have enjoyed or amused themselves at such a place as Hunstanton then was, is a question not easy to answer. On the other hand, it is strange that while scores, or perhaps hundreds, of seaside watering-places are nowadays thronged with visitors (some attracted by golf-links), there are so few inland health-resorts frequented mainly for the sake of bracing air, rather than of mineral waters. Buxton alone combines the air of a high plateau with its celebrated baths, and is the only town in Great Britain of which it can be said that, of six excellent roads leading

out of it, only one fails to attain the height of 1500 feet.

As we left Castle Rising when I was eight years old, my recollections of our life there, and, still more, my impressions of public events, are inevitably meagre, but they are perfectly distinct. We were brought up simply and sensibly under the kindest of parents, but rather strictly, and without that sensitive regard for our comfort and enjoyment which is now the lot of childhood in the upper classes. Our health was carefully watched, yet we certainly were not coddled; for instance, we never wore woollen underclothing, and I did not adopt a "flannel waistcoat" until I was eleven, or my brother, until he suffered from an attack of pleurisy in his sixteenth year. Our amusements were few, and were rigorously prohibited on Sundays; but our lesson-hours were not long, and were judiciously distributed—two hours in the morning, and one and a half in the afternoon. Happily, our governess was an excellent old-fashioned teacher, blissfully ignorant of "pædagogy" and educational specialism, but thoroughly grounded herself, and capable of thoroughly grounding children, in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, English history, and the knowledge of "common things." The result was that, although neither of us was precocious or specially clever, and no attempt was made to cram or force us, we had attained a standard in these subjects, before I went to school at the age of eight, which some people think it unreasonable to expect from children of

eleven or twelve in Board and Voluntary Schools. Our father taught us Latin himself, and we both acquired, without conscious effort, a familiarity with the Bible which made Biblical lessons perfectly easy to us at school and college. Nor was this instruction chiefly directed to inform our minds: from our earliest years the New Testament was set before us as the one rule of conduct, and the love of Jesus Christ as the one refuge of the soul in time of trouble or temptation. Perhaps, under such teaching, we may have taken a more serious view of life than was quite natural for children, but my conviction is that its good effects far outweighed this incidental drawback. Field sports were unknown to us, and we had few juvenile playmates; but we enjoyed gardening, kept guinea-pigs and other pets, were sometimes taken on long drives, and, as we grew older, learned to ride ponies without stirrups—a practice, however, which I deprecate as too rough a discipline for beginners.

Of course, Lynn, with its Grey Friars' tower and two fine churches, was the nearest place of interest, but one of our expeditions was along the coast to Wells and Blakeney, another to Houghton, the grandeur of which naturally made it my ideal of a country house for years afterwards. Every year, too, until 1836, we posted up to London (104 miles), closely packed in the family chariot, on our way to Peper Harow, near Godalming, the residence of our maternal grandfather, Lord Midleton. I can remember every stage on the road, especially Ely and Cambridge, the constant excitement of changing horses, and the inter-

minable approach to London through avenues of suburban gardens. There we always slept for one or two nights at my grandfather's house in Upper Brook Street, and were taken for walks into Hyde Park, or the sacred enclosure of Grosvenor Square, which I have never entered since. My chief reminiscences of London, more than sixty years ago, are the Zoological Gardens, the Babel of London cries, and the dull rumble of the streets at night, which sounded very strange to a child from the country. It was not until later that I came to identify London cabs, which first ran in 1823, or omnibuses, which date from 1829, but I have a very early recollection of the old hackney coaches. Then came the journey to Peper Harow (thirty-six miles), with four horses for the last stage, crowned by the vision of grander surroundings and new scenery. Once, in 1835, we travelled into Surrey through Brighton, where the Chain Pier, recently erected, was considered a wonder of the world. In 1836, during our stay at Peper Harow, my grandfather died, and his widow, the Dowager Lady Midleton, took a house at Snettisham, seven miles from Castle Rising on the road to Hunstanton. One of my aunts who lived with her delighted in long walks, and Ken Hill, which is still known to visitors from Hunstanton, then seemed to me an earthly Paradise. Indeed, Wordsworth himself might have been satisfied with the multitude of childish ideas and dreamy fancies which floated across my brain in this first passion for natural scenery, but never found expression in poetry. Soon

afterwards, Sir Edward Parry, the great Arctic navigator, settled at Congham, four miles from Castle Rising in the opposite direction, and became an intimate friend of my father. His son, the late Bishop of Dover, was the earliest of my own friends, and remained one of my truest friends until the day of his death.

My first recollections of events outside our family circle date from the reign of William IV. One is that of witnessing a review in Hyde Park, before the Duke of Wellington, from the top of a house in Connaught Place. Another is that of being taken to Gaywood, near Lynn, to see the present Queen, then Princess Victoria, with her mother, passing in carriages from Lynn to Holkham, on one of the few visits which she paid before she ascended the throne. The news of the King's death arrived on one of the hottest days in the hot summer of 1837. The general election which followed was memorable in the annals of Norfolk as that in which the Tory squires first broke the power of the great Whig house at Holkham, and succeeded in returning their candidates, Sir William Bagge and Mr. Chute, against the Whig nominees, Sir William Ffoulkes and Sir Jacob Astley. I was decked out in blue rosettes, by way of wearing Tory colours, and, placed on a wall, saw the Hunstanton voters brought up in a body on the Lynn road, headed by the estate-steward. For the farmers of those days, though despots over their labourers, never thought of disputing the authority of their landlords in politics. Two or three of the less intelligent,

having been vigorously canvassed by a neighbouring clergyman's wife, tendered their votes at the poll for Mrs. Barnes, and were surprised at their rejection. The next year was the year of the great frost, of the great eclipse (which I saw through smoked glass), and of the rebellion in Canada, succeeded by the Chartist riots, which lasted through a great part of 1839. Reports of both these events reached our schoolroom, but our political ideas, however sound, were crude in the extreme. I hope it was neither of my parents who informed me, in answer to some inquiry, that the Radicals were the wickedest of mankind; that so long as the Duke of Wellington lived they might probably be kept in some kind of order, but that after his death there was no telling what mischief they might perpetrate—a prediction which some may think was not wholly futile. On another occasion, having asked the difference between Whigs and Tories, I was met by the reply that Tories were people who held that God made the King, whereas the Whigs held that the people made the King—an opinion which, interpreted by my childish intellect, naturally seemed little short of blasphemy.

In the summer of 1839 my father accepted the Rectory of Bath, and before moving thither in the autumn, he took my brother and myself to a private tutor's at Penn, near Beaconsfield. This was our first experience of railway travelling, for the Great Western line already extended as far as Taplow Station, ten miles from Penn. I can remember the completion of each additional link, as Twyford,

Reading, and Wootton Bassett successively became its western terminus, until the line from Bristol to Bath, opened in 1840, was extended eastward through the Box tunnel. What chiefly struck me in my first journeys by rail was that objects looked smaller from a railway carriage than from a coach, and that cattle in the fields scampered about in terror on the approach of a train. Perhaps hereditary experience in men and animals has corrected both these illusions. In going home for our first holidays, we travelled from Reading to Bath in a slow pair-horse coach, through Marlborough Forest, in which traditions of highway robbery still lingered, and past the great barrow of Silbury, which did not fail to impress even our childish minds. This coach was called the "Star," and bore on its panel the name of Moses Pickwick, which Dickens borrowed for the appellation of his immortal hero. People now idealise coaches, but those who had experience of them must admit the infinite superiority, as regards comfort and roominess, not only of the modern first-class, but of the modern third-class railway carriage, to the inside of the very best stage-coach, and the infinite superiority of modern railway carriages to any known in 1840. An article by Mr. W. M. Acworth on "Infant Railways," in *Murray's Magazine* for 1887, contains a great deal of interesting information on this subject, which entirely tallies with my own recollection. Now and then a specimen of an antique first-class carriage may be seen on a branch railway, but the oldest type of all must

have long since disappeared, with each compartment painted so as to resemble the form of a coach, and the roof provided with straps to secure the passengers' luggage. As for the outside of a coach, which has so often been depicted in glowing colours, and has been copied with improvements in the modern drag, it was no doubt pleasant enough when the weather was neither too hot nor too cold, nor too rainy nor too dusty, but utterly miserable, for instance, in a winter snow-storm, especially as travelling-rugs had not been invented, and outside passengers were sometimes glad to hire sacks filled with hay to keep their feet tolerably warm. I have often been amused by the anxious inquiries of old-fashioned hosts about the health of guests arriving after a journey of two or three hours in a comfortable first-class carriage, but such inquiries were natural and significant enough in the good old days of coaching.

The first view of Bath, with its rows and crescents of gas-lamps running up and encircling the surrounding hills, was a sight never to be forgotten; its busy streets were full of indescribable interest to boys reared in the country, and it was sad work going back to Penn. This village stands high among the beech-woods of Buckinghamshire, commanding a fine view of Windsor Castle, but many of the noble trees which used to excite our admiration have long since been converted into Windsor chairs. We remained there for a year, kindly treated on the whole, but miserably taught; indeed, I may say that for three

years after I left the hands of my governess, I seem to have made no appreciable progress in any branch of knowledge but Latin and Greek, and very little in those. Hardly any attempt was made to render the process of learning easy or pleasant, and while "cribs" were happily unknown, the barbarous practice still prevailed of teaching Latin by the slavish aid of a grammar written in that very language. It was long before it dawned upon me that grammar, after all, is a pædagogic invention, entirely unknown to the great masters of classical literature, but actually intended to explain the construction, and govern the composition, of Latin or Greek sentences. I am indebted to a Brighton tutor for having enabled me to discover a similar purpose in the *Propria quæ Maribus* and the *As in præsenti*, which I committed to memory, and thenceforth applied, with tolerable success, in preparing my exercises. During our stay at Penn the penny-post was introduced, and I find that I recorded, in a childish letter, the pleasure which it gave us to know that we could now write home much oftener. There were several houses in the village occupied by retired people of the middle class, who, in these days, mostly flock into towns. In many of the cottages lace-making was carried on as a domestic industry, and I have never understood why so many of these domestic industries should now be abandoned. In the summer of 1840, we were transferred to Launton near Bicester, and placed under the charge of the Rev. James Blomfield, a brother of the well-known scholar, then

Bishop of London. Mr. Blomfield was a sound and sensible, but not an inspiring teacher, and I really think I cared more for his occasional lectures on electricity or the air-pump than for his daily instruction in Latin and Greek authors. After our first term at Launton, we travelled by coach to Bath from Oxford, where John Henry Newman was pointed out to us in the streets as a celebrity. Afterwards we used to drive from Bath to Wootton Bassett, or whatever happened to be the nearest station on the Great Western line, and to approach Oxford by coach from Steventon, never ceasing to admire the splendid view of the city from the Bagley Wood. Once, in passing through the city at an election time, I saw Langston and Wood, the successful candidates, actually "chaired" along High Street. In the spring of 1842, Mr. Blomfield moved to an Essex living in the gift of the Bishop, and we became pupils of the Rev. Edmund Pears, at Whitchurch Canonicorum, between Lyme Regis and Bridport. Here we had no fellow-pupils, and considering our experience at Penn and Launton, I do not know that we lost much in the want of companionship. Judging from his own experience, my father had a strong feeling against private schools, which may have been then well founded, but I cannot doubt that a good modern preparatory school is preferable, on the whole, to Penn or Launton. The country about Whitchurch was far more picturesque than the country about Launton, and I specially enjoyed picnic excursions to Ford Abbey

and the great landslip beyond Lyme, then a new feature. Though I cannot say that I was happy under Mr. Pears, I began to feel a rudimentary taste for scholarship, which he encouraged, and which found vent in satirical Latin verses of a juvenile type. It is some proof of Mr. Pears's success in teaching that, whereas in the summer of 1842 my brother and I, being examined at Eton, were pronounced hardly fit for the Fourth Form, in January 1843 both of us were pronounced fit for the "Remove," although, in accordance with a time-honoured rule, I was placed in the division next below the Remove.

# CHAPTER II

## ETON SCHOOL-DAYS AND HOLIDAYS

## 1843–1848

"Eton in the Forties"—School morals and school-teaching—Life in boarding-houses, games, and boyish self-government—"Pop" and "Cellar"—"Montem"—Royal visits—Newcastle scholarship—Review of the Eton system—Bath in the early years of the Queen's reign—Summer excursions.

My entrance into Eton was the real turning-point in my boyhood, and has influenced the whole course of my after life. When I first set foot in the School-yard, and was awed by the brave array of young fellows with the airs of masters rather than of boys, I distinctly realised that I was launched upon the great world, and must henceforth be the guardian of my own character and powers. We became pupils and boarders of Mr. Goodford, afterwards Headmaster and Provost, the "captain" (or head boy) of whose house was our first-cousin, the late Dr. Scott of Westminster. Though not equal to modern requirements, it was a well-built house compared with others, and if the most untiring industry on the part of my tutor, coupled with a high and conscientious sense of duty, could have made it a good house from a moral point of view, it would assuredly have been so. Truth, however, compels me to say

that it by no means deserved this name, chiefly because, unknown to my tutor, it then contained a set of boys, about half-way up the school, whose language and conduct were eminently calculated to corrupt their juniors, and who, to say the least, were not controlled by their seniors. I am not one of those who believe that, until society becomes Christian in a sense never realised since the early days of Christianity, perfect gentleness, or purity, or virtue, can be expected from boys at the age of adolescence, and allowed to mingle together with the utmost freedom. But I have never ceased to think it a sin and a shame, a blot on our public-school system, and an outrage on the better feelings of youth, that a degree of brutality in thought, word, and deed, which would not be tolerated in family life, and which is condemned by the individual conscience, should be fostered, generation after generation, by the gregarious sentiment of boyish communities. True it is that a strange and subtle instinct of honour and public spirit, if not a sense of dignity, underlay at Eton the unwritten code of false morality which often quenched self-respect, and might have seemed equally inconsistent with respect for the rights of others. It is also true that many who had gone through this slough, not of despond but of humiliation, emerged from it almost unscathed, and, without evincing any special remorse or penitence, grew into manly and even exemplary characters. Still, they must have forfeited the lifelong blessing of conscious innocence, and

ought at least to have deeply regretted the injury which they had done to others. However, whatever its moral shortcomings, life in an Oppidan boarding-house was then a school of courtesy, if compared with the licensed barbarism of "College," well described by Mr. Arthur Coleridge, an old Colleger, in a racy volume entitled "Eton in the Forties." Probably report exaggerated the horrors of "Long Chamber," but assuredly the reality was bad enough, and was an excuse, though not a justification, for a contempt in which the Oppidans held the so-called "tugs" (*togati*), or Collegers, on the foundation.

Much has been said lately of the reforms originated by Dr. Hawtrey in the early days of his Head-mastership, and Mr. A. D. Coleridge has done well to borrow from Maxwell Lyte's volume the masterly summary of his merits and services contributed by William Johnson. Yet the Eton system, in all its essential features, remained very much what it had been in my father's days, above thirty years before, and, in some respects, had altered little since the reign of James I. All the masters had been Collegers, and Provost Hodgson vetoed the appointment by Dr. Hawtrey of Mr Goldwin Smith, perhaps the most brilliant Etonian scholar of his time, on the sole ground that he had been an Oppidan, and was a graduate of Oxford. Not only so, but all the masters, except one, had been educated at Cambridge, and all of these, but one, at King's College, Cambridge. In other words, the

greatest school in England was manned by a staff of masters almost exclusively trained in a close backwater of Eton itself, outside the main stream of Etonian life, and in a close backwater of Cambridge, outside the main stream of University life. The wonder is that, in spite of this, nearly all of them were fair scholars, and even well-bred gentlemen. The divisions were of enormous size, sometimes consisting of eighty boys; and, as the school lessons seldom lasted much above half an hour, only a very small minority of these could possibly be "called up," or tested in their work. Hence the necessity of requiring all junior boys to attend a preliminary "construing" in their tutor's pupil-room, and of requiring all exercises to be looked over and corrected by tutors before being shown up in school. A very few of the form-masters, like Mr. Carter (the present Bursar), succeeded by great energy in keeping order, and even in fostering a spirit of emulation among the boys "up to" them; but, as a rule, the form-teaching was very ineffective, and the more so because, in accordance with a strange Eton custom, the lesson, short as it was, did not begin at a fixed hour. The examination-test, especially necessary at Eton, where so little surveillance is exercised, was most sparingly and feebly applied. Hardly any one was kept down for idleness, or granted a "double remove" for proficiency, and a boy's place in school was settled for ever by an examination which I, for one, passed in my fourteenth year, soon after entering the fifth form. Our text-books were thoroughly antiquated; our Greek

and Latin grammars were themselves much harder to construe than simple Latin authors; our lexicons were most inadequate, and, since boys were allowed to compose their verses and "themes" in their own room, it followed inevitably that many of them used "old copies," or got these precious compositions manufactured by others. It is credibly recorded of Mr. Cookesley—who, in spite of a tendency to buffoonery, was an inspiring teacher—that he addressed a remarkably stupid boy in the following terms: "I tell you what it is, sir, if you ever show me up a copy of your own verses again, I'll put you in the bill" (an Etonian euphemism for a capital sentence). "Why, a great strong fellow like you can have no difficulty in getting a decent copy of verses written for him, and if you ever again bring me one of your own concoction, I'll have you flogged."

Nevertheless, though books were read for the sake of their style rather than of their contents, though ancient history was hardly studied, and though classical archæology had scarcely been invented, there were masters who, even in their form-teaching, displayed and imparted to a select few a genuine love of classical literature, still more a capacity of producing Latin and Greek compositions, far above the level of their attainments in the study of that literature. If I may be allowed to quote my own example, as that of a boy singularly ill equipped with the knowledge to be expected of a young scholar, I may perhaps mention the fact that, at the age of fourteen and a half, I wrote, as a holiday task, a short but

original Greek play on the glory and downfall of Crœsus; nor was I the only boy in that part of the school who attempted this Quixotic task. At that period I had read but one Greek tragedy, and composed but two copies of Greek iambics; I knew nothing of choric metres, and was innocent of any views on the dramatic unities. Yet it never struck me as presumptuous to undertake what had only been proposed as a counsel of perfection for the best scholars in the highest forms, and I solved the metrical difficulty by copying, foot by foot, choruses of Sophocles, which I then read for the first time. It should be added that several, if not most, tutors supplemented the shortcomings of the form-teaching by "private business," as it was called, with their own pupils. My own tutor, in particular, was most assiduous in thus coaching his own more advanced pupils, and I remember that, when several of us were candidates for the Newcastle Scholarship, he lectured us privately for two hours in the week on *Demosthenes De Coronâ*, and for one hour on the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, besides practising us each week in Greek iambics and Greek prose, without the aid of a Lexicon or "Gradus." It may surprise modern schoolboys, and perhaps some masters, to learn that nearly all the verses and themes then produced at Eton were supposed to be original—that is, were composed by the boy himself (or a cleverer friend) on a subject propounded by the master; and that all the classical passages set in the school trials, as well as in the examination for the Newcastle Scholarship,

were "unseen" passages—that is, were not passages from selected or prepared books, which a boy with a good memory can get up to some extent by rote. Cribs, though not unknown, were certainly but seldom used.

It would be absurd to describe the life of an Eton Oppidan between 1843 and 1848 as one of hardship, especially if it be compared with the school life of the last century. At the same time, it was ill suited for a delicate boy, and not many delicate boys were sent to a public school; indeed, I have often wondered that I did not break down earlier myself. For instance, whereas the first school was at half-past seven—and thrice a week at seven for the fourth form—breakfast could not be had by a fag in my tutor's house before a quarter past nine, so that a young boy could not be less than two hours and a quarter without food after getting out of bed, unless he procured a hot roll or coffee out of his own pocket-money. Again, neither the chapel nor any one of the schoolrooms was heated in any shape or form, either by a fireplace, or by hot air, or by hot water, and it was universally believed that any boy wearing an overcoat (except at the seven o'clock lesson) was liable to be flogged. It is possible that boys may now be coddled too much at school, though I greatly doubt it, but assuredly that was not the besetting sin of my time. I believe that in dames' houses, of which several remained, more care was taken of their health, but there were very seldom matrons in tutors' houses, and tutors' wives did not—

perhaps could not—supply their place. If a boy had jumped into a ditch, and neglected to change, or was fighting against the first symptoms of a serious illness without "staying out," there was no one to warn him; and I must say that if the doctor had been summoned, as Eton doctors then were, very little might have been gained. For the prevalent impression certainly was that, whether you had broken your leg or had caught the scarlet fever, the preliminary treatment was just the same—an heroic dose of the nastiest medicine—and that not until you persisted in complaining of a specific ache or pain was any attempt made to diagnose your case. At all events, I am fully convinced that more than half the ailments from which Eton boys suffered fifty years ago were entirely preventible, that many of them were due to gross sanitary defects in the houses, and that such medical skill as most country doctors now possess would have saved me from drifting, through a disregard of the most obvious symptoms, into a serious illness, which obliged me to leave Eton early in 1848, and permanently affected my constitutional vigour.

In those days neither athletic nor æsthetic amusements had usurped the dominant place in public-school life which is now conceded to them. Concerts were all but unknown, and I doubt whether any boy took lessons in music, though a few had knowledge enough to enjoy the musical services in the Chapel. Since music is apt to be cultivated by young men and boys exclusively at the expense of study, and not of

other recreations, I am not sure that we lost in this way more than we gained. It will scarcely be credited, however, that no Eton master of that day was known to have been chosen for his prowess on the river or the cricket-field, and, though such prowess was certainly a passport to popularity among the boys, it still ranked below moral and intellectual superiority in the estimation of their tutors. The dualism of cricket and rowing was already established in the summer half; very few boys attempted to excel in both, and, since the Collegers were excluded from the long-boats, or school navy, they generally devoted their energies to cricket. As a proof that rowing was practised vigorously, I may state, for the information of young Etonians, that all boat races except one, including the ordinary house sweepstakes (both pair-oar and sculling), were rowed from the Brocas "round the Rushes," and back to Windsor Bridge—and that, before outriggers were invented. Almost every house had its football club with its own ground, and school games of football in the field and football at the wall were as vigorously played as they are now. Hockey was cultivated by a limited and mostly quiet set of boys; racquets were unknown; and though fives was a favourite game, it could only be played during my first three years at Eton in the makeshift courts between the buttresses of the Chapel. During the dreary school-time between Christmas and Easter, appropriated to no game in particular, there were no beagles to follow across country. Some boys,

however, indulged in paper-chases, others were not ashamed to play rounders or prisoner's base, and even walking for the sake of exercise and friendly talk had not become a lost art, though it was not much fancied except on Sundays. Considering how attractive Windsor Park might have been to boys fond of natural history or roving about, I have often wondered that it was not more frequented; but it is still more wonderful that Windsor Castle itself figured in our boyish imaginations rather as a stately ornament of Eton than as overshadowing the lowlier College beneath it. During the summer, most of us delighted in bathing; it was not uncommon to plunge in two or three times a day, and I have known an enthusiast achieve a record of five times a day. A simple but effective system of teaching boys to swim had been established a year or two before I went to Eton, and at the same time it was made a very grave offence to go out in a boat without having passed a test before a master, so practical that I was twice plucked before I satisfied it. Moreover, at the beginning of each summer half a "*non-nant* list" was printed, containing the names of all the boys who had failed to pass in previous years, and no one cared to see his name appear twice in this ignominious calendar. The success of the experiment was certainly most remarkable, and I believe that since 1841 only one Eton boy has been drowned at Eton, having been dragged and kept down by a rope, under circumstances against which swimming was no safeguard.

Assuredly, summer days on the river, whether spent in lounging on eyots, or in vigorous double-sculling beyond Surley Hall, are among my pleasantest reminiscences of Eton. Upon the whole, our play-hours were happily and healthily employed, not the less so because liberty and equality, as well as fraternity, in sport were strictly observed. In my opinion, idling and loafing were not more common because no game was compulsory. One of Hawtrey's first acts had been to abolish cricket-fagging, and the modified form of compulsory football which has since crept in would have been contrary to our ideas of Etonian freedom out of school hours. But then, every one took rank in games according to his capacity, and not according to his position in school; lower boys, as such, were never left to shiver in goals at football, and the captain of the school, as such, was no one in the playing fields or on the river. One relic of the old servitude in games survived, however, to my own days, in the shape of fagging behind the fives-courts for the purpose of throwing up balls. It was an irksome duty to boys whose hearts were elsewhere, but not more than half-a-dozen, at most, could be victimised at the same time.

The absence of any official regulation in games was, as it still is, a characteristic feature of Eton life, and rests on a fundamental distinction between Eton and schools of the Rugby type. In all our public schools, the principle of self-government is very fully recognised, and a large share of the

authority properly belonging to masters is delegated to boys. But whereas at Rugby and elsewhere it is entrusted either to a large privileged order, called the Sixth Form, or to a smaller privileged order within the Sixth Form, called Præpostors, Monitors, or Prefects, it is practically distributed at Eton among a variety of senior boys, some holding office by virtue of their school rank and some by the choice of their school-fellows, some having jurisdiction in the school at large and some only in their own houses. The Sixth Form has always possessed a good deal of latent power, which I remember to have been called out when serious disorders were expected, after the suppression of *Montem*, on the first recurrence of its anniversary. But the Sixth Form, as all Etonians know, consists of only 20 or 21 boys, half of whom must be Collegers, so that above 900 Oppidans are represented by an oligarchy of 10, which seldom acts together, or in concert with the Sixth Form Collegers, in a monitorial capacity. The Captain of the School (always a Colleger) and the Captain of the Oppidans are now and then singled out for honourable notice on the occasion of some Royal ceremonial, and sometimes exercise a certain personal influence, but they make no pretence of ruling the School, and have no sort of right to control the games. On the river the Captain of the Boats is all-powerful, in the playing fields the Captain of the Eleven, in the various football fields the Captains of the Clubs to which they respectively belong. In each house, the Captain of the house is

bound to keep order and regulate fagging, whether he is in the Sixth Form or not—which, in the great majority of cases, he cannot be. This system was practically the same fifty years ago as it is now, but it was not complicated with one or two indefensible anomalies which have since grown up. It was by no means perfect in theory, but it worked tolerably well in practice; and while there could be no official tyranny on a large scale (unless it were in College), there was little bullying in the houses (with one or two notable exceptions), and that hardly ever connected with fagging. The fag had to prepare his fag-master's breakfast or tea, and to run errands for him, but was not called upon to perform any menial services, and generally looked up to him as a protector. Personally, I had no reason to complain of ill-usage, and hardly any reason to complain of unkindness; as I was reputed to be rather clever, my right to be industrious was admitted, and I was always treated generously by my competitors.

Two Eton institutions, maintained in my time, have since become happily obsolete. One was the absurd law of bounds, which nominally prohibited boys from going beyond the immediate precincts of the College, and rendered them liable to punishment if caught outside by a master, an exception being made in favour of the river itself, and of the North Terrace at Windsor, but not of the street which led to both of them. Of course, such a law was not meant to be literally enforced, and was

allowed to be evaded by the ridiculous practice of "shirking," long before it was abolished, and a sensible rule substituted, under which it is lawful to wander freely everywhere except in the back streets of Eton and Windsor. The other was the practice of stand-up fights in a well-known corner of the Playing Fields. They were not very frequent, and the influence of senior boys or friends was often exerted to avert them, but they were the authorised mode of settling the more serious quarrels between schoolboys in days when duelling had scarcely died out in the Army and Society. Probably no half passed without two or three of them, and I have myself witnessed more than one. Had a master passed by when a fight was going on, he might or might not have felt it his duty to stop it, but I think a discreet master would have taken care not to pass by, and fighting was certainly not treated as a school offence. When a boy appeared in our pupil-room with a bruised face and two black eyes, my tutor only inquired who had been his antagonist, and then remarked, "Well, D., I don't know whether you have improved his beauty, but I can answer for it that he has not improved yours." Still, I think public opinion would have been shocked by a regular fight between two boys in the higher forms of the school, for in this, as well as in other respects, there was a marked improvement in manners, if not in morals, as boys gradually became members, or aspired to become members, of the school aristocracy.

The somewhat exclusive little Club known as the Eton Society, or more familiarly as "Pop," may be said to have represented the intellectual side of that aristocracy, as it afterwards came to represent more nearly the athletic side, not without regard in either case to social qualifications. What it may now represent (such is fashion), I am by no means sure. Fifty years ago it fully retained the character of a Debating Society; the Captain of the Boats would never have have been elected into it as a matter of course, while some of the ablest Collegers always found their way into it when Collegers were not as freely admitted into Oppidan society as they now are. The number of members was raised about the time of my own election (in 1847) from twenty-five to twenty-eight, and a curious rule of the Society effectually secured that at least half the members should rise to speak in each debate, for which little more than an hour was allotted. The consequence was that brevity inevitably became the soul of our wit, notwithstanding which, two or three of our number sometimes delivered excellent speeches of their kind. Among these I specially remember those of the late Earl of Strafford, and those of Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge, who, however, in his entertaining and instructive book on Eton, strangely omits to describe the Society of which he was an ornament. Another rule of the Society, which may appear to savour of pedantry, forbade the discussion of any political question less than thirty years old, so that it would have been quite unlawful in my time to debate on

the policy of Roman Catholic Emancipation or the First Reform Act. On the other hand, all the speeches were supposed to be carefully reported in the Society's minute-books, the shorter ones by an official, the longer ones by the speakers themselves, and in these records some of Mr. Gladstone's earliest efforts in rhetoric are duly preserved. I may add that, as I left Eton before I was seventeen, and had very little historical or literary knowledge, my own part in these debates was a very humble one, but I first learned in "Pop" to stand up before a critical, though friendly, audience. Here, too, I first acquired the habit of reading newspapers, and gained some idea of general culture, which, though already encouraged by Arnold at Rugby, was appreciated by very few of us at Eton, and certainly not by myself. On the other hand, the absurd and mischievous practice, since adopted, of investing this self-elected Club with quasi-monitorial powers and privileges would never have entered our imaginations.

There was a second Club-room, or quasi-Club-room, of a very different nature, under the ban of the school authorities, but largely frequented by the votaries of good fellowship and conviviality among boys of a certain standing. This was the so-called "Cellar," being an inner sanctuary in the well-frequented Tap of the Christopher Inn, which then stood in the midst of the College precincts. As I never was initiated into the mysteries of this room, or even entered its doors, I am quite incompetent to speak of it, but I recollect that I first heard of it

through circumstances which furnish an amusing instance of boyish submission to boyish usurpations. Some of the older boys in Goodford's House, being anxious to join the company at the Tap as soon as possible after dinner, used habitually to decline any second course, and virtually compelled us juniors to do likewise. Our tutor was annoyed. but at last he thought it vain to offer what every one in turn refused ; puddings and pastry ceased to appear at dinner, and it was not until I became Captain of the house that he succeeded with my support in reviving the appetite for them. Let me here add that, however great the tyranny of fashion at Eton, and however excessive the admiration of boyish *savoir faire*, tuft-hunting in the baser sense was certainly not a besetting vice of Eton boys.

My Eton memories contain few incidents, and none of any public importance. In the early summer of 1844 I took part as a "pole-bearer" in the last *Montem*, and have a vivid recollection of the disorder and license which prevailed. I am not quite sure, however, that it might not have been reformed instead of abolished, though its abolition was a laudable act of moral courage on the part of Provost Hodgson and the Head-master, Dr. Hawtrey. As I have mentioned, when the anniversary recurred in 1847, there was a serious fear of something like a rebellion to be headed by old Etonians from Oxford and Cambridge. Dr. Hawtrey showed real generalship in minimising this risk, by encouraging his assistants to ask leave for their leading pupils, and

granting it so freely that, when the crisis arrived, there were few possible ringleaders.

Soon after the Montem of 1844, the Czar Nicholas of Russia, with the Kings of Prussia and Saxony, visited the Queen at Windsor, and came with her to see Eton. He was a man of stalwart build and stately presence, but his manners were not so refined as those of his brother, Alexander I., and sometimes offended the English sense of propriety. I believe it was on this occasion that I saw the Duke of Wellington accompanying the Royal Party on horseback, and riding into the School-yard, where the vigorous cheers of the boys frightened his horse, and he was in danger of being thrown upon the rough flint stones which still disfigure that venerable quadrangle. Sir Robert Peel, and several members of his Government, none of whom survive, were also in attendance on the Queen, and no doubt witnessed the grand review held in Windsor Park, to which Eton boys were admitted. For us the chief interest of the whole affair lay in the fact that a second extra-week was added to our summer holidays, besides that traditionally granted in the Montem year, so that we got a Long Vacation of above eight weeks in all. In the later part of the year Louis Philippe paid us a visit, Dr. Hawtrey being a great favourite with the Orleans family, and I can remember the King making us a speech from the window of Election Hall. In the February of 1848, I first heard at Dr. Hawtrey's dinner-table of the revolutionary movements which led to his

abdication, and, being very ignorant of foreign politics, was much astonished that any of my elders should express the least sympathy with such movements. Of course, telegraphic communication was then in its infancy, but I have a clear recollection of single columns from daily London newspapers, containing the last news by telegraph from Paris, being circulated and eagerly read at Eton.

Unhappily, my school career was now rapidly nearing its premature close. I had always been very slight in figure, and delicate in health, without realising it, and I have no doubt that I had been unconsciously working for years at much too high a pressure. No boys, and few grown men, understand that hard exercise is no compensation for hard brain work, but a serious aggravation of it; that both make a heavy demand on a limited stock of nervous energy, and that, sooner or later, this precious reserve will be exhausted under the double strain. At all events, I learned my own lesson early. I was not stout enough to excel in games, but I was almost passionately fond of football, and never thought of sparing myself in any physical exercise, while I habitually spent more hours a day in study and composition than was reasonable at my age. Having been fortunate enough to obtain the first place in my "remove," I was determined to justify it, and was so far successful as to be placed in the Select List for the Newcastle Scholarship, in the year 1847, before I was sixteen. This success fired my ambition, already excessive, and I was foolish

enough to follow the evil counsels of Mr Cookesley, who had an exaggerated estimate of my ability, and urged me to make a desperate effort to win the Scholarship in 1848—a year before I had any right to expect it. My strongest competitors were the late Herbert Coleridge, a boy of great literary accomplishments, and the present Lord Cottesloe, an excellent and finished scholar of the Cambridge type. Both of these were a full year older, had been coached by Shilleto, the famous Cambridge tutor, and justly ranked before me in the general opinion of boys and masters, by virtue of their public running, culminating in their election to Balliol Scholarships. The natural consequence followed—Coleridge was elected Newcastle Scholar; Fremantle, being placed second, was declared Newcastle Medallist; and though I was not very far behind, I not only lost the object at which I had so unwisely aimed, but disabled myself from competing for it in 1849, and forfeited what ought to have been the happiest and most profitable stage of my Eton life, during a whole year of which I should have been Captain of the Oppidans. For this last effort was altogether too much for me; I got through the examination with the greatest difficulty, and, as soon as it was over, I went home to place myself in the doctor's hands, and, as it proved, to pass the next six months in a horizontal position. More than fifty years have elapsed since that first bitter disappointment, and it has been followed by others still more heart-breaking. Yet

I cannot disguise from myself that I was the victim of a disastrous and irreparable mistake on my own part, and still more on that of my excellent parents. I have often wondered since how they, with all their care and foresight, could have failed to see that my constitutional power was giving way under the combined effect of overwork, overgrowth, and medical neglect. But so it was, and I cannot remember that I received the least hint or warning from my tutor or any of my older friends, except one. My experience, however, has since enabled me sometimes to give my juniors such timely warnings, and my excuse for dwelling on a mere personal misfortune must be that it may possibly lead other studious aspirants to husband their strength in time.

When I look back upon my Eton life as a whole, and bring under review the public-school system of which Eton was and is the leading representative, one reflection persistently forces itself upon my mind. If I extend this reflection from Eton as it was to Eton as it is, my excuse must be that I have the good of my old school very much at heart, and if I apply it to Eton only, it is assuredly not because I think it less applicable to other great schools. What I have never ceased to believe most earnestly is that, admirable as it was from many points of view, Eton might have been a far better training-ground of character and intellect than it was, and that without the least sacrifice of its distinctive merits. No one appreciates those merits more highly

than I do. I feel the spell of Etonian traditions and sentiment as strongly as any old Etonian ; I would not willingly part with the almost Athenian spirit of personal independence fostered by those traditions ; I admire the frank and self-reliant bearing of young Etonians ; I know well that boys who never seriously learned a lesson or wrote an exercise have proved fit, after very little intermediate probation, to govern provinces and command large bodies of men ; I even admit that virtuous impulses may animate a young fellow who affects to scorn virtue, and that a kind of culture may be insensibly imbibed by one who has never consciously used the best powers of his own mind. And yet I am firmly convinced that much higher results might have been—shall I say, might still be?—achieved with the same materials, and the same machinery, worked, however, in a new spirit and with new aims. Looking first to mental cultivation, I would ask whether any friend of the public-school system, governing as it does the preparatory schools, can affect to be satisfied with its effects, as tested by the attainments of average public-school boys at the age of eighteen or nineteen. Most of these boys have been under instruction in Latin and Greek for ten years at least ; they have been taught very little else methodically; and yet what acquaintance have they with Latin and Greek? The answer is supplied by the fact that even those of them who have been prepared for the University usually find it difficult to pass the Oxford examination called Responsions—an examination suited for boys

of fifteen, and which a boy of ordinary ability, who had never heard of Latin or Greek before the age of fifteen, might well pass after three years' study. It is not as if their ignorance of these two dead languages were compensated by proficiency in other subjects, as is often assumed by their partial relations. In my time, Mathematics, French, and German were extras; less than half the school learned Euclid or Algebra, and this out of school-hours; French was learned by a small minority, and German by a mere handful of boys. Natural Science, of course, was wholly neglected. Now, it is true, these subjects (except German) form an integral part of school work, while a certain amount of teaching continues to be given, as it always was, in geography and history. But it may safely be said that an average Eton boy's knowledge of these accomplishments is most elementary, and might easily have been acquired in a couple of years. What girl, of the same class in society, and of the same age, is so ill equipped as this, and what governess, who could show no better results, would have a chance of being employed again? Yet many of these very boys, who exhibit dense stupidity in the class-room, and are given up by the masters as hopeless scholars, are among the sharpest members of their own set, the life and soul of games, and there putting forth not only the greatest energy but the greatest intelligence. Nay more, boys of the very same type, of like social position, and with no greater ability, are working honestly and successfully in the Army class at Eton, from which they often proceed

direct to Woolwich or Sandhurst, without the aid of crammers. It is surely worth while and high time for the friends of our public-school system to inquire into the reasons of this strange difference, even if they cannot propose an effectual remedy.

These reasons are not far to seek. The public-school boy fails to learn what the masters teach him, while he learns quickly enough what his school-fellows teach him, simply because he never puts his mind or heart into the former, and puts both into the latter. Whether or not he brings with him a fair amount of knowledge from a preparatory school, he soon finds that it is not really necessary for him to make definite progress, year by year, as a condition of remaining at his public school. No mere superannuation rule, unless most rigidly carried out, will ensure industry, and no idle boy will exert himself vigorously unless he knows for certain that persistent idleness will involve compulsory retirement, even if he is well conducted and reported to have a good influence. This is the motive which operates on the Army Class. The Civil Service Examiners know nothing of an Eton boy's influence in the school or in the house; they care not whether he is in the Eight or in the Eleven; they have simply to judge of his attainments as compared with those of others; and the boy, well aware of this hard fact, lays himself out for work accordingly—without, however, becoming a bookworm, or losing rank in any of the school games. But this is not all. Almost all boys have ambition, and will naturally strive to win

honour. Now, can it be truly said that in schools like Eton due honour is paid by the boys, or even by the masters, to conscientious industry and intellectual distinction? On the contrary, a spirited boy quickly perceives that athletic prowess, especially if coupled with certain outward graces, is always a far surer passport to popularity among his fellows, and too often to his tutor's favour. Of course, there is no direct means of regulating or correcting the boyish standard of admiration, but at least the weight of tutorial encouragement might be thrown into the other scale. The sisters of these lads, if brought up at home under governesses, have no such adverse influences to struggle against, and actually recognise mental improvement as a chief object, if not the sole object, of education. They have a further advantage in receiving a far larger share of individual attention, being, in fact, coached privately rather than lectured in class. No doubt, any proposal for giving this advantage to public-school boys must raise a grave financial question. So long as it is assumed that a very large proportion of public-school masters should be married, deriving handsome incomes from boarding-houses, and taking a maximum number of pupils, it is practically impossible that any one of those pupils should obtain the benefits of private coaching. If any man so burdened could have done full justice to all his pupils, it would have been my own tutor, with his remarkable powers of work, and he was not the man to neglect the dull for the sake of forcing on the clever. But no man can

do it, and though something has been gained since my time, at Eton and elsewhere, by limiting the number of boys in each form, I am satisfied that nothing will keep the rank and file up to a fair standard of industry and proficiency except a stern enforcement of the examination test, coupled with far more effective tutorial supervision—not in play-hours, but in hours reserved for study.

It is more difficult to speak of what might be done for the better training of character, because all public-school men, and especially Etonians, are wisely jealous of any encroachment on the legitimate independence of boys. Moreover, the relations of masters and boys have certainly become more natural and confidential than in past generations, so that advice can now be tendered with advantage which then might have been rejected with something like contempt. My father was the pupil for seven years of the late Archbishop Sumner, a man for whom he always had the greatest respect, and whose piety was acknowledged by the whole Church, and yet he used to say that he never heard his tutor allude to religion as a motive of conduct. I might almost say the same of Dr. Goodford as a house-master, but I should be surprised if it were now true of any master animated, as they were, by true religious principle. Even in those days, the same tutors who showed this strange reticence about religion at other times, would speak far more earnestly and take great pains in preparing their pupils for Confirmation. Still, I hold that far more ought to have been done,

and ought now to be done, to counteract the utterly false notions of life and duty in which so many sons of wealthy parents grow up and go into the world. I admit that such notions are often derived from the home, and that hundreds of boys in the aristocratic and plutocratic classes have been virtually brought up to act on the principle, "Pleasure first, and duty afterwards," never realising the primary dictates of practical Christianity. But the corrective power of school-life is prodigious, as Arnold showed at Rugby, and, though we cannot expect to find many Arnolds among public-school masters, I believe they might do much to check and temper a spirit which, pervading a large section of London society, I regard as nothing less than a national danger.

During the whole period of my school-days, my holidays were spent at Bath, or at one of the seaside watering-places to which my parents went for change of air in the heat of summer. Bath was then a famous Evangelical stronghold, the Rectory which my father held being in the gift of Simeon's trustees, and all the churches, with (I think) two exceptions, being in the hands of Evangelical clergymen. Though greatly shorn of its ancient splendour, it was still a gay place in winter, sedan chairs were on hire in the streets, and there were many public balls at the Assembly Rooms, controlled by the Master of the Ceremonies, a military officer of high standing, who figured as the successor of Beau Nash. As my parents had scruples about clergymen's families taking part in such festivities, my brother and myself saw little of Bath

society, and often had reason to regret the loss of our free Norfolk life. My father was engrossed by his clerical duties, having five parishes to superintend, and ten curates under him, besides all the administrative and other public business which devolved on him as Rector of Bath. Almost every week he wrote two sermons (each calculated to last about thirty-five minutes), besides preparing a Thursday evening lecture, and, after dining frugally at 6.30, always retired into his study for work. He never pretended to be an eloquent preacher, and left special directions by will that no sermon of his should ever be published. But these sermons, preached in the Abbey Church, had something in them which was greater than eloquence —something that can only be inspired by a simple faith and a holy life—and Charles Kingsley twice assured me that one of them, which he chanced to hear, had left a profound impression on his mind. My mother was constantly occupied in ministering to him, or in domestic and charitable engagements of various kinds; my younger brothers and sister were in the schoolroom under a governess, and we elder boys moved in a very quiet circle of serious friends, all our seniors. In fact, one inevitably got the impression, derived from a very partial observation of Bath, that society consisted far more largely of old maids and retired officers than one afterwards found to be the fact.

Every now and then eminent men came there as visitors, and commanded the admiration of Bath drawing-rooms—among whom I remember Sir George Lawrence, fresh from the tragedy of the first Afghan

war; Dr. Joseph Wolff, the great traveller, who had just returned from Bokhara; Rajah Brooke and Lord Gough, who came later, after the end of the second Sikh War. But perhaps the most celebrated resident of Bath in my school-days was the eccentric William Beckford, author of "Vathek," who never, I think, returned to Fonthill after the fall of the great tower there, but inhabited a large house near us in Lansdown Crescent, surrounded by a library of choice books and artistic curiosities. We lived at Rock House, opposite the present Lansdown Grove Hotel, and I have seen Beckford on horseback, with bent shoulders and a somewhat morose countenance, riding up the Lansdown Road towards his pleasure-ground, now a cemetery, attached to what is still called Beckford's Tower, another of his fantastic creations. He was attended, as was his wont, by three grooms, two behind and one in front as an outrider. I believe he never went abroad with a smaller cortége, and many were the stories about his strange freaks and ebullitions of passion. Indeed, the most sinister rumours about his character and mode of life were freely credited by the gossiping Bath public, and if he had not been a recluse by choice, he would have found but few to associate with him. When he died, the sale of his collections attracted the same class of purchasers from London and foreign countries as the great sale at Stowe. Another Bohemian personage who took refuge at Bath for some little time was Prince Louis Napoleon. I never chanced to see him there, but he was tolerably well known at Bath, and

he was not one to forget the friends of his exile. After he became Emperor, he casually recognised an old Bath acquaintance in the streets of Paris, whom he invited to call at the Tuileries. The Englishman hesitated to act on such an invitation, but the Emperor sent a secretary to bring him, and had a long talk with him. In the course of this conversation, Louis Napoleon remarked, "Those were very pleasant days which you and I remember at Bath," adding significantly, "and it would not in the least surprise me, if you and I were to meet again at Bath some of these days."

Two general elections occurred during this period (1839–1850)—that of 1841, which placed Sir Robert Peel in power, and that of 1847, when Lord John Russell and the Whigs obtained a majority. Bath elections were notorious for their rowdy violence and disorders; nor was that of 1841, which I witnessed, unworthy of local traditions. The successful candidates were Roebuck, a Radical, and Lord Duncan, a Whig; the defeated candidates were Bruges and Lord Powerscourt, who stood as Conservatives. Of course, there was an imposing display of party colours and banners, one of which, I remember, was a black flag, bearing the inscription, "Away with the accursed Poor-Laws." The scene at the nomination was riotous in the extreme; hired mobs were employed (for the last time) on both sides; fierce encounters took place before the hustings; stones were thrown in volleys, one of which seriously wounded Lord Powerscourt, and in one or two cases

fatal injuries were received. The election of 1847, in which Lord Ashley (afterwards Lord Shaftesbury) defeated Roebuck, was a little more orderly, but enlivened by furious conflicts in the market-place, which in these days would be considered intolerable. It was further memorable for the scathing philippic delivered by Roebuck, after the declaration of the poll, against those whom he accused of deserting him, three of whom he gibbeted by name. The vials of his wrath were specially emptied on the Dissenters, including an excellent Nonconformist minister named Jay, whose respect for Lord Ashley's religious character and philanthropic services had induced them for once to change their political allegiance. I was present again at the Bath nomination in 1852, and have since been more than once brought into personal connection with Bath politics. But I doubt whether party excitement, there or elsewhere, ever runs quite so high in these days of the ballot and household suffrage as it did in the days of a restricted franchise and open voting, when every vote was counted, when every elector could be followed up, and when some of them were "bottled up."

Every one knows what has been the development of locomotion by land and sea during the Queen's reign, but few of the younger generation quite realise how greatly their world differs in this respect from that of their fathers or grandfathers. As I have mentioned, all my earliest journeys to Bath were made by coach from Reading or Oxford, and I

saw the first train, with ribbons on the engine, start on its way from Bath to Bristol. Soon afterwards I was taken over to Bristol, where I was shown the *Great Western*, one of two steam-vessels which had recently made the first voyages across the Atlantic, and the *Great Britain*, then a mere shell on the stocks, one of the first iron ships ever built, and regarded as a monster of the deep because her burden exceeded 3000 tons. As for the Clifton suspension bridge, the great piers were built about sixty years ago, and pictures were sold in the streets representing carriages driving across it; but the bridge itself was not completed until at least twenty years later, and in the meantime there was no way of getting over the river except by a ferry-boat or in a basket swinging from a rope. Strange to say, the railway from London to Brighton was not finished in the summer of 1841, when our family party went down from London by coach. It was an excellent piece of coaching, for the journey of fifty-three miles across three ranges of hills was accomplished within five hours. including a stoppage of twenty minutes at Crawley for tea; indeed, the fastest coaches were timed to do it within four and a half hours. The last section of the line to be opened was the Clayton Hill tunnel and the approach to Brighton, but no sooner was this section opened than fast trains were run from London Bridge, and before long the whole distance was accomplished in about an hour. It is curious that, although Brighton has since trebled its population, and extended itself immensely both

Northward and Westward, it has not extended itself by an inch Eastward, and Arundel Terrace is still its most easterly parade, as it was in 1841. Two years later we passed our summer holidays at Weymouth, an excellent centre for excursions by land and sea, and in 1844 we stayed at Lyme Regis, Exmouth, and Torquay, then a little port encircled with villas nestling among trees. In 1845 we took a house at Carnarvon, to which my brother and I travelled by coach from Chester along Telford's road, which in my father's earlier days had not been completed. As we had our own carriage at Carnarvon, we saw a good deal of the country round, and I remember that one day we paid ten shillings for turnpikes. Of course, we ascended Snowdon from Llanberis, and there was already a little shanty on the summit, where the worst of coffee might be procured. After some three weeks' stay in North Wales, my brother and I started on an expedition to Ireland, driving in a coach across the Menai Bridge to Holyhead at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

It would be interesting to know for how many centuries Holyhead has been the chief port of embarkation for Ireland, but it has certainly been so ever since the beginning of the last century, and Swift once meditated walking thither from London on foot. In the earlier part of this century, when my father often travelled from Cashel to Eton or Oxford and back, the average passage, in sailing packets, was about twelve hours, and the journey from Holyhead to London occupied thirty-six hours

by the mail, and forty-eight hours by the ordinary coach, the Menai Straits being crossed by a ferry. In 1845 the service was carried on by a small class of steamboats, and the passage lasted about six hours. The first of our Irish visits was at the house of an uncle, Mr. James Scott, in the county of Wicklow, the natural beauties and historical interest of which are scarcely appreciated as they deserve by many Irish tourists, perhaps because it lies so near Kingstown. Thence we proceeded to Dublin, and, leaving the Post Office one evening about seven o'clock, spent nearly twenty-four hours in a coach journey through Cork to Castle Bernard, near Bandon. The next day we drove on in an Irish car to Killarney, where my uncle, Lord Bandon, with a large party of relations, was already established at the Victoria Hotel. In the course of this journey our horse, being tired, would occasionally turn round by way of showing his desire to get home. The driver, being a true Irishman, humoured him so far as to let him make a half-circle, but pulled him round a full circle, after which the poor beast went along briskly for a while, apparently fancying that his object was gained. On a later occasion, when I was starting in a car from Bray, a man from the stables came forward and whipped the horse soundly, without any apparent cause. He wound up, however, with the remark, "I think that will last you until you get to Kingstown." I then observed that our driver had no whip, and understood that his fellow had given the horse, in one

burst, all the flogging which it might otherwise have received by instalments during the next stage. At Killarney we thoroughly explored the lakes, heard the echoes, and duly shot the Old Weir Bridge, but climbed none of the mountains. Some years later I ascended the highest of them, Carran Tuol, and was much struck by the primeval solitude of the Black Valley on the other side. We returned to Bandon through Kenmare, Glengariff, and Bantry, travelling in two carriages-and-four, one of which happened to be painted orange, and the other green. Though the orange carriage was by far the grander, being Lord Bandon's private coach, the best horses were harnessed to the green carriage, out of respect for the national—or nationalistic—colour. The swarms of beggars which crowded round us at every stoppage could not fail to strike even an unobservant English boy, but I did not then understand that all these poor creatures were the supernumeraries of a population recklessly swelled to eight millions and a half, dependent for bare life on potatoes, and destined to be the helpless victims of the impending Irish famine. We returned home by steamer from Cork to Bristol, a passage which then occupied upwards of twenty-four hours.

In the summer of 1846 we tenanted Levens Hall, a well-known and very interesting house, with antique gardens, near Kendal, which belonged to my godmother, Mrs Howard, also the fortunate possessor of the Hall at Castle Rising, of a place called Elford in Staffordshire, of Ashtead Park near Epsom,

and of a fine old-fashioned house in Grosvenor Square. Thence my brother and I visited a part of the Lake Country for the first time, walking over Helvellyn from Patterdale to Keswick. Of course, the singular beauties of this district had already been popularised by the Lake poets and their friends, but I am inclined to believe that they were more or less appreciated much earlier than is usually supposed. No doubt, Gray's description of an ascent of Saddleback is pitched in a key which mountaineers of the present day would scruple to adopt in describing an ascent of Mont Blanc; but tours in Westmoreland and Cumberland were not uncommon in the last century, and I have myself a good series of engravings of Lake scenery published about 1780.

In the summer of 1847 we spent a few weeks at Dover, then a squalid harbour-town, whence my brother and I migrated to Cambridge, where our cousin, afterwards Dr. Scott of Westminster, had kindly volunteered to coach us. Though mere boys, we made acquaintance with several of his friends, and the hospitable traditions of Trinity College enabled him, then an undergraduate scholar, to borrow for us two sets of rooms in the great Court, the dignified simplicity of which contrasts favourably, in my judgment, with the formality of "Tom Quadrangle" at Christ Church, Oxford. The next summer my parents took a house for two or three months at Weston-super-Mare, chiefly for the benefit of my own health and that of a younger brother, who died there. It soon appeared that I could not return to Eton, and, being

forbidden to read seriously, I lived an invalid life, under depressing circumstances, and making doubtful progress towards recovery. At last, the doctors strongly recommended the experiment of a long sea voyage, and I am glad to believe that its success in my case encouraged others to seek restoration of health by the same means. Otherwise, my experience of life at sea gained in this voyage was the only compensation for the sacrifice of my career from the spring of 1848 to the autumn of 1850.

# CHAPTER III

## VOYAGE TO INDIA, AND YEAR OF REST
## 1848–1850

Life on board a sailing Indiaman—Outbreak of the second Sikh War —Impressions of Calcutta—Return voyage—Life at St. Albans.

When the somewhat heroic measure of an ocean cruise was first proposed, Captain Fitzroy, better known as Admiral Fitzroy, who had already made his famous voyage in the *Beagle*, with Charles Darwin as his naturalist, most kindly offered, through Sir Edward Parry, to take me out as his guest in the *Arrogant*, then about to sail on a new scientific expedition. My father, however, justly considered that I was too helpless to be quartered on a naval officer, and secured a cabin for me, to Calcutta and back, in the *Marlborough*, an East Indiaman of 1400 or 1450 tons, owned by Messrs. Smith of Newcastle, and commanded by the late Sir Sydney Webb. I was taken on board this ship at Spithead by Sir Edward Parry, and, as my feet were not allowed to touch the ground, a gang of sailors was provided to carry me along the pier to the boat. On reaching the *Marlborough*, I was hauled up her side in a tub, with a seat in the middle, and the upper part scalloped out so as to leave the chest open, but to

protect the elbows from bumps against the ship's timbers. This was the recognised mode of shipping ladies at sea; and I may add that a chair was rigged up for my use, with a tackle attached, by which I was daily raised and lowered, through the main hatch, between my cabin and the upper deck. It is common to assume that during the last fifty years the accommodation on board ship has been infinitely improved, and that people who could never have borne the hardships of a sea voyage in old times can now take one without the least discomfort. Such is by no means the result of my own experience. If luxury and not comfort be the main object; if quiet at night be a matter of no importance; if a needless profusion of food be preferred to spacious and airy sleeping quarters; if an incessant round of games and dissipations be desired, engrossing the whole deck, and leaving no room for reading or promenading,—then, no doubt, the comparison is vastly in favour of the so-called ocean-palaces which now crowd the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the North Sea, the Baltic, and the Indian Seas. But for passengers of quieter tastes and homelier wants, there were many advantages in the old sailing Indiamen. They were, of course, very much smaller, but a very much larger proportion of space was allotted to passengers, for the best parts of the ship were not occupied by machinery and coals. As the passenger's cabin was to be his home for some four months, he would not tolerate the close packing which has now become the order of the day at sea,

and may be endurable for a short voyage. All the cabins on board the *Marlborough* were furnished by their occupants, and I still possess several articles of cabin furniture admirably constructed. There were only twenty-eight adult first-class passengers, most of whom, if single, had separate cabins; these were nine or ten feet square, and, if on the main deck, had portholes large enough for a gun to play through, as well as Venetian blinds on the inside. There were no inner tiers of cabins, without proper light or ventilation, as in the magnificent steamboats of modern times; all looked outward upon the sea, and there was full twenty feet of space between the starboard and port tiers of cabins. Ice-rooms had not been invented, but there were plenty of live sheep, pigs, fowls, and ducks in pens on deck, besides two cows yielding fresh milk enough for all the first-class passengers; meals were frequent and plentiful; the first-class fare included wine *ad libitum;* bread was baked daily, and nothing was wanting except fresh butter to make our diet as nutritious and palatable as it could have been on shore. Regularity in hours, too, was strictly enforced; all lights were extinguished by half-past ten o'clock, with rare exceptions in favour of sick persons and ladies with young children, so that it was possible to sleep in peace without being disturbed by noisy fellow-passengers. On the other hand, the saloon or "cuddy" was the only public room, and passengers were chiefly to be seen either on deck or in their own cabins. As the ship was bound for "Calcutta,

Direct," and was to touch nowhere, the allowance of water for washing purposes was limited to a minimum, sometimes reinforced, however, by tropical showers half filling the quarter-boats and the pans sent up to catch the rain. For the same reason, no washing of clothes was possible, and the outfit of linen was calculated to last at least eighteen weeks, fifteen or sixteen weeks being the average passage.

Our voyage began on September 7 with a very rough process of beating down the Channel, and we landed in Calcutta on December 30. Until we reached the latitude of Mauritius, it promised to be much shorter, but owing to calms and adverse winds our daily runs were greatly curtailed in the Indian Ocean. We never once sighted land between the Lizard Point and the banks of the Hooghly River; I believe ten days once elapsed without our seeing a sail; and in consequence of a strange oversight, we had no signal-book whereby we could communicate with other vessels. In accordance with the old rules of navigation, dictated by the course of the trade-winds, we sailed much nearer to South America than to South Africa, and passed the Cape of Good Hope at a distance of more than 500 miles. Ignorant as I was of nautical astronomy, I took daily observations of the sun with a quadrant, worked them out by the aid of Norie's Manual and the Nautical Almanac, and recorded our course on a chart, which I still possess. The quadrant was lent me by a young midshipman, who pressed me to borrow it, and, on my hesitating, replied, like

a true English boy, "Why, you don't understand; if I were known to possess this quadrant, I should be expected to use it every day." On reference to my notes of latitude, longitude, and "distance run," I find that our best day's run was 270 miles, and that our outward voyage covered 15,438 miles. Though we had our full share of squalls, and one very hard gale in which the motion was as violent as I have ever known it, the voyage was not a very eventful one from a sailor's point of view. On the other hand, it was marked by a variety of social incidents, well illustrating the effect of confining a mixed party small enough to be on familiar terms, but large enough to develop mutual jealousies, for a period of nearly four months, within a cubical space less than is contained in a good-sized house. For instance, it was soon found that an officer in the Company's service had under his protection a lady, supposed to be his relation, whom the other officers on board unanimously considered to be no fit companion for their wives and daughters. Accordingly, he was placed under arrest by the senior military officer on board, with the result that he was not allowed to take meals with the other passengers, or to frequent the same part of the deck. As the lady chose to share his seclusion, they were practically boycotted for the whole voyage, and some highly amusing scenes arose out of the strange position thus created. Another trivial occurrence led to complications which ended in the captain of the ship being challenged to a duel by a military officer

of some age and distinction, who invited him to fight, *à outrance*, the next morning on his own quarter-deck. Instead of arresting his assailant, the captain somewhat Quixotically agreed to fight in Calcutta, but, as some weeks had to pass before we could land, there was time for peacemakers to intervene, and the quarrel was patched up. These are but specimens of what might and sometimes did happen on voyages measured by months, such as old Indians can remember, but could scarcely happen in colossal ships carrying hundreds of passengers, on voyages measured by days. However, being an invalid, I was treated kindly by every one, including the sailors, who exempted me from the customary tax demanded from passengers on first crossing the line, as a penalty for not undergoing the rough initiation to which young sailors were subjected, and which I witnessed in all its grotesque details—first paying my way, like others.

As we approached the head of the Bay of Bengal, we signalled to an outward-bound steamer two or three miles off, and lowered a boat to obtain news, as well as to replenish our exhausted supply of cigars. The return of the boat was delayed by some cause until it was very dark, and blue lights were burned to guide its course; but when it found the ship, it brought the exciting intelligence of the second Sikh War having broken out, and the battle of Ramnuggur having been fought. As these eventful tidings were read out by torch-light on deck, every officer, young and old, became well aware that as

soon as he reached Calcutta he would be ordered to join his regiment at the front. And so indeed it was. The disastrous battle of Chillianwallah soon followed, and I myself was present when a letter from the officer in command of the artillery, describing its least heroic incidents, was discussed by a group of eager listeners in the mess-room at Dumdum. The only other piece of news which we received during a voyage of nearly four months was the conviction of Smith O'Brien, conveyed in the laconic message, "Smith O'Brien sentenced—death."

My impressions of Calcutta, extending over little more than seven weeks, from December 30, 1848, to February 20, 1849, are naturally meagre and superficial. Indiamen were then towed up the river by steam-tugs, and anchored off the "Maidan" in a long and imposing line—a pleasant reminiscence of home to residents of Calcutta riding or driving along the so-called Course, which corresponds with Rotten Row. The process of landing was rude, and consisted in mounting the naked back of a native, who called a palanquin for me, in which I was carried to the house of the late General E. W. Scott, then Captain Scott, of the Bengal Artillery. In those days, palanquins were the cabs of Calcutta; there were no cab-stands, but rows of palanquins at the most-frequented spots answered the same purpose. There was a great variety of private vehicles, the commonest being the buggy, or gig with a hood, in which gentlemen drove about at all hours, with their syces running alongside or

hanging on behind. The horses were mostly of Arab breed, with a certain admixture of Australians, not yet called "Walers," and a very few English of the best type, since the heavy cost of transit would have made it unprofitable to import inferior animals. We carried five or six horses on board the *Marlborough*. All but one were hung in slings, and, unlike so many horses lately carried in troop-ships to South Africa, all arrived uninjured. As for life in Calcutta, which is now familiar to so many Englishmen, it has probably changed little essentially during the last fifty years, though an old Indian returning might notice such differences in manners and social arrangements as an old Londoner might notice in London. For instance, beer was then a favourite beverage, and as it was also customary to drink healths at dinner, two guests might often be seen pledging each other in tumblers of Bass's ale. No one spoke to a servant in English, and servants who understood English were generally careful to conceal it, lest they should be dismissed or suspected as able to overhear their masters' conversation at table. What struck me, as contrasting with my boyish experience of London, was that almost every man had an employment, but that few women had any domestic or other duties. This must still be true in the main, but the old Indian would not fail to observe that European society no longer consists so exclusively of military officers, civil employés, and merchants, with their families, and that the race of old Indians rooted to the soil is practically extinct.

It is perhaps worth noting that in our small body of passengers on the outward voyage was one Brigadier-General Tennant, who had gone out to India with Henry Martyn, the missionary, in 1805, had received the news of Trafalgar at Capetown, and who had never left India until after the battle of Sobraon, where he commanded the artillery, in 1846. Mr. Garling, one of a still smaller party on our homeward voyage, had not been in England for thirty-seven years. It was inevitable that such people, saturated with Indian ideas and habits, should look upon India as their real home, while the caste-like ascendency of the two great Services was but slightly tempered by an infusion of mercantile and legal elements. Since railways, as well as telegraphs, had not even been projected, independent travellers were extremely few, and I doubt whether there were ten hotels in all India. Hence the necessity for private hospitality, which, moreover, was facilitated by the practice of guests bringing their own servants, if not their own bedding. I was told that, in up-country journeys, members of either Service might claim a night's lodging at a private house, without a formal introduction, by merely sending in their cards, and I dare say the privilege was very seldom abused.

Assuredly, I had every reason to be grateful for the singular kindness of friends to whom I had brought letters of introduction. Though I was a mere boy, and had no great social connections, I received eight or nine invitations to stay with such friends for an indefinite period, and my only difficulty

was to carry out my father's instructions without giving offence. Ultimately I accepted Captain Scott's most kind hospitality, and remained an inmate of his house in Middleton Street during my whole stay in Bengal, with the exception of two short visits to Dumdum and Barrackpore. He was then Secretary of the Military Board, and his wife a daughter of General Whish, commanding before Mooltan. We had therefore the earliest reports of the campaign on the North-West frontier, which is now too often confused with the first Sikh War. First came the untoward news of Chillianwallah, and the conduct of a certain regiment in that engagement soon became the subject of as burning a question as the conduct of another regiment at Ferozeshah had been ever since the campaign of 1845–6. Much less confidence was felt in the generalship of Lord Gough than in his personal courage, and great anxiety was expressed about the issue of the conflict; but I must say that his despatch on the battle of Chillianwallah was so discreetly, and yet not untruthfully, worded as to be worthy of a skilful diplomatist. After a long siege, Mooltan was taken while I was still in Calcutta, but the decisive battle of Goojerat was not fought until a day or two after our departure, nor did we hear of it until we arrived in the English Channel—nearly four months later. Indeed, the latest information in Calcutta would have been at least ten days old; for, though Indian roads must have been vastly improved since the days of Warren Hastings, I am not sure that any great change had been, or could have been,

effected in the rate of travelling for couriers and palanquin-express. Of course officers and civilians proceeding up-country in the ordinary way, either by palanquin or wheeled vehicles, occupied weeks on the journey, the first part of which they sometimes traversed by river steamers on the Hooghly and Ganges. The difficulty of taking invalids to the hills was thus very great, and much greater in Bengal than in Madras, where the Neilgherries were far more accessible, even in days before railways. Probably the rate of mortality among Europeans in Calcutta was not yet ascertained, but it must inevitably have been high, considering the utter neglect of drainage and water-supply. Those in feeble health, but not ill enough to be sent home "by long sea," were sometimes recommended by their doctors to cruise in tug-steamers about the Sandheads at the mouth of the Ganges, for want of a suitable inland sanatorium. Darjeeling, the nearest, was then infinitely farther off in time than Simla is now, yet Simla itself was much frequented as a summer resort by officials, though I think it had not become a regular auxiliary seat of government.

During my last fortnight in Calcutta, I was disabled by an accident exactly similar to one which befell the Prince of Wales in Rotten Row some twenty-five years ago, and which I happened to be one of the few to witness. As I was riding on the Course with Captain Webb, in the dusk of the evening, I saw a horseman galloping towards me, but had no idea that his horse was bolting, and

utterly beyond control. Such was the fact, however, and the next moment he came into most violent collision with my horse, which had no chance of swerving. Both horses were knocked down by the force of the charge, and mine rolled upon me, injuring my shoulder, and breaking open a wound on the leg which had but just healed. This put an end to various plans which I had formed for visiting places in the neighbourhood, and seriously retarded my convalescence. When I got to sea again, however, the *vis medicatrix naturæ* came to my aid once more, and the accident left no permanent effects.

More than fifty years have elapsed since I left Calcutta, and Sir Frederick Halliday is probably the only survivor of those whom I remember there as filling important offices in the Civil Service and judiciary. He went out, I believe, in 1826, and once stated, in my hearing, that he was one of a group assembled on the steps of Government House to welcome the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, on his return from an expedition, when the question was raised whether any one present could remember a like gathering on a like occasion. Thereupon, an old official quietly observed that he had himself taken part in the reception of Warren Hastings after a provincial tour. Sir Frederick had also been employed, as a young civilian, in controlling one of the last public "suttees" in Bengal, when that institution was still tolerated, but regulated, by the Government, and a Government officer was appointed to check any gross abuse of it.

Being resolved to ascertain whether the widow was a willing martyr, Sir Frederick had an interview and reasoned with her, but in vain, for, in order to show that she was fully prepared for a death by fire, the woman produced a lamp, thrust her finger into it, and held it steadily in the flame until one or two joints were burned away. She then ascended the funeral pyre, but Sir Frederick still refused to allow her to be confined by two bamboo rods commonly used in these orgies, like straps, to prevent the victim struggling. They were not required, however, for she remained quite still; as soon as the wood was lighted, the heat and smoke became so intense that Sir Frederick was driven back a few paces, and before he could return to his position, the pyre with its victim was reduced to a mass of ashes.

Our return voyage was singularly uneventful, and our party numbered only twenty-one besides children, no military officer being able to get leave unless for urgent reasons of health. As all sailors know, the course taken by homeward-bound sailing vessels differed greatly from that of outward-bound vessels. Instead of following the meridian of Calcutta far into the Southern hemisphere, as we had done in coming out, we steered direct for Cape Agulhas, passed along the South African coast near enough for me to make a rough sketch of it, and touched at St. Helena for a fresh supply of water. The necessity for this arose from the fact that, whereas on the outward passage the ship carried very little cargo, and drew but seventeen feet as she anchored

off Calcutta, she was somewhat overladen with tea, silk, and other merchandise on the homeward passage, and had less room for the storage of water. St. Helena, which is now seldom visited, is a natural rock-fortress, with only three landing-places, and admirably suited to serve as the prison of Napoleon, for which purpose it had been seriously considered before he was sent to Elba. Besides seeing Longwood, a simple Indian bungalow, and Napoleon's grave, so well known in pictures, some of us made an excursion to the North-West of the Island, which is far richer in foliage, Diana's Peak, in particular, being wooded up to its summit. Near the Line we encountered a sudden and very fierce tornado, which carried away many of our sails, and tore others into ribbons, speedily tied up by the force of the gale into close and fantastic knots. In the North Atlantic the direction of the trade-wind, being dead against us, compelled us to sail far to the westward before we headed again for the entrance of the Channel. Most of the passengers landed at Weymouth in a pilot cutter, and some of them, having weathered the ocean voyage, were sea-sick for the first time in this little craft, buffeting against a chopping sea. Perhaps I never admired the beauty of English country scenery more than I did on the coach drive from Weymouth to Bath on a perfect summer day. But I can truly say that I felt sadder on leaving the *Marlborough* than I did in going on board of her, well knowing that I could never again hope to lead so calm and peaceful a life.

The year 1849 was a "cholera year," and, if I mistake not, the mortality in London was higher than in the other great cholera years, 1832 and 1854. Great Malvern, at which my parents took a house for the summer, was thronged by refugees from the West End, some of whom also adopted the cold-water cure, then at the height of its popularity. Though I was restored to very fair health, it was thought wiser that I should not go up to Oxford for another year, and in the autumn I became the pupil of the Rev. H. N. Dudding at St. Albans. He was an excellent and able man, who took a real interest in supplementing my boyish scholarship by more varied reading; but, through no fault of his, I cannot look back on this period as very enjoyable or profitable. However, I owed to him a good preliminary study of Aristotle's Ethics, which I analysed carefully and fancied that I understood, until I was undeceived by further instruction at Oxford. Both he and I were anxious that I should compete for the Balliol Scholarship of that year (1849), but my father dreaded the effect of competition on my health, and I dare say his veto saved me from a fresh disappointment. At all events, above fifteen months, for which I have little to show, had elapsed since my return from India, and above two years and a half since my departure from Eton, when I came up to Balliol, as a Commoner, in October 1850.

# CHAPTER IV

## UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT OXFORD

## 1850–1854

The University of Oxford in 1850—Balliol College—Benjamin Jowett—College life fifty years ago—Reading, and reading-parties—Strange disappearance of James Winstanley—Reminiscences of the Union Society and the "Essay Society."

THE University of Oxford, in 1850, was becalmed, as it were, between two periods of stormy agitation. The reactionary wave of theological excitement, known as the "Oxford Movement," had almost spent its original force, and left Academical society in comparative peace. Its real tendencies, so loudly and ostentatiously disavowed by its authors, had been revealed by the reception of Newman and many of his followers into the Church of Rome, and though High Church doctrines were still the fashionable creed of Oxford, the Tractarian party had apparently ceased to be militant. On the other hand, the era of University Reform had barely commenced, and the Rationalistic movement, represented by "Essays and Reviews," was still in an esoteric stage. It was in August of this very year that the first Royal Commission was appointed by Lord Russell's Government, and, though its Report (issued in 1852) was anticipated to some extent by the

action of the University itself, the government, examination system, and social habits of the University were essentially the same in 1850 as they had been at the beginning of the century. Both the University and the Colleges were subject to antiquated codes of statutes, which it would have been no less disastrous than impossible to enforce, but which, in the opinion of eminent authorities, they had no power to alter. The sole initiative power in University legislation, and by far the largest share of University administration, was in the hands of the Hebdomadal Board, consisting solely of Heads of Colleges with the two Proctors, and not unjustly described by Mr. Goldwin Smith as an "organised torpor." There was an assembly of residents known as the House of Congregation, but its business had dwindled to mere formalities, and the only other University Assembly, known as Convocation, was virtually powerless, except for purposes of obstruction. It included thousands of non-resident Masters of Arts, mostly ignorant of Academical questions; it had the right of debating, but this right was almost annulled by the necessity of speaking in Latin; and it could only accept or reject without amendment measures proposed by the Hebdomadal Board. No student could then be a member of the University without belonging to a College or Hall, while every member of a College or Hall was compelled to sleep within its walls until after his third year of residence. Persons unable to sign the Thirty-nine Articles were ab-

solutely excluded, not merely from degrees, but from all access to the University, inasmuch as the test of subscription was enforced at Matriculation. It is needless to add that, being unable to enter the University, they could not obtain College Fellowships, which, however, were further protected against the intrusion of Dissenters by the declaration of churchmanship required to be made under the Act of Uniformity. If Professorial lectures were not at so low an ebb as in the days of Gibbon, when the greater part of the Professors had "given up even the pretence of teaching," they were lamentably scarce and ineffective. The educational function of the University had, in fact, been almost wholly merged in College tuition, but the Scholarships, as well as the Fellowships, of the Colleges were fettered by all manner of restrictions, which marred their value as incentives to industry, while, in too many cases, favouritism was checked by no rule of law or practice. The great majority of Fellows were bound to take Holy Orders, and the whole University was dominated by a clerical spirit which directly tended to make it, as it has so long been, a focus of theological controversy.

Balliol College, which I entered as a Commoner in October 1850, was already, as it has ever since remained, the most eminent place of education in the University. It had long been my ambition to win a Scholarship there, and when I went up for matriculation in the spring of that year, the authorities, being aware that ill health alone had pre-

vented my competing, gave me a special examination, and placed me at the head of my year. The "old Master," Dr. Jenkyns, about whom so many good (and true) stories have been told,[1] had been my father's tutor, and was elected to the Mastership during his residence at Oxford. He was therefore always specially kind to me, as well as to my brother, who had come into residence two years earlier. He was in no respect a great man, nor was he by any means the sole creator of the greatness of Balliol, for the class list shows that Balliol under his predecessor ranked high among colleges, and it is well known that Nathaniel Ellison, if not others, shared with him the credit of opening the Balliol Scholarships and Fellowships. Still, it is certain that for thirty or forty years his life was

[1] Two stories, illustrative of his peculiar simplicity and humour, are perhaps less familiar to old Balliol men than many others. On one occasion, when the late Dr. Ogilvy was still a Tutor of Balliol, a young man of fast habits was summoned before the Dons for the crowning offence of having gone to Epsom or Ascot without leave, and the "trial scene" had doubtless been concerted beforehand between Ogilvy and the Master. After enumerating other escapades, Ogilvy approached the climax—"And, Master, you will scarcely believe it, but Mr. —— clandestinely attended a race." Here the Master struck in—"A boat-race, I presume, Mr. Ogilvy." "No, Master," rejoined Ogilvy, in solemn accents, "the natural goodness of your heart deceives you—*I allude to a horse-race.*" On another occasion, when the late W. G. Ward and Mr. Jenkins, a namesake of his own, were Fellows, he seized an opportunity of "scoring off" both at once. For, while he never concealed his horror of Ward's Church views, he showed a still greater contempt for the Fellows and Scholars of the Blundell foundation, to which Mr. Jenkins belonged. The subject of discussion being a former Master under whom the College had sunk to its lowest ebb, and whom Dr. Jenkyns denounced in no measured terms, some unwary person asked him what the enormities of this unfortunate man had really been. The Master promptly replied, firing right and left—"*He was suspected of Romanising tendencies, Mr. Ward; he was a Blundell Fellow, Mr. Jenkins.*"

steadily devoted to promoting the interests of Balliol, and that he enjoyed the genuine respect of all its members, in spite of a most comical personality to which no mere description can do justice.

During my residence at Balliol, the leading Tutors were Mr. Woollcombe, Mr. Lake, and Mr. Jowett. The first of these was really an excellent classical scholar, and had mastered for himself most of the books then in use, but his apparent confusion of thought, and amusing deficiency in the sense of proportion, rendered him a very ineffective teacher. Lake, the late Dean of Durham, was a very clever man, with a knowledge of history then unusual, and his lectures on this subject, in particular, were highly appreciated. Of Jowett, as a tutor, it is impossible to speak too highly, and his teaching ranged over three distinct subjects—pure scholarship, philosophy, and New Testament criticism. I am not prepared to say that his Greek scholarship fully satisfied the Cambridge standard of accuracy, but he was an admirable interpreter of ancient authors, and in revising Greek or Latin composition he had the great merit of throwing himself into his pupil's conception of the piece, instead of merely substituting a version of his own. His "composition-lectures," too, were in their way unique. He was perhaps the first to make the "History of Philosophy" a serious study, while his dissection of Plato's Republic in examination lectures was so thorough as to border on cramming. His indefatigable work, and sympathy with all earnest workers, attracted to him the pupils of

other Tutors; his door was open to all who sought his help at all hours of the day and up to a late hour at night; he was equally successful in rebuking conceit and in encouraging self-reliance. After he became Master, he gradually ceased to be the prophet or the martyr, and passed into the benignant host, but he never quite acquired the ease of manner suited to such a part, and he certainly never lost the essential characteristics of a teacher. Not having been one of his chosen disciples, I might find it difficult to endorse some of the unqualified tributes paid to his memory, but I entirely share the opinion that he was the greatest Oxford Tutor of the last half-century; that he was a man, if not of original genius, yet of truly original character; and that, when he died, he left none like him in Oxford. These leading Tutors were ably seconded by the late Archdeacon Palmer, James Riddell, and soon afterwards by Henry Smith, a man of the most comprehensive intellect that Oxford has produced in my time. One and all of these were animated by that single-minded and disinterested spirit of duty to which Balliol owes its long ascendency, and which makes it an example to all the rest of the University. Being all unmarried, and living in College rooms among the men, they were able to keep good order, and were constantly accessible to pupils. Being all clergymen, they also stood in a certain pastoral relation to undergraduates, which might doubtless be exaggerated, but was not without its salutary influence.

In attempting to describe College life at Balliol, therefore, I may possibly be drawing too favourable a picture of the average College life, but I believe that, with slight deductions, it is true of all the better Colleges fifty years ago. No doubt, many real improvements have since been introduced, but it must not be taken for granted that every change has been an unmixed improvement. For instance, the system of inter-collegiate lectures delivered to very large classes has greatly raised the standard of tutorial instruction; and one strong proof of their general merit is that "coaching for honours," which is still thought so necessary at Cambridge, has become very rare at Oxford. But, while the abler honour-men have thus gained on the whole, the less able probably fared better under the old system of catechetical lectures delivered to small classes of about fifteen men, all of the same College, in a tutor's private sitting-room. Again, the abolition of Tests, the great expansion of studies, the adoption of the Cambridge practice enabling the junior members of a College to lodge outside its walls, and other measures for "opening" the University, have greatly extended its influence and usefulness, but they have seriously impaired the social unity of Colleges, while the introduction of married Fellows has, in some cases, entirely spoiled Common-room society. It would be easy to give many similar instances of so-called reforms which may have been inevitable, and even beneficial on the whole, but which one who knew Balliol in the days of Jenkyns cannot regard with unmixed satisfaction.

In those days Balliol numbered some eighty or ninety undergraduates, nearly all living in College rooms. The commoners, and still more the scholars, were largely drawn from the great public schools, with the result that a spirit of freemasonry prevailed among us which nowadays would be impossible. The Snell Exhibitioners, from Glasgow University, formed a distinct element, of which I never fully appreciated the value; but, as they were usually of a convivial disposition, they were acceptable guests at wine-parties, to which they sometimes contributed importations of Scotch whisky, then a somewhat rare beverage. These wine-parties were an important feature of College life, and helped to bring members of various sets into contact with each other in a way for which breakfast-parties supply no adequate substitute. Though I was essentially a quiet and reading man, I usually gave two of them each Term, and as forty or fifty other men probably did the same, there must have been about two wine-parties on the average every night in the week; indeed, I myself went to one or more on most nights of the Term, except Sundays. Perhaps fifteen or twenty guests might be invited to each, but few stayed more than half or three quarters of an hour, and, as we dined at five or (afterwards) at half-past five, all was generally over by half-past seven or eight, when reading-men betook themselves to study, and were actually known, and that not unfrequently, to protect themselves against interruption by "sporting their oaks." I can testify, with a good conscience,

that I never heard bad language used at a wine-party, or witnessed a quarrel which could have led to serious consequences, even in duelling days. No doubt, I may have been fortunate in my company, as I certainly was fortunate in my College; but, as I often mixed with the faster set of men at wine-parties, this fact is not without significance, as indicating the prevalent tone of Balliol men in my time. I may also say that I never saw any one the worse for liquor in College rooms, though I feel bound to add that a like standard of sobriety was not always maintained at the annual Balliol "Nuneham parties," to which the College barge was always towed down, and from which it sometimes returned with passengers too unsteady on their legs to ride or walk home. There was then no junior Common Room at Balliol, or at any other College, with two or three exceptions; no College Musical Society, and no Debating Society. On the other hand, afternoon walks afforded constant opportunities for a friendly interchange of ideas on all subjects, from the highest to the lowest, which the present multiplicity of recreations has greatly diminished. For it is scarcely realised by the rising generation that walks in the country were almost the only form of exercise in the winter, some fifty years ago, except for those who cared to row on the river, or could afford to ride. Probably the number of these was somewhat greater than it now is, owing to the impoverishment of so many country gentlemen. At all events, in the absence of other sports, riding for exercise was

commoner, and about two in the afternoon several horses might be seen being led up and down in front of most Colleges. But even athletics, in the form of running and jumping, had not yet become fashionable; racquets, which have now almost gone out at Oxford, had not then come in; hockey and golf had not been introduced; lawn tennis (not to speak of croquet) had not been invented; bicycling was unknown; even football, though vigorously practised at school, was voted too rough a game for grown men, and was very seldom played. As a natural consequence, there was more billiard-playing and general loafing, but the evenings were not so much cut up as they now are by social gatherings and other distractions fatal to study. Meanwhile, Balliol was specially renowned for its prowess on the river—no mean proof of collegiate *esprit de corps*. The credit of this success was mainly due to the late Lord Justice Chitty, who first made his reputation as the best of amateur wicket-keepers, but afterwards mainly devoted his energies to rowing. Thanks to his exertions and influence, carried on by successors like Dr. Warre of Eton, the Balliol Eight was never, I believe, lower than third in the boat-races during a period of fifteen years.

It is often said, or implied, that fifty years ago hardly any College Tutors did their duty, and that hardly any lectures were worth attending, though an exception is sometimes made in favour of Balliol. Such is not my own impression. I admit that solid learning counted for less than it now does as a

qualification for teaching, that most Colleges had one or two second-rate men as Tutors who lectured in a perfunctory way and left real tuition to coaches, and that men of equal standing but of very unequal attainments were often mixed up together in the same classes. Nevertheless, it is my belief that in almost every College there was at least one Tutor fully competent and more than willing to instruct reading-men in every branch of knowledge then recognised in the Classical Schools. Assuredly this was so at Balliol; and yet it would be too much to say that all the lectures into which one was put, even at Balliol—perhaps fourteen a week—either were or could be profitable to a man capable of grappling with subjects for himself. The fact is that such a man, with libraries at his command, needs guidance in reading more than oral instruction, and gains little from taking down notes at a lecture, however good, which he might not gain by reading an equally good text-book with equal attention. What a College tutor or private tutor can supply is good advice about the choice of books, the method of reading, and the management of a student's powers. This was freely done for us by the Balliol Tutors of my time, and above all by Jowett. One piece of advice which he gave me very early in my residence I have always regarded as the most practically valuable which I have ever received. Knowing that I had already broken down through overwork, and crediting me with some capacity for concentration, he earnestly dissuaded me from studying more than five hours a

day, including lectures, but warned me against ever allowing my attention to flag. This excellent rule I followed religiously for several years in reading successively for Honours in Moderations, the Final Classical School, and the Modern History School; nor did I allow myself to deviate from it when my work was thrown into arrear by a low fever at the end of 1852. My father supplemented it by an injunction to avoid personal competition, such as that for University scholarships or prizes, so that my reading was confined within a tolerably definite groove. The real advantage that Balliol men enjoyed in a high degree, as compared with their fellows in other Colleges, was the stimulating atmosphere of the place, the healthy sense of intellectual rivalry, and their friendly relations with the Dons. For not only Jowett, but the other Tutors made friends of the steadier undergraduates, entertaining them at breakfast or dinner, taking walks or rides with them, and showing a genuine interest in their welfare. Most of us "coached" more or less, but I am quite sure that coaching was not even then a necessity, and it would have been very wrong if it had been. No one has a greater respect for Cambridge than I have, but I cannot help saying that in this respect I think it had much to learn from Oxford in my time (for I speak not of the present), and that a parent who has paid tuition fees to a College has just reason to complain if he finds that, after all, effective tuition can only be procured by paying additional fees to a coach.

One very characteristic feature of Oxford study in those days was the institution of the Long Vacation reading-party, so graphically described in the "Bothie of Topernavuolich," though with a somewhat too liberal admixture of obsolete Oxford slang. Like my elder brother, I went on a reading-party in each of my three Long Vacations, and no part of my University life was more pleasantly or profitably spent. Some reading-parties, and especially those of Cambridge men, were organised by coaches, who mustered round them a group of pupils not always known to each other, or lodging in the same house, but receiving a daily lesson of an hour a-piece, and assorting themselves as they pleased for meals or otherwise. Such was not the character of the reading-parties to which I belonged in 1851, 1852, and 1853. These were voluntary associations of friends, who clubbed together, and took a family house in some attractive part of the country for reading purposes. In each case we had a coach, but in two cases some members of the party were reading independently. In 1851, three or four of us were pupils of Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose rare gift of pleasantry never shone more brilliantly than in the free and easy intercourse of a little society like ours. Another of the party was the late Professor Conington, who had two pupils lodging in another house, but was a great favourite in our domestic circle, often enlivening it with humorous sallies, and still more frequently provoking humorous sallies from Goldwin Smith and the rest of us. A fourth was my old

friend and Eton school-fellow, Mr Charles Stewart Parker, late M.P. for Perth, and editor of Sir Robert Peel's letters; a fifth was the present Dean of Ripon, also one of my school-fellows and most intimate friends. We first settled at Lynton, but afterwards moved to Ilfracombe. Our mornings and evenings were spent in reading, our afternoons in walking or riding along the cliffs and the country behind, especially on Exmoor, then far less enclosed than it now is. Simple as our life was, it was thoroughly enjoyable, and none of us got tired of it. We juniors discussed every subject, human and divine, with a freshness of interest only possible to youth, and I am sure gained a great deal more from the maturer criticisms of Goldwin Smith and Conington than we could then realise.

The next year (1852), after a short run in Ireland, I joined the Dean of Ripon and Sir Robert Herbert on a reading-party at Avranches, in Normandy, where our coach was the late Archdeacon Palmer, whom all of us knew as an exemplary Balliol tutor, and the kindest of friends. Avranches was then a very cheap place, and a great resort of English people compelled to economise strictly. We hired a small but comfortable furnished house for 100 francs a month, and dined at the table d'hôte on the *abonnement* system, at the rate of forty francs a month. None of us, I think, had ever been in France before, and our essays in housekeeping, with the aid of a typical French maid-of-all-work, furnished us with an unfailing source of amusement for years after-

wards. I knew less of the French language than any of my companions, and one of my experiences resulting from this ignorance may perhaps be worth noting. Being unwell for some days, and failing to cure myself, I was advised to send for a French doctor. Accordingly, I copied a model letter to a doctor from a "Handbook of Travel-talk," varying it slightly, however, to give it an air of originality. I also got up, out of a French dictionary, a few words and phrases descriptive of my symptoms. The doctor arrived, and, contrary to my expectations, proved to be quite ignorant of English. I started well, but soon came to an end of my vocabulary. He began to put questions, after the manner of his profession, which I could neither answer nor understand; when suddenly a bright idea struck him, and he remarked that, although Monsieur had evidently a difficulty in speaking French, he knew from a perusal of my letter that I wrote it admirably, so that I need only sit down and compose a detailed account of my case. It is superfluous to relate the sequel; the one thing certain is that I never took any of his medicine.

In the following summer (1853), being my last Long Vacation, I made a tour in Switzerland with C. S. Parker, after which he and I, with Goldwin Smith and Conington, started for my third reading-party, of which the scene was Grasmere. We had three other companions, all old friends—the Rev. Arthur G. Butler, still Fellow of Oriel; Dr. J. H. Bridges, late Fellow of Oriel; and James Winstanley, whose strange disappearance, never fully explained,

startled those of us who knew and cared for him nearly forty years ago. This party was a revival or continuation of that at Lynton in 1851; more than one argument, then left unfinished, was taken up and carried on with renewed energy; Conington's incapacity for mountain-climbing gave rise to as many harmless jokes as his incapacity for riding Exmoor ponies; Goldwin Smith was as fertile as ever in pregnant and pithy sayings; and the new members of our party fell into our traditions without an effort. On this occasion, Parker, who had taken his degree early in 1852, was coaching Winstanley and myself, having kindly undertaken to review the whole of my reading, with a view to strengthen weak points—one of the best services that a friendly tutor can render. Our stay at Grasmere was marked by no incident, and no poet, like Clough, will ever immortalise our unreserved conversations. Probably most of us said nothing worth recording, and yet, when I look back upon it by the light of later experience, one negative fact emerges from my recollections, which may not be quite unworthy of record: it is, simply, that I can recall no angry or indecorous word being spoken on any of my three reading-parties, and that "chaff" never degenerated into vulgarity or sarcasm. I believe that members of other like reading-parties would bear like testimony, and my conclusion is, that "plain living and high thinking" among young Englishmen of the University type are at least favourable to morals and manners.

The sad and mysterious disappearance of Win-

stanley took place in 1862, but almost escaped public notice, and there are few now living who remember the circumstances of it, which are not without interest. Winstanley had been educated at Rugby, and was a man of real ability, as well as of the highest character, and of a singularly amiable disposition. He was a scholar of University College, gained the Hertford Scholarship in 1852, and might have obtained a First Class in the final Classical Schools, but he was a slow worker, and, having a morbid distrust of his own powers, he abandoned the attempt, and took an "Honorary Fourth" in 1854. About the same time he succeeded to a landed property in Leicestershire, and also adopted the Positivist creed, under the influence of Congreve. With a view to prepare himself for the duties of his position, as he understood them, he went over to Paris, continued his studies, and became known to Auguste Comte himself, before the philosopher's death in 1857. After a long residence abroad, he came back and settled on his estate, interested himself actively in the welfare of his dependants, built a church, and spent much in the improvement of cottages. In the year of his death he became High Sheriff for his county, and ought to have been serving in that capacity when he was suddenly missed. There were those who fancied that his nervous dread of figuring in so public an office had something to do with his flight, but it happens that I walked home with him from a dinner-party two or three weeks before it, and found him in a very cheerful frame of mind. In

fact, he had already acted once as High Sheriff at the Assizes, and seemed to have got over his trepidation about it, while he did not seem to feel other troubles of which he had formerly spoken to me with some anxiety. Just before the next Assizes he went down to Folkestone, stayed at a hotel, and started one morning for the pier to meet his mother and sister coming from Boulogne, leaving, as I heard, his portmanteau open in his room, and with a very modest sum in his possession. Thenceforward, he was never seen alive by any one who knew him. Advertisements were issued, and after the lapse of several weeks a boatman at Coblenz came forward with a story which has ever since been received as true. He stated that a gentleman, described as corresponding in appearance with Winstanley, hailed him one evening and desired to be ferried over to Ehrenbreitstein, and that either in going or in returning this gentleman dropped over the side of the boat in a manner indicative of an intention to drown himself. I believe that a body, found in the river and buried, was afterwards exhumed, but was scarcely capable of recognition. The clothing, however, was identified by a servant, and the evidence, as a whole, satisfied his executor (Congreve) and his relations that the remains were, indeed, those of Winstanley. Meanwhile, as I learned from Sir William Erle, who happened to be Judge of Assize for Leicestershire, he succeeded, with the aid of the Under Sheriff, in hushing up and keeping out of the newspapers the fact of the High Sheriff's disappearance. There

were those who, knowing Winstanley's temperament, thought it not impossible that he might have deliberately immured himself in a monastery. My own fear always was that, in a fit of conscientious doubt as to whether he was doing any good to himself or others in the world, he might have proceeded to act upon the reasoning of Hamlet, but I never felt quite sure for years afterwards that he might not reappear in my rooms. But this was not to be. After a certain interval his estate passed to a distant kinsman, and, though some legal question was raised a year or two later on the sufficiency of the evidence for his death, I believe that it was overruled by the Court. When Speke disappeared at the beginning of 1868, and the records of similar cases were industriously raked up, I was surprised that no one noticed that of Winstanley. But he is not forgotten by his old friends. He was one who found life too hard for him, not because he was the victim of special wrongs or trials, but simply because his sensitive, diffident, and gentle spirit could not bear what most of us take as the inevitable lot of humanity. He could not master or shake off the gloomy thoughts which crowded in upon him; like the Psalmist, he vainly sought refuge in isolation from the provoking of all men and the strife of tongues; and so he vanished from the world, little knowing how much he was valued or how long he would be regretted.

The "Union Society," which is still a very flourishing institution, filled a more important place in the

life of Oxford, during the period of my residence, than it does in the present day. There was then but one College Debating Society in Oxford, so far as I know, and only two or three Colleges had a reading-room for undergraduates, while access to College Libraries was difficult to obtain. If a young man wanted to practise his eloquence, or to borrow other books than novels, or to read the newspapers, or to write letters, with volumes of reference at hand, his easiest, if not his sole, resource was to join the Union. I did so in my second Term, being the earliest date then permissible, and made constant use of it until I left Oxford. In deference to my father's wish, I spoke but twice as an undergraduate, but as a Bachelor of Arts I took a somewhat active part in its debates, becoming President in Michaelmas Term, 1854, and Librarian in Lent Term, 1855. I am not prepared to maintain that ours was the golden age of the Union, for I observe more eminent names (including that of Gladstone) on the list of officials in the old times before us, and there seems to be quite as large a proportion of eminence or promise among those who have since held office. Still, I note on a single page recording the officers elected during the six years 1849–55 the names of Lord Salisbury, Dean Boyle, the late Lord Brabourne, Professor Henry Smith, the late Lord Beauchamp, the late Professor Shirley, the late Mr. Charles Pearson (author of "National Life and Character"), Mr. Goschen, Sir Godfrey Lushington, and Mr. Frederick Harrison, all of whom, except

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Harrison, were Presidents. Then, as now, many of those who obtained distinction at the Union were men who devoted their whole energy to it, and made a poor show in the University class-lists; some, indeed, had great difficulty in getting through pass-examinations. But there were always men of high University reputation on the Committee, and when it was known that such men were going to speak, they seldom failed to command good audiences. There were two specially memorable debates in my time—the one in 1853, on Mr. Gladstone joining the Coalition Government of Lord Aberdeen; the other in 1854, on University Reform and the Report of the first Oxford Commission. The former debate was on a motion of Mr. T. F. Wetherell, and was introduced by an incisive speech, in which he described Mr. Disraeli as "the man who hunted Sir Robert Peel to his death, and stood over his grave with curses." This debate lasted four nights, having been thrice adjourned—once in consequence of the furious excitement produced by a speech of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, in which he denounced the Tory party in no measured terms. Almost every one who ever took part in Union debates spoke on this occasion, and most spoke better than usual, but the most effective speeches were those of the late Mr. C. H. Pearson and Mr. B. B. Rogers, on different sides and in different styles, one highly rhetorical, the other highly Parliamentary. I thought Mr. Pearson's speech the finest that I had ever heard, but Mr.

Rogers, I believe, was carried some way home towards his College on the shoulders of his admirers. The debate of 1854 was on a motion of my own, and also lasted four nights, but the proceedings were not so lively, though a dashing "champagne speech" was delivered by a man who, as I was told, having never spoken before, had made a bet at a wine-party that he would reply to me. Some of the best debates, however, took place in private business, and notably on the vexed question, often revived, of opening the Union rooms on Sundays, and on that of stamping members' letters gratuitously.

It is a remarkable fact that, with few exceptions, including that of Lord Randolph Churchill, all Oxford men who have become eminent in the House of Commons have first become eminent at the Union. In other words, the Union has always been an excellent school of speaking, and probably for this reason, that while the gregarious sentiment of the audience represses any tendency to a didactic or philosophical tone, the mass, after all, consists of educated gentlemen whose individual taste would be shocked by vulgarity. In the present generation, the style of Union oratory has been sensibly affected by the rise of College debating societies, in which most of the speakers have made their *début*, but fifty years ago every young aspirant essayed to speak as if he were addressing a popular meeting from a platform. The result was that he might occasionally rise into real eloquence but was in serious danger of sinking into

bombast, and my impression is that, while Union speeches are nowadays somewhat more conversational, they exhibit a somewhat higher standard of knowledge and debating power. It is difficult, however, to make a comparison, for, unlike the Eton Society, the Oxford Union Society keeps no report of its debates. Once only, I believe, were shorthand writers admitted, when the late Lord Brabourne moved a resolution in favour of returning to Protection, and was supported by the Lord Robert Cecil of those days, as well as by others who might scarcely care to reprint their juvenile speeches. This was before my time, but one contemporary of my own, Mr. Goschen, would probably be able to adopt most of his early utterances, barring such exuberances of rhetoric as few of us could wish to be raked up in later years. For he was always a member of the Left Centre, vigorously exchanging thrusts with Tories and ultra-Radicals on either side, and certainly no one of my old friends has changed less during fifty years in opinions and character, than which no better proof of a strong individuality can be given. Two other prominent speakers of the same age were Oxenham and Wetherell. Oxenham specially excelled in fluency and glowing perorations, some of which, if preserved, could not be read with a grave face in these days; Wetherell, on the contrary, was a master of laconic sarcasm. One of the replies attributed to him, and still remembered, is perhaps worth quotation. Wetherell had laid down some proposition as a great constitutional

principle, and was answered by an opponent who expressed surprise at so audacious an assertion, it being notorious, as he said, that in the reign of King Henry VIII. a statute had been passed establishing the very contrary principle. Wetherell at that stage of his career knew little of Henry VIII. or constitutional principles, but he did know that his opponent was notorious in the University for his mendacity. He therefore, in his reply, declared that he was perfectly well aware that such a statute had been passed in the reign of King Henry VIII., but, he added triumphantly, "was there a tyro in history so ignorant as not to know that it was repealed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth?" I cannot personally vouch for this story, for I was not present, but I have never doubted it; and, if he should read these pages, I am sure he will forgive me for relating what many of us admired as a characteristic instance of his dialectical resource. In the later part of 1854 he was nominated for the Presidentship, which he fully deserved for his prowess in debate and experience of Union business. Contests for the Presidentship were then rare, but I was induced to oppose him on grounds which no longer appear to me so cogent as they did at the time, and, as he was known to be on the point of joining the Roman Catholics, I naturally found myself in the position of being the No-Popery champion, in which capacity I was elected by a large majority. The sequel may be omitted, with the exception of one little incident which has its comical side. While party spirit was

still running high, the invalid son of Dr. Pusey happened to become a candidate for the Union. In the ordinary course he would have been elected without a question, but Archdeacon Palmer represented to me that, in the ferment of the moment, some of my hot-headed supporters might blackball him, and suggested as the only effectual safeguard that I should propose him myself. This I did, and he was elected unopposed. But I must not multiply these simple recollections of the Union, which I regard as one of the most interesting and useful institutions in Oxford. I will only add that I can remember no less than five debating-rooms—the first, a picture gallery; the second, a Music Hall in Holywell; the third, a large room, now curtailed, behind the Clarendon (formerly the Star) Hotel; the fourth, what is now the Library, decorated with strange wall paintings by Rossetti and other young artists; the last, and best, the present excellent Debating Hall, with its strangers' gallery. The audiences in the earlier debating-rooms were seldom very large, but they were generally very attentive, and there was less coming and going, as they could not fall back on any reading-room under the same roof.

It is now several years since I have attended a Union debate, but I have occasionally been consulted on Union business, and was on a Committee for placing a bust of Mr. Gladstone in the Debating-room. In the summer of 1899, I was pleasantly reminded of my connection with the Society by a

request that I would arbitrate on a somewhat delicate question. It appears that Mr. Walsh's book, "The Secret History of the Oxford Movement," had been proposed in due course to be purchased for the Library, when an outcry was raised against it, and it was ultimately resolved that three ex-Presidents of at least ten years' standing should be asked to decide whether this volume, being desired by a large section of the members, was of so offensive a character that it ought not to be so purchased. Professor Dicey and Mr. Strachan Davidson of Balliol were associated with me as arbitrators, and our unanimous award was in favour of admitting the book—not upon its merits, as to which we gave no opinion, but simply on the ground that, being a serious controversial work, and forming part of the history of its subject, it could not, consistently with sound principle and practice, be treated as unfit to be placed in the Union Library.

In the autumn of 1852, I was among the founders of a modest Society which never adopted a distinctive title, and for that very reason was nicknamed The Mutual Improvement Society, but was generally known by the simple name of "The Essay Society." In these days Oxford is honeycombed by a multitude of little circles and coteries—literary, scientific, æsthetic, political, and social; indeed, it has been said that if any three or four Oxford men find themselves agreeing upon any subject, their first impulse is to say—"Go to, let us found a new Club on this basis." Fifty years ago it was not so. A discussion

society of some eminence, called the "Decade," had lately died a natural death, and, though here and there a few lovers of poetry might combine to read Dante or Shakespeare, I am not aware that any society except ours existed for the purpose of freely comparing opinions on the higher questions of politics and morality, if not of religion. It has never been settled who actually originated the idea of forming such a society, not confined to one College, and more or less on the model of the Cambridge "Apostles," but it is certain that it consisted of seven original members, whom I mention in alphabetical order—G. C. Brodrick, A. G. Butler, W. H. Fremantle, G. J. Goschen, H. N. Oxenham, C. S. Parker, and C. H. Pearson. Mr. W. L. Newman, Mr. Frederick Harrison, Sir Henry Cunningham, Sir Godfrey Lushington, and others, were elected in the first year or two after our foundation; Professor Dicey, Mr. James Bryce, and Lord Bowen, joined us somewhat later. We met to partake of a simple dessert in each other's rooms by turns (I think) every fortnight, when an Essay was read, and a discussion followed, but no one rose from his place to deliver his opinion. The questions raised might perhaps appear to a more sophisticated generation somewhat trite and commonplace, often, for instance, touching upon theories of government or problems of ethics, and seldom involving any profound research. But, after all, they were just such questions as ought to interest young minds just entering upon their intellectual inheritance, and I am by no means sure that it was not more profitable to

argue them out among ourselves, than to learn at second hand all that had been said about them by eminent writers. Certainly these disputations at our Essay Society did much to clear up my own views on several important subjects, not to speak of their effect in lowering my estimate of my own philosophical insight. Occasionally, strangers took part in them, and Professor Conington, though almost too senior a man to be a member, often entertained the Society, and became a kind of permanent associate. As some of us migrated to London or elsewhere, the succession was kept up by fresh elections, and (still in humble imitation of the "Apostles") we used to hold an annual dinner at Greenwich or London itself. For we always regarded ourselves as an Academical Round Table, and, if we did not disdain the object of "mutual improvement" as beneath us, we did not by any means neglect social qualifications. Some years later another Society, called the "Old Mortality," was founded on much the same lines, and I was amused to see it described in a recent volume as an original invention, the fact being that among its first members were some who also belonged to our Society, while others were men of marked ability, but of a somewhat different type. However, by this time the society-forming instinct had begun to assert itself in the University; the Essay Society, no longer unique, almost lost its *raison d'être*, and, after lasting about twenty years, it perished of inanition. Some years ago, in concert with Mr. A. G. Butler and the present Master of the

University, I promoted a reunion of early members at Oxford, and was gratified to see that old ties of intellectual fellowship still maintained their vitality, however far we had drifted apart in political or theological opinion.

# CHAPTER V

## LATER CAREER AT OXFORD

## 1854–1856

Remarkable characters in Oxford fifty years ago—Successes of my later Oxford career—Encænia of 1855—Election to a Fellowship at Merton College—Reminiscences of the Merton Common-room—Bishop Patteson—Experience of coaching.

It is always difficult to compare one age with another from an intellectual point of view. Probably the Oxford of to-day contains a greater amount of intellectual activity, as it certainly gives far more encouragement to learning and scientific research, than the Oxford of fifty years ago. But I am not equally sure that, under the easier conditions of modern Oxford life, force of character, or even independence of thought, is equally developed. I do not say that in those days there were giants in the land, but there were several Heads and Fellows of Colleges, with marked individuality, whose names are still remembered, short-lived as Oxford reputations are wont to be. I have already spoken of Dr. Jenkyns, and of Jowett, destined to be his next successor but one. Magdalen had for its President the famous Dr. Routh, a really learned man, who lived to his hundredth year, and died in 1855, after some years of comparative seclusion, but in full pos-

session of his faculties. The Dean of Christchurch was Gaisford, a man of rough manners but kind heart and strong will, much respected as a Greek scholar in Germany as well as England. Hawkins, the Provost of Oriel, had presided with much sagacity over his College throughout the whole "Oxford Movement," which may be said to have been actually born and nursed in the Oriel Common-room. He, as well as Macbride of Magdalen Hall and Benjamin Symons of Wadham, lived to be more than ninety, and all three, by virtue of a strong personality, exercised a powerful influence in the University under its old constitution. Jeune, the Master of Pembroke, was a man of a different type, with little regard for Academical traditions, who played a great part in the University reforms of the same period, and proved himself a vigorous administrator as Vice-Chancellor. Dr. Wellesley, of New Inn Hall, was a much less stirring personage, but was regarded as the highest authority in Oxford on questions of artistic and literary taste. Buckland had not yet disappeared from the ranks of the Professors, or rather of the Readers, but had at last ceased to lecture at Oxford, having given an impulse to Natural Science by his contagious enthusiasm which has never been fully recognised. Other Professorial Chairs were held by more or less notable men, such as Jacobson and Pusey in Theology; Donkin, Baden-Powell, and Bartholomew Price, in Mathematics; Daubeny in Botany, Brodie in Chemistry, Halford Vaughan in Modern History, and J. M. Wilson in Moral Philosophy.

Of these, no doubt, the one most widely known outside Oxford was Pusey. His erudition and social position had made him the most valuable recruit of the early Tractarians, and though his prestige in the religious world had been recently shaken by the declared Romanism of several among his trusted associates, it was beginning to revive, and lasted until his death. Arthur Stanley, the life and soul of the Common-room at University College, resigned his Tutorship before I took my degree, and was not appointed Professor of Ancient History until 1856. Conington was elected Professor of Latin in 1854, and in the broad scholar-like treatment of his subject has been excelled by none of his successors. Goldwin Smith, his intimate friend, was still a Tutor of the same College, and no more luminous intellect than his—harmonising as it did with a rare gift of expression and style—has since appeared in modern Oxford. Of Henry J. S. Smith I have already spoken. He was a man whose mind could apply itself with equal power and facility to any kind of work, intellectual or practical. Some of his friends believed that, if he could have concentrated it on Mathematics alone, he might have rivalled the fame of Newton, but it is certain that in that case he could not have adorned Oxford society as he did, or made his influence felt in every branch of Academical life. Congreve was the leading Tutor of Wadham, and soon became the Apostle of English Positivism, in which double capacity he inspired disciples of remarkable ability with a new conception of Philosophy, largely based

on history. Mark Pattison, then at his best, in my judgment, filled a similar position at Lincoln, and vigorously worked the College system which he afterwards loved to disparage. His sensitive nature was soured, however, by a bitter contest for the Rectorship in 1851, resulting in the preference of another candidate, and I doubt whether he ever afterwards took a genial and kindly view of the world. This contest led to an almost scandalous exchange of recriminations, actually breaking out into a war of pamphlets. Mansel, of St. John's, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, was not yet famous as a theological writer, but his many witty sayings were cherished in Common-rooms, and his poetical squib on the first University Commission, published under the strange title of "Phrontisterion," exhibited considerable learning, as well as a great power of satire. Thomson, afterwards Archbishop of York, was never fully appreciated in Oxford, but he was a conspicuous member of the same group, representing a transitional period between the Tractarian agitation and the subsequent triumph of Liberal ideas in Oxford. Of this group, since Congreve's recent death, Goldwin Smith is now the only survivor.

During my undergraduate career, a very important change was made in the examination system. One branch of this change was the introduction of Moderations, in order to break the continuity of idleness among passmen between "Little-go" and "Great-go," and also to supply a standard of Honours for Scholarship, independent of Philosophy and

Ancient History. The other branch was the modification of the Final Classical School, coupled with the reconstruction of the Final Mathematical School, and the institution of two new Final Schools—that of Natural Science, and that of Law and Modern History. The University has amused itself ever since by pulling to pieces and recasting the system thus established, and few are now aware that it included a feature long ago abandoned—I mean the obligation of passing in two Schools, at least, as a qualification for the B.A. degree. I was myself the victim of this rule. Having been fortunate enough to obtain a first class in the first Moderations ever held (May 1852), I read for the Final Classical Schools of November 1853. Though I lost two or three months through illness, I was unwilling to put off going in for that examination, and was again placed in the first class, together with several old friends, such as A. G. Butler, Lewis Campbell, W. H. Fremantle, Goschen, (Mr. Justice) Kekewich, Lord Lothian, and W. Stebbing. I then attempted to master in less than a fortnight the minimum required for a Mathematical pass, but failed to do so — though I have always believed that I was plucked in Euclid, not for geometrical ignorance, but for proving earlier propositions by later ones. However, being foiled in this way, I at once determined, if possible, to win the highest honours in Law and Modern History. I had less than six months to read for this examination, and I never worked above five hours a day, but Stebbing and

myself both succeeded in getting first class honours —a conclusive proof that the studies of Law and Modern History were then in their infancy. Lord Lothian alone was placed with us in the first class, but it was understood that his performance greatly surpassed ours, history being his favourite study. During 1854–5, I was not only a candidate for the Balliol and Oriel Fellowships, but for two Craven Scholarships, then limited to Commoners of a certain standing. In all of these competitions I had reason to believe that I stood either second or third, and, rightly or wrongly, I laboured under the impression that I had fairly earned success in one of them. However, though much disheartened, I competed in the same twelvemonth for the Arnold Essay Prize and for the Chancellor's English Essay Prize, writing my two Essays on alternate days. Both of these prizes were awarded to me in the Summer Term of 1855, in which Term I was also elected to an open Fellowship at Merton College. The subject of my Arnold Essay was "Roman *Coloniæ* under the Empire," and I took much pains with it, but, as it was not the fruit of original research, I did not care to set a precedent by publishing it, and it appeared for the first time in my "Political Studies." The subject of the Chancellor's Essay was "Representative Government in Ancient and Modern Times," and the composition of it almost compelled me to mature and formulate my own thoughts on many important questions of politics. A considerable part of it was read in the Sheldonian Theatre

at the Encænia on June 20, 1855, and, by a happy accident, it was heard by a singularly brilliant audience, including Lord Derby, who presided as Chancellor, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, Montalembert, Mr. Buchanan, afterwards President of the United States, Lord Houghton, and other more or less notable persons. The consequence was that it attracted more attention than it otherwise would, and was the direct means of my introduction to journalism. Lord Derby, having been an old school-fellow of my father, wrote him a very kind letter about it, containing some extremely gratifying criticisms of my performance which I forbear to quote. Among these, however, occurs one passage which is not without interest, as coming from a veteran politician: "I do not quarrel with what may appear to me (shall I say to us?) a somewhat Utopian view of the perfectibility of human society, and the immaculate motives of the Electoral Body. It is well that at twenty-four there should be a somewhat superabundant stock of faith to start with, to meet the rude shocks which it will encounter, especially if engaged in political life, before the age of fifty-six, and your son's Essay shows him to be of that stamp of mind on which experience will work its effect in moderating the illusions of Theory." Such cautions against youthful optimism, founded on the experience of men who have sounded the depths of politics, are seldom laid to heart by their juniors, but I feel bound to confess that, in my case, Lord Derby's fears have been justified.

In the meantime, inspirited by Jowett, I plucked up courage to stand once more for a Fellowship, and was elected at Merton College in May 1855. The vacancy which I filled was caused by the death of General Capell in his eighty-ninth or ninetieth year. This veteran had long ceased to reside in the College, though not to draw his salary. When he did come, he imported the language of the mess-room into the Common-room, but, so far as I could ascertain, his only interesting reminiscence was the fact of his being "shot at, like a pigeon," at the siege of Cadiz. The next in seniority was the Rev. Edward Griffith, as he would call himself, though his Christian name was really Moses, who died at the age of ninety a year or two later. Other senior Fellows were Henry F. Whish, George Hammond, and George Tierney, son of the famous politician, who died at ages between eighty and ninety, the first some twenty-five years ago, and the last two since I became Warden in 1881. Of these, Whish and Hammond retained their rooms and resided much in College up to the last, whereas Tierney was never seen in Oxford after 1840. The Warden, Dr. Bullock Marsham, had been elected in 1826, and was destined to attain the age of ninety-four. If he be added to the list, the record of longevity in the Merton Common-room is somewhat remarkable, and never can be matched in the future, since the lifelong tenure of Fellowships has been abolished. All these relics of that system were men of the old school, courteous, gentlemanlike, and (in their own way) loyal to their

College, which they regarded not exactly as a place of education, but rather as a pleasant resort in which sons of the landed gentry might profitably spend three years before entering into possession of their estates or launching forth into professions, and which Fellows might use as a country house in Vacations. Griffith, however, deserves more particular notice, having been the subject of many good stories, which I have been able to verify, and representing a type of eccentric College recluses which is now wholly extinct.

He was in Holy Orders, but never would take College preferment, and was content to waste the whole of his life between his rooms at Oxford and his lodgings at Bath. Yet he was a man of almost ascetic habits, never carpeted his room, gave largely in charity, and was reported to have thrown down his own overcoat from the top of a coach to cover a shivering bystander. A still more notable proof of his sense of duty was his resignation of a sinecure emolument for the purpose of endowing a resident clergyman for one of the College livings. But he was chiefly known to the Oxford world, and even to his own brother-Fellows, as a privileged cynic, delighting in churlish repartees, not unmixed with good-humoured drollery. It would be easy, but useless, to give specimens of these, because they largely depended for their effect on his own comical appearence and manner. During the later part of his life, he always resided at Bath in Term-time and at Merton during most of the Vacations, when the "Philistines," as he called the undergraduates, could not disturb

his serenity. At Bath he appreciated and expected visits from old friends, and I remember that he used to complain because my father, then Rector of Bath and engrossed with clerical duties, could not be incessantly calling upon him. At Oxford he often found himself alone in the Long Vacation, but took his solitary dinner in the Hall. One day he became conscious of the presence of an undergraduate, who happened to be in residence, on noticing whom he exclaimed: "Oh! an undergraduate! Bring me a screen." But when other Fellows were up, he usually mingled with them in the Common-room, and took part in College meetings.

I have been informed that when I was a candidate for a Fellowship in 1855, and stress was laid by some of his colleagues on the duty of electing the man who might be placed first by the examiners, Mr. Griffith announced that he had come up from Bath to vote for my father's son, and would certainly do so, whatever might be the result of the examination. After an earlier Fellowship election, the new Fellow, on being ushered into the Hall, was heartily welcomed by Mr. Griffith, who advanced to the front and said: "I congratulate you, sir, and I consider it an honour to the College that you have joined us." Then, lapsing into one of those strange transitions from courtesy to rudeness which he would sometimes affect, he added in a loud whisper to his neighbour, and pointing to the new-comer: "Who is that person, sir? I don't know him from a dog."

On another occasion I myself witnessed a speci-

men of his rougher manner. It happened that he was in the chair at a Common-room dinner in my first Long Vacation, when Mr. Whish, the next to him in seniority among the Fellows, came in with the jaunty air peculiar to him, and remarked, "Well, Mr. Griffith, how are you to-day?" Whereupon Mr. Griffith, turning upon him, and looking at him "like a bull," as Plato would say, replied sullenly, "Yes, it's much good that you wish me." Happily, Mr. Whish rejoined more gently than might have been expected of him; but it was evident that some grudge, perhaps of fifty years' standing, had been harboured in the breasts of these two old men, to reveal itself in this curious little scene for the amusement of their juniors. Indeed, Walter Ker Hamilton, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, used to cite an earlier case, in which Mr. Whish incurred the rebuke of Mr. Griffith for the habitual indulgence in strong language of which Hamilton had complained. Soon afterwards he overheard Mr. Griffith rapping at Whish's door, and exclaiming from the outside, "Mr. Whish, Mr. Whish, Walter Ker says that, if you don't mend your language, he will not dine with you."

One of his old cronies was the famous Dr. Frowd of Corpus, and a story, not without a touch of pathos, which has been told in various forms of various other persons, is told with at least equal probability of this eccentric pair. As they were slowly tottering round Christ Church Walk together, Dr. Frowd was overheard to remark, "Mr. Griffith,

what a pity it is that there are no *characters* in Oxford nowadays. Why, when you and I were young, Oxford was full of strange and original characters; I wonder what can have become of them!" To which Mr. Griffith, the shrewder man of the two, was overheard to reply, "Did it never occur to you, Dr. Frowd, *that you and I may be the characters of the present day?*"

Among the junior Fellows, the most remarkable was John Coleridge Patteson, first Bishop of Melanesia, afterwards murdered by the natives at Nukapu, in the South Sea Islands. I remembered him as a cricketer at Eton, and had known him as a B.A. of Balliol, when I was an undergraduate. But he had already left Oxford, and I think had actually started for New Zealand, when I was elected Fellow of Merton, and I never met him there as a colleague. It is needless to say that I heartily admired his simple and saintly character, and I received two or three letters from him after he went out. In one of these he gave a proof of his conscientious loyalty to his College by asking me to obtain renewed leave of absence for him, without forfeiture of his Fellowship, on the ground that his private means and official salary were not sufficient, with the strictest economy, to cover the necessary expenses of his missionary work. The contrast between his conception of duty and that of such Fellows as I have mentioned was certainly very striking. Some years after his death, an epitaph composed by me, and originally intended for Merton

Chapel, was placed at the disposal of Bishops Selwyn and Abraham, who caused it to be inscribed on a brass tablet in memory of Patteson to be placed in a church on Norfolk Island. Another junior Fellow, but senior to me by four years, was Charles Savile Roundell, one of my oldest friends, with whom I always co-operated in College affairs. I cannot refrain from recording one service which he and I rendered the College, in persuading it to rescind a resolution, already passed, which involved the partial destruction of our old College Library.

After my election at Merton, I was obliged to keep a year of residence as a Probationer Fellow, and perhaps no year of my life has been so enjoyable. My recent successes had given me heart, and I looked forward with confidence to my future, though I had not yet made a definite choice between the Bar and the Civil Service, both of which I regarded as preparatory to a Parliamentary career. During this year I took a few pupils reading for the Classical or Modern History School, among whom were the present Rector of Lincoln and Lord Clinton. I also lectured on Modern History at Balliol, for the late Dean of Durham, as well as at Merton. In the summer of 1856 Mr. Walter Morrison, M.P., and Mr. Markham Law were my pupils at Dresden, but in the autumn of that year I settled in London, having finally decided to read for the Bar.

# CHAPTER VI

## READING FOR THE BAR—THE WESTERN CIRCUIT

## 1856–1862

Reading for the Bar in the chambers of E. Bullen and Lord Coleridge —Reminiscences of the Western Circuit—Lord Bowen—Defence of a prisoner charged with murder—Lord Campbell and Dr. Lushington.

When I came up to London in 1856, my first lodgings were in Davies Street, but in 1857 I moved to 32A Mount Street, where I remained continuously for thirty-six years, and was only displaced in 1893 by the impending demolition of that and all the adjoining houses involved in the Duke of Westminster's improvement scheme. At that period there were two modes of qualifying for the Bar, the one by an unbroken attendance of a year on two courses of lectures, the other by passing an examination. Having run the gantlet of so many examinations, and being advised that I should probably fail to obtain a Studentship against candidates who might have been trained for years in lawyers' offices, I selected the former alternative, and attended those lectures of Sir Henry Maine which he afterwards developed into his treatise on "Ancient Law." At the same time, after two or three months' private read-

ing, I entered the chambers of Mr. Herman Prior at Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Prior was an accomplished conveyancer, but just then business was very slack in his chambers, and he used to prepare imaginary instructions for mortgages, settlements, wills, and other deeds, purporting to take effect on a plot of land which he owned at Eltham. I doubt whether so many real operations of conveyancing were ever performed upon an area of like extent with this little estate, the *corpus vile* of our experiments. In the autumn of 1857 I became the pupil of Mr. Edward Bullen, the well-known special pleader, to whom I shall always feel grateful as the best teacher under whose instructions I ever came. There were about ten of us in his pupil-room, and we found it necessary to elect a chairman to keep order; but every one liked and respected Bullen. Instead of merely giving us the run of his chambers, he would come in and lecture us in class, for about an hour and a half every morning, on some branch of law, questioning us like a form-master at a public school, and playing us off against each other. Once, when he was discoursing on the Law of Contracts, one of his pupils betrayed, or more probably affected, dense stupidity. "Come, L——," said Bullen, "if your tailor were to sue you upon his bill, what course should you pursue?" "Sir," replied L——, "in that case, I really think I should appeal to his better feelings." One saying of Bullen himself has dwelt ever since in my own mind as having a far wider significance than he contemplated at the moment:

"People talk of easy cases. *No easy case ever came into my chambers.*" In other words, every case in real life defies casuistry, being complicated with one or more petty but material circumstances which baffle the application of general rules. While I was Bullen's pupil, I read quietly, and without the knowledge of my associates, for a Law Scholarship at the London University, having first passed the LL.B. examination. Happily, the competition for it was not strong, and I was fortunate enough to obtain it.

In this year, too, I published my first pamphlet, of which the subject was "Promotion by Merit," a subject which had lately been thrust into prominence by the disclosures of civil and military incompetence during the Crimean War, and a later "Inquiry into Public Offices." With the enthusiasm of youth, I stoutly assailed the old system of Patronage, advocating the substitution of Competition for all branches of the public service, in the form of competitive examination for clerkships and first commissions in the Artillery and Engineers, and of discriminating selection for all the higher positions. Even then I was fully aware of the objections to a mere literary test of capacity for active duties, and shrank from recommending competitive examination for ordinary regimental commissions. Further reflection has strengthened my sense of these objections, and, while I hold as strongly as ever that all appointments and promotions should be awarded by merit and not by favour, I am less disposed to regard mere intellectual superiority as the main factor in merit.

There are great difficulties in admitting physical and moral superiority to a share in competitions, but these difficulties no longer seem to me insuperable, and if I should re-write "Promotion by Merit," I should largely modify its tone.

On leaving Bullen at the end of 1858, I went for six months into the chambers of John Duke Coleridge, afterwards Lord Coleridge, whom I always found a kind friend. He did not profess to receive pupils, but allowed me to make free use of all his papers, and talk over legal questions with him after he returned from the Court. I think he saw that, in spite of my Law Scholarship and Bullen's instructions, my heart was not really in the Law, and he was careful in revising any work that I did for him. He did not pretend to be a profound lawyer, but he impressed me as a sound lawyer; and if he afterwards relied somewhat too much on the labours of others, it was not so at this stage of his career, when he divided with Karslake the leading practice among the juniors on the Western Circuit, just before they both entered the ranks of Queen's Counsel together. I have since regretted that I failed to profit as I might by Coleridge's singularly wide acquaintance with English literature, partly because our literary sympathies were often in conflict. He never condoned my defective admiration of Wordsworth, and I was often shocked by the vehemence of his prejudices not only on literary but on many other subjects. Still, he added to his rare conversational powers a fine literary gift, and might probably have

become eminent as an author, if he had concentrated himself on that object. His rival, John Karslake, who died at an early age, was a man of fine physique, and universally popular, both with seniors and with juniors, on the Western Circuit. His knowledge of law was probably wider than Coleridge's, and he possessed more racy mother-wit, but he was far inferior to him in general culture. He was a most conscientious worker, and his friends were convinced that, if he would have consented to delegate part of his business to others when he was a law-officer of the Crown, he might have escaped his premature breakdown, beginning with a loss of eyesight, and ending with a decay of all his faculties. But another cause of it was his practice of plunging into the hardest physical exercise on Scotch moors and mountains, without any preliminary training, during his Long Vacations. This he told me himself, and though I did not venture to remonstrate against it with one of so powerful a frame, his doctor afterwards warned him that persistence in it would be suicidal.

In the summer of 1859 I was called to the Bar, and joined the Western Circuit myself, sharing Coleridge's lodgings at Winchester, by his kind invitation. Besides himself and Karslake, there were then several leaders of great ability on the Circuit, such as Montague Smith, Serjeant Kinglake, Sir Frederick Slade, and Collier, afterwards Lord Monkswell, while several younger men, such as Lord Lopes, were establishing a high reputation.

Nevertheless, so great was the dearth of business that, according to Coleridge's estimate, confirmed by my own inquiries, not above seven or eight men earned enough to clear their Circuit expenses, apart from small appointments which they might hold.

Before I left the Circuit in 1862, it received a brilliant recruit in the person of Charles Bowen, afterwards Lord Bowen. I had known Bowen from childhood, as his father was the senior curate of the Abbey Church when my father became Rector of Bath in 1839. As he went to Rugby and I to Eton, we lost sight of each other until he came up to Oxford in 1854, from which time we remained intimate friends until the day of his death. His life and character have been well depicted, from the fullest personal knowledge, in Sir Henry Cunningham's Memoir, to which I can add little. With the brightest of intellects, a rare power of expression, and the highest Academical reputation, Bowen was not a great speaker either at Oxford or at the Bar. Whether it was due to over-subtlety of mind or over-refinement of temperament, he lacked the rough homely wit which appeals to a common jury, and the slashing prowess which tells in the cut-and-thrust encounters of the Circuit. It was through his connection with Coleridge, and the opportunities which he found of showing his wonderful ability in Coleridge's chambers, that he rose to eminence in London business, and earned his promotion to the Bench. I have always felt gratified to know that, if I did not actually introduce Bowen

to Coleridge, I was the first person from whom Coleridge heard of Bowen's fame at school and college, on my showing him one of Bowen's scholar-like articles on "Faithful Allies" in the *Saturday Review*. It is hard to say whether Bowen or Coleridge owed most to the alliance thus commenced, which led to a lifelong friendship between them. To me, the most impressive characteristic of Bowen was a profound reserve, concealed behind a delicate veil of irony, seldom pierced or lifted in the most confidential intercourse. I could have wished that his inner nature had been more accessible, but then he would not have been Charles Bowen. Perhaps in the eyes of others this inscrutable air enhanced the charm of his personality, never greater than when his soul dwelt apart with his family and chosen friends, before he became a favourite of select coteries in London society, and fell under the spell of feminine homage. Not that even these enervating influences could spoil the noble simplicity of his true self.

To myself, Circuit society was somewhat disappointing, as compared with that of Oxford Common-rooms. There was plenty of good fellowship, and some of those whom one met in Court or at the mess were pleasant companions individually, but "shop" and "chaff" were the chief materials of general conversation, and I seldom heard an interesting discussion at the mess-table. The old rules of etiquette were still rigorously observed. The prohibition of travelling by coach had, of course,

become obsolete since the introduction of railways, but it was a doubtful point whether it was lawful to proceed from the railway station in an omnibus, lest perchance the briefless young barrister might be rubbing shoulders with solicitors. As to the impropriety of lodging at hotels there was no doubt at all, and I well remember that a few of us juniors were rebuked for staying a night or two at the Queen's Hotel, Clifton—which might well be considered as separate from Bristol—and that, by one or two of our seniors who themselves were guilty, at those very Assizes, of what I must always consider a most unprofessional act. We had not the hierarchy of officials peculiar to the Northern Circuit, but there were two important officers—the wine-treasurer, who controlled the cellar reserved for us at every assize-town; and the baggage-master, who presided over the great van which conveyed book-boxes and other heavy articles from London to Bodmin. This van, conducted by men who took up luggage at a barrister's lodgings in one assize-town and delivered it at his lodgings in the next, was a special convenience to me when I twice "rode the Circuit" in 1860. Formerly, there were always parties of barristers thus journeying on horseback, but I traversed the distance from London to Exeter alone, by two different routes, of course resting at the assize-towns on the way. Having no local interest, I seldom got a brief, except at the Somersetshire and Bath Sessions, which I attended, and where I had a fair practice for about two years in

defence of prisoners. In this humble branch of the profession I was singularly lucky, especially at the outset, for I believe I defended six prisoners (all but one guilty) with success before I knew what it was to lose a case, and of all the defence-cases entrusted to me I won more than I lost. I am not aware that I showed any remarkable skill in advocacy, but there were almost always some weak points on the side of the prosecution which it was my duty to bring out strongly, and which usually justified the acquittal. Though I could wish all my clients to have been innocent, I cannot say that my conscience was shocked by defending those whose guilt I suspected, nor can I understand the scruples cherished by many excellent laymen on this subject. If a counsel for the defence were in a judicial position, charged with the responsibility of trying his client in his own mind, and furnished with the means of doing so effectually, he would no doubt be wrong in defending him publicly after convicting him privately. But such is not the system or theory of the English law. That system is based on the assumption that justice is most likely to be attained by a subdivision of functions, the judge, the juror, the prosecuting counsel, and the defending counsel having each his allotted part. If any one of them were to go outside his own part, the system would break down, and the ends of justice might often be defeated; but it is well understood at the Bar that a counsel for the defence has no more right to volunteer his own personal

assurance of his client's innocence, than a counsel for the prosecution has to volunteer his own personal assurance of the prisoner's guilt.

I was once requested by the Judge of Assize—the late Mr. Justice Vaughan-Williams—to undertake the defence of a prisoner indicted for murder at the Taunton Assizes. Though I would gladly have declined the office, I felt myself bound to accept it, and was at once informed that the prisoner wished to have an interview with me. In ordinary cases, a solicitor acts as intermediary between the accused person and his counsel, who is not allowed to know more than is expedient; but in undefended cases like this, where the counsel is appointed by the Court, he must play the part of solicitor as well as barrister, and, in fact, stands between his client and death. In dealing with the poor man whom I had to defend, I was most anxious not to become the recipient of any confidences which might embarrass me, and had framed my questions to him with this object in view; but he very soon let it appear that his own hand had struck the fatal blow, though he alleged circumstances which might either support an acquittal on grounds of temporary insanity, or a verdict of manslaughter. Having failed to obtain sufficient authority for the former plea, I fell back upon the latter, and have believed ever since that I might have succeeded had not the Judge been deaf—an infirmity which obliged him to retire shortly afterwards from the Bench. By dint of placing each witness close to himself, he managed to get the effect of their evidence, but when

I rose to address the jury, he gave up any attempt to listen in despair, probably fancying that he knew exactly what a young counsel would say. The consequence was that, when he came to charge the jury, he grievously misstated the nature of my defence, and ultimately left them no option whatever between an absolute acquittal and a verdict of murder. I happen to know that in this dilemma they all but adopted the first alternative, but in the end they found the man guilty of murder, with a strong recommendation to mercy. The Judge sentenced him without holding out the least hope of a respite, and a memorial in his favour (drawn by me), having been numerously signed in Taunton, was forwarded to the Home Office. The reply was that the capital sentence had already been commuted to one of transportation for life at the instance of the Judge himself, who must have changed his mind on reflection. This prisoner was among the last convicts transported to Western Australia. I remember two little incidents of this trial. When I concluded my appeal to the jury, the attorney for the prosecution whispered to me that, as I had mentioned the prisoner's wife, it might be well for me to know that a message had been received from her intimating that, while she could not wish her husband to be hanged, she trusted she might never see him again. She attested the reality of this sentiment by marrying another man a few months afterwards, without any of the misgivings which troubled Enoch Arden's wife. During my interview with the prisoner, he showed me a kind of testimonial

purporting to be signed on his behalf by many of the great landowners of the neighbourhood, and declaring that he was far too respectable a man to be capable of a murder. This absurd document was all in his own handwriting, and contained several words misspelt, but he asked me whether I would advise his sending it to the Judge. Having already the idea of raising the plea of temporary insanity, I replied that I thought it would do no harm, for I hoped it might predispose the Judge's mind to entertain such a plea. However, my design miscarried, and when the Judge, assuming the black cap, proceeded to pronounce sentence, he actually treated "this wicked forgery" as an aggravation of the crime.

I had taken chambers, in 1859, with Dudley Campbell, the youngest son of Lord Campbell, the Lord Chancellor, who had been my fellow-pupil at Bullen's. These chambers were situated in Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, facing the river, which in that year of drought was a great nuisance, as the Main Drainage Scheme had not been carried out. I retained my share of them for several years after I gave up the Bar, finding them useful for purposes of literary work. I came to know Lord Campbell through his son, and received much kindness from him, staying with him once at Hartrigge, near Jedburgh, and dining with him on one or two occasions, of which the last was shortly before his death. He was a man of plain speech and simple manners, with a comprehensive grasp of law in all its branches which is rare even among Judges.

Though he died suddenly, and was found to have been in perilous health for some time, he looked the picture of a strong old man, and told me at the age of eighty that he had never lost a tooth, adding that he thought such a fact should be engraved on his tombstone. His contemporary, Dr. Lushington. whom I knew more intimately through his son (the present Sir Godfrey), survived him for more than ten years, and died past ninety years of age, being one of three nonagenarians who had been engaged as counsel on Queen Caroline's trial. He was the very type of a genial and gracious patriarch, full of interesting reminiscences, which he delighted to recall for the benefit of younger men. One of these was the sudden interruption of a play at some London theatre, when the manager came forward with the news of Marie Antoinette's execution and ordered the house to be closed, with the full assent of the audience. The last time that I saw Dr. Lushington was on his return journey from Oxford, to which he had come to support Arthur Stanley against a bitter opposition on his appointment to the post of Select Preacher. Dr. Lushington never recovered the effects of this journey.

# CHAPTER VII

## JOURNALISM

## 1860–1873

Reviews and leading articles—Mr. Delane—Anonymous journalism—Variety of subjects treated—Duty of a journalist—Life of a journalist—Public-spirited conduct of the *Times*.

Soon after the publication of my Essay on Representative Government, a copy of it was placed in the hands of the late Mr. John Walter, the principal and managing proprietor of the *Times*. The result was that he invited me to become a writer for that journal, and introduced me to Mr. Delane, its well-known Editor. Having taken advice on this welcome offer, I expressed a wish to defer the contribution of leading articles until I should have completed my law studies and made a start at the Bar—undertaking, however, to write occasional reviews of books in the meantime. This I did, beginning with reviews of Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," Grote's twelfth volume, a volume of Thiers's "Consulate and Empire," and other historical works. I also contributed a few miscellaneous articles to the *Saturday Review*, but was so little satisfied with the suppression of others, after receiving the Editor's approval, that my connection with it was broken off by myself. It

was not until 1860, at the end of the Summer Circuit, that I decided to embrace journalism seriously, and made fresh overtures to Mr. Delane. He at once accepted them, and arranged that I should make my *début* in the dull season. My first "leader" appeared on August 18, 1860, and from that time until July 10, 1873, I was a regular writer of leading articles, though not a member of the permanent staff. One misgiving which haunted me at the outset proved entirely delusive. It was the fear that I should be expected to write strictly to order, and to advocate views opposed to my own convictions. A little reflection satisfied me that it would be wiser to put aside bugbears of this kind, since the supposed difficulty might never occur, and, if it did occur, I might rely on the good sense of the Editor to relieve me from it. This is exactly what happened about a year later, when I was asked to criticise unfavourably a measure of which I had been an active promoter. On my appealing to Mr. Delane, he promptly substituted another subject, and placed the first in the hands of some other contributor, who no doubt honestly took a line which I could not have adopted. It is curious how little one saw, or even knew, of one's *collaborateurs;* indeed, it was justly said of the *Times* under Delane that it "kept its beasts in separate cages." I more than suspected two or three friends of being engaged in the same occupation as myself, but it was never mentioned between us, nor did we ever meet at the office. Delane's communications with me were

mostly in writing. I hardly ever chose my own subject, but sometimes received a requisition for an article at my lodgings soon after breakfast, sometimes at my chambers in the Temple about four o'clock in the afternoon. At the end of August and in September I often led a very solitary life, breakfasting and lunching alone, still meditating on my subject, finding no companion for my constitutional ride in Rotten Row, and dining at my Club so late that no stragglers remained in the dining-room. It is certainly a great drawback of journalism carried on under a strict *incognito*, that you never receive a cheering word from a friend, and can hardly venture to ask advice on a difficult subject without revealing the secret. Against that, however, must be set the inward gratification of knowing that your productions will be read and your views imbibed daily by hundreds of thousands, instead of by the very limited circle which might be attracted by your own name on a title-page.

My relations with Mr. Delane were always most friendly, and I share the general opinion of all who came into contact with him that he was second to none as an Editor. He was not a learned or even a distinctively literary man, still less was he a keen partisan, nor did his power consist in exercising a personal magnetism over his staff. But he was a shrewd, genial, and open-minded man of the world, with a large experience of human affairs, personally acquainted with many of the chief actors on the European stage as well as in the political arena of

his own country, independent in judgment, fearless of responsibility, and most conscientious in his devotion to work. In temperament he was not unlike Lord Palmerston, who represented his political views better than any one else; but those who saw him at Lady Palmerston's evening parties were grievously mistaken if they fancied that he was most at home in the atmosphere of *salons*, or allowed social distractions to interfere in the smallest degree with his editorial duties. On the contrary, he was almost always at his post by half-past ten in the evening, never to quit it until four in the morning; he took breakfast when others took luncheon, and was busily engaged with interviews and correspondence during all the earlier part of the afternoon, or perhaps, during emergencies, up to dinner-time. It was not his business to write articles, but he possessed in a rare degree the art of inspiring them by short and pithy notes, suggesting, but not dictating, the line to be taken. If these notes could be published, they would show how complete, yet how easy, was his grasp, not only of home and foreign affairs, but of all the subjects, grave or gay, which interest the readers of newspapers. In looking through other letters of his which now lie before me, I am chiefly struck by the kind consideration for my own health and feelings which several of them show. He speaks little of himself, but always cheerfully until his final breakdown. In one letter, written in September, he says: "I have not stirred from this place since I last saw you, and I believe not a column has been

published in the *Times* which had not some of my handwriting in the margin. I hope, however, to make a start northwards next week, and to go straight among the deer at once. I only hope they will wait for the lovely new Whitworth with which I propose to assail them." He was fully aware of my Parliamentary aspirations, but always dissuaded me from giving up journalism in the meantime. One of his notes on this subject, referring to the Jamaica question, will serve as a specimen of his paternal rebukes. "I humbly think that, until you obtain a seat, you exercise as large an influence as most private M.P.'s by writing as good articles as you do on your own subjects. I am sure all Buxton's speeches did not have as much effect as your articles on the Jamaica affair, nor has Forster afforded so effective a support to Cardwell as you have been able to do." I am really ashamed to read over, after the lapse of twenty-six years, his friendly offers to retain my services on terms allowing me the *maximum* of liberty. When I felt, at last, that I must choose between journalism and politics, I received the following characteristic note from him: "I am very sorry to hear that you propose to separate from us, and, had I the smallest hope of success, would do my best to shake your resolution. I can, however, only express my sincere regret, and assure you that, whenever you propose to return, the strayed sheep will find the gate of the fold wide open, the pasture inside as fresh as ever, and a warm welcome on the part of the shepherd."

While my engagement lasted, I never found him unduly censorious; he scarcely ever corrected what I had written and never altered its sense, though he would occasionally strike out a sentence, or even a paragraph which might commit the paper too far, or which later intelligence had falsified. Of course it sometimes became necessary, on this last ground, to sacrifice a whole article, especially when it had been composed in the morning or afternoon, and conflicted with telegrams received late at night. This was one disadvantage of writing before dinner; another was that all the heavy work, such as that of getting up blue-books, was naturally thrown upon the early workers—of whom I was generally one. When I happened to write at night, I observed that, for the most part, the subjects were lighter, and seemed to suggest their own treatment. Since the great development of telegraphic news, I believe that a much larger proportion of leading articles is produced by the light of the midnight oil, and, if the journalist can only accustom himself to sleep well into the morning, I suspect that his work is done with less expenditure of nervous power. But it is vain to expect articles dashed off in a couple of hours to exhibit the same care in arrangement and the same finish of style which can be attained if more time be allowed, and which the public taste used to exact more strictly than it now does. As for myself, having a thorough respect for my work, whenever I had the day before me, I always took as much pains as I could to do my

subject justice, buying or borrowing the necessary materials, looking up books of reference, and dealing with all important questions as if (to use Delane's own phrase) I had been writing a State paper. Doubtless, the result was less smart and sensational than it might otherwise have been, but it was at least safer, and I can now look back at it without regret.

The salutary rule which forbids an anonymous journalist to identify himself as the author of any particular leading article is no longer observed, I fear, as it ought to be. However this may be, I do not propose to violate it, by taking credit for a single one of about 1600 leading articles which I contributed to the columns of the *Times*, and which have been carefully indexed. By the aid of this Index, however, I may venture to give some idea of their range and scope, premising that I have no reason whatever to claim greater versatility than any one of my colleagues or successors. I find, then, about 160 articles under the head of "United States," covering every branch and stage of our relations with them during a very critical period; and that, in spite of the fact that, for some three years of the Civil War, I was seldom invited to write on American affairs, owing to my known sympathy with the cause of the Union. Ireland is represented by more than 170 articles, dealing with such topics as the Church question, the Land question, the Education question as affecting Irish Schools and Universities, the Irish Poor-Law, Irish

Agriculture, the social condition of the country, Fenianism, and Home Rule. In mentioning these last topics, I am reminded of two facts which, I think, are not appreciated, if they are known at all, by the rising generation. The first is that Fenianism was the immediate product of the American Civil War, and that many of its first champions were filibustering soldiers disbanded from the Federal or Confederate armies. The second is that Home Rule was the immediate product of discontent among Irish Protestants, caused by the destruction of the Irish Church. I speak the more confidently on this point, because I wrote several articles on this new phase of Irish Nationalism, which resulted in the formation of a "Home Government Association," with its head-quarters in Dublin before the end of 1870. I may say that I have myself been credited with the invention of the phrase "Home Rule," nor is it easy to find authority for it earlier than an article of mine, speaking of a "Home Rule party," which appeared in the *Times* on February 9, 1871, and another article of mine on the "Past and Future Relation of Ireland to Great Britain" which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for the following May. But, apart from the fact that, had I coined such a phrase, I must needs remember it, the context shows in both cases that I was using a term almost current. Mr. Butt had already published and presented me with a pamphlet on "Irish Federalism," which fully developed a Home Rule scheme, as it would now be

called, though he did not call it so, and I have no doubt that some clever member of the "Green-Orange" faction, the result of a temporary alliance between Protestant malcontents and Catholic Nationalists, suggested that "Home Rule" would be a shorter and more telling watchword than either "Federalism" or "Home Government." Let me add that, in my opinion, Mr. Butt's elaborate scheme of "Federalism" was more statesmanlike, more symmetrical, and not less practicable, than either of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills.

The other topics represented in this Index of articles almost defy analysis or classification, so fantastic are they in their variety. Every European country and every important country in the world has its separate head, under some of which occur great historical events, like the Danish, the Austro-German, and the Franco-German wars, the emancipation of serfs in Russia, and the progressive conquests of Russia in Central Asia, with the international disputes arising out of them. Every important colony, too, is the subject of many articles, some of whose titles recall bygone crises, such as the Maori Wars, the abolition of transportation to Australia, the Fenian raids into Canada, and, above all, the suppression of the Jamaica revolt by Governor Eyre. India, of course, claims a number of articles, reminding one that famine, pestilence, and financial stress, have always taxed the energies of its Government. Questions of Home-policy naturally fill a still larger space in the Index. Several of these are

of the first magnitude, as, for instance, Parliamentary Reform, Law Reform (including the Judicature Act), and Army Reform (including the Abolition of Purchase). Among the minor, but still very grave questions of Home-policy which here find a place, are University Reform in all its aspects, Capital Punishment, the amendment of our Marriage Laws, the difficulties arising out of the Lancashire Cotton Famine, and the Regulation of Merchant Shipping under the impulse of Mr. Plimsoll's agitation. Church questions even then occupied much of public attention, embracing, as they did, the attack on *Essays and Reviews* as well as on Bishop Colenso, besides controversies on the Royal Supremacy, Ritualism, and the Confessional. Every public man of note has his niche in this Index, and almost every memorable incident in the period between 1860 and 1873 supplies a theme for an article. Celebrated murders, trials, wrecks, explosions, Alpine and other accidents, strikes, London improvements, exploring expeditions, University boat-races, Public School cricket matches, prize fights—each in turn came in for discussion, figuring in the same motley list with the Suez Canal, the Great Exhibition of 1862, the Prince of Wales's marriage, the Balaclava charge (on an action for libel), the Clerkenwell outrage, the cattle-plague, the epidemic of garrotte robberies, the failure of Overend & Gurney, and the famous Tichborne Case —which last subject cost me the greatest effort of concentration which I ever attempted. Sometimes leading articles took the form of essays, as, for

instance, on Spiritualism and Darwinism in the infancy of its development; but, however trivial or however lofty the subject, Delane expected it to be treated in good simple English, capable of being translated into Latin Prose, without slang and without technicality. To this rule his writers instinctively conformed; all of them, so far as I know, had to deal, as I had, with every class of materials; and I suspect that, except here and there, no one but Delane himself could have detected the hand of any particular writer in any particular article. I must say that I felt a satisfaction in knowing that no reader, lighting upon an article of mine, could put it aside as the work of a young man with little experience or authority, but that, if he cared to read it at all, he must needs judge it upon its merits. This is, in my opinion, the supreme advantage of anonymous journalism. It seems to me quite right that periodicals should admit signed articles, and I now prefer myself to write under my own name; but when I remember all the rubbish which I have read with an eminent signature attached to it, probably commanding a fancy price and an immense audience, I realise how much is gained by compelling the public to read the comments of the Daily Press with a more or less open mind. Nor have I the least doubt that, if leading articles were signed, they would often become far more bitter and offensive in tone than is now the case under the mask of anonymous writing.

To persons who have no practical acquaintance with journalism, it may appear strange, if not mon-

strous, that any single writer should presume to handle such a variety of questions, and quite easy so to apportion subjects that no one shall write on anything outside his own special province. But the slightest consideration will show that no such complete division of labour would be practicable. In order to retain the services of a really good staff, each member of it must have the promise of tolerably regular employment. It would not be worth the while of an able writer to hold himself ready to supply an article, at the shortest notice, if he were not likely to be wanted above once a week or once a fortnight. He must have some assurance that he will be wanted three or four times a week, if not oftener, and this is only possible if the principle of specialism be abandoned. Moreover, as Delane was fond of insisting, a journalist should not pretend to be a public instructor in a Professorial sense, to guide a policy, or to speak as if he were absolute master of his subject. His true function is to comment on the events of the day, with a wider and more recent knowledge than most of his readers, and, if possible, in an effective style, but without the prejudice of advocacy or the affectation of infallibility. I learn from the life of the late Mr. Henry Reeve that he was largely responsible for articles on foreign affairs in the *Times* before my connection with it, and no doubt exceptional qualifications like his may sometimes be wisely utilised in this way. But I contend that most journalists ought to be "all-

round" writers, and prepared to grapple with almost anything that comes to hand. There is no imposture in thinking out every-day questions and formulating ideas on behalf of the public, which has no leisure for either process; and I believe that leading articles would compare favourably, as regards independence of thought and condensation of matter, with most political speeches, both in and out of Parliament. In one respect, however, the journalist is at a great disadvantage as compared with the statesman. He is expected, perhaps on the slightest possible information, to notice and explain incidents or utterances just reported by telegraph, whereas a Minister can either keep silence or decline to commit himself until he is more fully informed. Nevertheless, I can truly say that, in writing on great measures or international disputes, I felt that I (with my unknown comrades) was doing the work of an unrecognised statesman, and exercising a greater influence on public opinion than any politician, except a very few in the foremost rank. It is true, I was not as free to set forth every shade of my own innermost convictions as if I had been writing under my own name; but I am not sure that my articles lost much in force by this limited suppression of individuality, with its besetting temptations of personal vanity. It is not always one's best thoughts which clamour most loudly for expression; and, as I read over these articles by the light of later experience, I can see how much of my own character found its way into them after all,

and how probable it is that what I pruned away with sorrow was cruder and less mature than what I retained.

The life of an ordinary journalist is, of course, very tame and uneventful by comparison with that of a War correspondent, and even in feats of rapid production the latter must certainly bear the palm, especially if we allow for the extreme difficulties under which he must often write. Still, many an ordinary journalist develops a marvellous power of improvising, to which I never pretended, being perhaps too fastidious in style, and too scrupulous (if that be possible) about the substance of my articles. Even I, however, was sometimes compelled to make unwonted exertions, such as writing almost the whole of three leading articles in one day; while on another occasion, if I mistake not, three articles of mine, but not all written on the same day, appeared side by side. One of my humble *tours de force* was a political biography of Count Cavour, written on a sudden emergency. The news of his death arrived about three in the afternoon, and, strange to say, took London by surprise. Delane for once was caught unprepared, and appealed to me so urgently that I could not refuse to write—not a leading article, but a somewhat elaborate obituary notice, which has since been republished in my "Political Studies." Few writers could have been less qualified to execute such a task, for I was very ill informed about Italian politics, and did not fully share the admiration of Cavour felt by many of my friends.

Moreover, of the only two biographical records which I could procure (after considerable delay), one was in Italian, which I did not understand, the other being in French, and both ended before the most remarkable part of his career began. Meanwhile, I was ransacking my own memory and some other scanty materials which I possessed. Every one has more in his mind on any given subject than he can realise, until he comes to rally it under high pressure. So it proved in this case. About five o'clock I made a start, and though I had to dine out, I escaped speedily from the dining-room, and completed two columns and a half by one or two o'clock in the morning. I have reason to believe that my hasty composition not only passed muster with the general public, but was approved by persons familiar with Italian history, one of whom afterwards assured me that, while he noticed some omissions, he could find no material errors in it. What amuses me now, in reading it over, is the suggestion of reserved knowledge which pervades it, whereas all my goods were really exposed in the shop window. But this is an art common to all practised journalists, and, indeed, is cultivated successfully by Oxford candidates in Fellowship examinations. A different experience was that of writing beforehand leading articles intended to appear on the day following the deaths of two very eminent personages. One of these, who shall be nameless, survived my article by about six months; the other weathered a serious illness and

lived on for two or three years, by which time it was necessary to add a few touches and bring the article "up to date."

When I look back at my short journalistic career, extending from my thirtieth to my forty-third year, I cannot but feel that it was a failure, so far as it did not serve the purpose for the sake of which I entered upon it—that of preparing me for Parliamentary life. Moreover, it cut me off from the bracing influences of an open profession, including the advantage of friendly co-operation and even of friendly rivalry with one's fellows. All my work, as I have said, was done in the dark, without a word of encouragement or advice; but, on the other hand, much of it was of a far higher order, and called one's best faculties into far more frequent play, than ordinary professional business. One other reflection which I feel bound to record is my constant sense of the public-spirited and honourable principles on which the *Times* has ever been conducted. I often differed in opinion or judgment from the late Mr. Walter, but I do not believe that a more honest or conscientious man ever existed; still less do I believe that either he or Mr. Delane was ever actuated by sinister or unworthy motives in the line which they adopted on questions of the day. Had it been so, though I was not behind the scenes in the management of the paper, it is simply impossible that, in the course of thirteen years' connection with it, I should never have found reason to suspect any such thing, as the ignorant public often did. In one

instance which I remember, people were startled by a strong article on the result of a celebrated trial, which seemed inconsistent with the supposed prejudices of the *Times*, and was forthwith attributed to some base inspiration. Now, as a matter of fact, that article was written by myself in the middle of the night, after a patient review of the whole case; and not only had I no bias either way, but I did not know until the last to what conclusion I should be led. Still less did I know whether Delane would allow me a free hand to state this conclusion plainly, but he did so, on my consulting him, at no little sacrifice of his own private inclination, simply because justice required it. Assuredly, what happened then had constantly happened before, and is constantly happening now. *Humanum est errare*, and it may have been a grave error on the part of the *Times* to favour during two or three years the cause of the Southern Confederacy in America. But, if it erred, it erred honestly, in company with Mr. Gladstone and other leading politicians of the highest character. There was much to be said for regarding the principle of State Right as more sacred than Federal Union, for desiring to see a balance of power on the North American Continent, and for declining to welcome the war as a crusade for the abolition of Slavery, which President Lincoln's Government had expressly disclaimed; while, if anything could justify a tone of hostility towards that Government, it was the outrageous language and attitude which its leading supporters

in Congress and the Press had adopted towards Great Britain.

Equally honourable—if I may venture to express an opinion—were the motives actuating the conductors of the *Times* in publishing the famous series of articles on "Parnellism and Crime," however doubtful it may be whether the publication was ultimately for the benefit of the Unionist cause. They believed, and justly believed, that they had the means of exposing an infamous conspiracy; they vainly challenged a prosecution for libel; when the Special Commission was appointed, they spontaneously undertook the burden and enormous expense of making good their charges; they did make good their charges on most of the material issues, and they rendered a signal public service by so doing. Unfortunately they raised a side-issue, of no great importance in itself, by undertaking to prove the genuineness of the so-called "Pigott Letters," and because they here failed, the damning verdict of the Special Commission on the character of the Land League and its organisers has received much less attention than it deserved, and has even been quoted as an acquittal. This was perhaps inevitable, but those who review the whole story calmly and impartially must, I think, recognise that, wise or unwise, the action of the *Times* was eminently patriotic throughout, and quite as worthy of national gratitude as its bold denunciation of a famous commercial fraud in the last generation.

# CHAPTER VIII

## ELECTION CONTESTS

WOODSTOCK, 1868 AND 1874 MONMOUTHSHIRE, 1880

Overtures from constituencies—First contest at Woodstock—Election address—Village meetings—The hustings—Invitation from Evesham—Second contest at Woodstock—Lord Randolph Churchill—Contest in Monmouthshire.

I HAVE already said that I always regarded journalism chiefly as a training for politics, and, though I could barely have afforded it, I would gladly have stood for a seat in Parliament at the General Election of 1865. Before this election, as well as before those of 1868, 1874, and 1880, I was more or less in negotiation with a larger number of constituencies than I should care to specify, with a view to coming forward as a decided, though moderate, Liberal. I soon found, however, that good chances on the Liberal side were mostly reserved for local candidates, or for rich men prepared to give money or money's worth for the honour of being elected. Most of the openings proposed to me, therefore, were very unpromising, and in some cases the local wire-pullers insisted on holding a kind of competitive examination by inviting would-be candidates to speak against each other before the Liberal caucus. This humiliation I steadily declined to undergo, holding that no candidate worthy

of a nomination should be expected to solicit it publicly, or to come before a popular meeting of the Party except as recommended by its responsible leaders. At all events, as I look over the list of twenty or thirty boroughs and counties from which I received overtures in the course of some twenty years, I observe that in all but very few the chance offered proved to be a losing one. In 1868 a temporary illness, caused by the great heat of that memorable summer, obliged me to give up my intended candidature for the borough of Cambridge, where the prospects were hopeful, but, after a month's rest in Scotland, I entered upon a contest for the borough of Woodstock. This little borough had returned two members until the Reform Act of 1832, when it would certainly have been disfranchised with many others, had it not belonged politically as well as territorially to the Marlborough family, which supported the Whig Ministry. Accordingly, it was deprived of one member only, and extended, for the sake of appearances, by the addition of all the villages immediately surrounding Blenheim Park, in which the Duke of Marlborough was chief land-owner. Thus rehabilitated, it contained some 300 voters before the introduction of Household Suffrage in 1867, and some 1100 when I stood for it in 1868. I believe most of my friends thought my enterprise a forlorn hope, and wondered that I should have undertaken it; but I had more confidence in the Liberal sympathies of the agricultural labourers, who formed about one-half of the constituency, and the result

showed that I was not far wrong. I opened the campaign late in August, and was engaged for two months and a half, with the aid of many loyal friends, in canvassing and educating in the alphabet of the Liberal creed these little communities of villagers, most of whom had never voted before, and some of whom were actually breaking stones on the road. No electioneering work could well be rougher; we spoke not only in public-house rooms, but oftener in the open air, from carts and waggons and the tops of walls. My election address had been far too comprehensive for the simple population of Woodstock and the neighbouring villages, being, in fact, intended to be the overture of a political career. It dealt with all the questions of the day, including Household Suffrage, the Ballot, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the reform of Irish land-tenure, Education in all its branches, Church rates, the Combination Laws, Law Reform, Civil Service Reform, Municipal Reform, Poor-Law Reform, Licensing Reform, and Local Government Reform, anticipating the creation of County Councils. It also touched on Foreign Affairs from a pacific standpoint, anticipating the Czar's scheme by expressing the hope "of seeing the moral power of England exerted in bringing about a general disarmament and a permanent system of international arbitration."

I am not sure how many of the cottagers in the hamlets round Woodstock mastered or studied this ambitious programme, but our speeches were simple enough, treating mainly of questions affect-

ing the interests of farmers and cottagers, with the addition of popular education, flogging in the army, and the Irish Church. This was, of course, the great issue on which Mr. Gladstone had challenged the verdict of the country; but, as many voters of Woodstock had not so much as heard that there was an Irish Church, it became necessary to set it up before we knocked it down; nor did we find it easy to awaken Protestant enthusiasm in favour of abolishing a bulwark of Protestantism. In spite of this flaw in their political knowledge, they were probably more intelligent about politics two years before the Education Act than some rural constituencies are now, almost thirty years after it; a fact which I attribute to frequent contests at Woodstock during the previous generation, though mere householders did not then possess the franchise. At the close of our evening meetings, we used to invite any of the audience who had been convinced by our arguments to come forward and have their names taken down (by torchlight) in a book. As the ballot did not then exist, we had the means of ascertaining how many of the promises so entered were kept, and it is interesting to know that very few were broken. Indeed, I may say that the number of votes recorded for me (about 480) almost exactly tallied with the number for which I had taken credit in my canvassing-book, the difference being that some thirty on which I had counted failed me, but some thirty which I had marked as "doubtful" proved to be favourable. We had a lively scene on

the hustings, where I confronted my opponent, Mr. Barnett, and his supporters for the first time. The mob was clearly for me, and when the poll was declared, stones were thrown freely at them until I intervened and succeeded in restoring some kind of order. Still, Mr. Barnett and his escort were somewhat roughly handled in crossing the market-place, and one policeman became the laughing-stock of the spectators because, having been struck by a full ink-bottle and besprinkled with its black contents, he mistook these for his own blood, and asked leave to fall out, as if seriously wounded. It is needless to add that it was long before he heard the end of it from the rest of the force. I had studiously abstained from resting my candidature on any but political grounds, and, in particular, from exciting local animosities against Blenheim Palace. In the course of this contest, however, I became engaged in a correspondence with the Duke of Marlborough regarding the alleged coercion of voters by his agent, which amused the public for a time, and found its way into some Continental as well as American newspapers. I was only defeated by twenty-one votes, and, though we had little or no evidence of bribery, my political friends were advised that a petition against Mr. Barnett's return might probably succeed on the ground of intimidation. But the idea was abandoned, in deference to my own judgment; for, while I felt assured that many voters had been influenced by the fear of losing their cottages, their allotments, their employment, or their doles of blankets and

coals, I saw clearly that no overt threat would have been necessary to awaken this fear in the villages round Blenheim, and that it would have been most difficult to bring home such a charge.

In February 1874, having been sounded on the subject of standing for Evesham, I was invited to a political dinner there, and a speech that I made on that occasion was extremely well received. The next day I returned to London, and on the following morning before breakfast received the startling news that Gladstone had advised an immediate dissolution of Parliament. Within twenty-four hours, a requisition was signed by more than one-third of the electors of Evesham, urging me to become a candidate. Being already pledged conditionally to stand again for Woodstock, I could not but defer my reply for a day, but went down to Evesham, so that I might be able to take the field at once, in case I should be free to do so. Fate, however, decided otherwise. While I was in earnest conference with the leading Evesham Liberals, a telegram arrived which convinced me that I could not honourably desert the Woodstock Liberals. I have seldom gone through such an agony of deliberation, but, my decision once taken, I wrote a farewell address in the middle of the night, and hastened to Woodstock. My opponent, Lord Randolph Churchill, who had lately been an undergraduate of my own College, was already canvassing vigorously, and I repeated my experiences of 1868 in addressing village meetings and making house-to-

house visits, so far as time allowed. Strange to say, Lord Randolph adopted very different tactics, relying almost entirely on personal influence, and holding only one really open meeting, on the advice of a political friend, where he spoke with very little effect. The result, however, justified his policy, as well as my own misgivings—for I was under no illusions about the altered tone of the constituency. The fact is that I had pledged myself to stand against my own judgment, well knowing that a son of the Duke would be a more formidable candidate than Mr. Barnett, that a turn had taken place in the political tide, and that I was sure to suffer from the inevitable disappointment of hopes rashly held out by my supporters in 1868. In the meantime, the Agricultural Labourers' Union had been founded, and was supposed to be very strong in the Woodstock district. Its leaders adopted my candidature, though I warned my audiences against some of their chimerical views in almost every speech, but I am satisfied that I lost far more than I gained by their adhesion. I doubt whether any one voted for me who would not have done so if there had been no Union, whereas it is certain that many farmers, small tradespeople, and non-Unionist labourers, were estranged from the Liberal cause by hostility to Joseph Arch and his associates. Dissensions, too, had sprung up in the Liberal camp, and I am under a strong impression that, under cover of the ballot, many old scores between neighbours were paid off at my expense. At all

events, I was defeated by the comparatively large majority of about 160, and finally severed my personal connection with the borough of Woodstock. I took the chair, however, at public meetings on two later occasions. The one was held, in anticipation of a casual vacancy, to bring forward the ex-member, Lord Alfred Churchill, against his nephew, Lord Randolph. The other was to celebrate the return of Mr. F. Maclean for Mid-Oxfordshire, after the absorption of Woodstock into that County division. At this meeting, held on February 3, 1886, I expressed the firm conviction "that, quite apart from English interests, no measure could be devised so fatal to Ireland as Home Rule, and that, if it were granted at the dictation of the conspiracy which now dominated Ireland and demoralised the House of Commons, the next generation of Irishmen would rise up and curse us—and with much better reason than ever before." These sentiments were heartily applauded, and I remember that nothing was so loudly cheered as denunciations of the Conservative Party for coquetting with the Home Rulers. Within a few months, the leading promoters of the meeting, who had stood by me so faithfully in two contests, and seemed to remain as staunch Unionists as the rest of the Liberal Party, were eagerly supporting "the great betrayal," and effectually urging the County Liberal Association to make Home Rule the chief plank of its platform, in spite, too, of a very earnest appeal from myself. This prompt and blind adhesion of nearly all the

Liberal caucuses to Mr. Gladstone's new Irish policy, even though condemned, for instance, by Mr. Chamberlain, has always appeared to me the most remarkable feature of that great crisis. As I said in a speech delivered soon afterwards, when the Liberal host broke up into two armies, Mr. Gladstone contrived to carry off all the regimental colours and all the regimental bands. Wherever the colours were seen flying bravely, and the bands heard playing lustily, most of the rank and file supposed the head-quarters of the regiment must needs be there planted, rallied under such officers as they found there, and asked no further questions.

Having mentioned Lord Randolph Churchill, whom I never met again until long afterwards, I may add that he was twice my guest at Merton in later years—once when he came to speak at the Union on the Irish Question, and once when he attended a College dinner shortly before the sad close of his meteoric career. His speech at the Union was sound and sensible rather than brilliant; that at Merton was a failure, owing to an evident decay of his powers. On both occasions he was perfectly friendly and natural with me, talking over old times and present times without reserve, revisiting his former haunts, and pleasing young and old, College servants not less than Fellows or undergraduates, by his simple and affable manner. Nevertheless, I well knew that he had that in him which in a horse would be "vice," and I have never ceased to hold that his signal political fall, preceding his

almost tragical death, was a salutary lesson in political morality for the rising generation. My estimate of his public character is briefly expressed in the following passage from an obituary article which I contributed to the *Oxford Magazine*:—

"The secret of his marvellous, though transitory, success is even now somewhat difficult to analyse. He was favoured, of course, by his social position, but he never possessed a robust physique, and he was not endowed with the flashing eye, or the ringing voice, or the instinctive sympathy of a true-born orator. On the other hand, he was gifted, in a very high degree, with intellectual intrepidity and presence of mind. The peculiar courage of experience recognised by Aristotle — the courage which quails not before dangers which it has often faced with impunity— came to Lord Randolph Churchill without experience, and was sedulously cultivated by him as a political resource of the greatest value. His audacity was perfectly natural; it showed itself in season and out of season, both at School and at College; it was restrained by few scruples, and by little respect for others. But there can be no doubt that it was deliberately and skilfully employed to break down what has been called the Gladstonian legend, as well as— with less excuse—to humiliate and undermine his own political leaders. Probably the world has given him undue credit for original genius; at all events, his originality was of temperament rather than of intellect. There is no proof that he was a man of mental grasp above that of his fellows, while he excelled them all in a mutinous independence of thought and expression which rebelled against all conventions, and impelled him to exert the madman's strength in political conflict. But he added to his audacity and independence a truly admirable industry, little suspected in the earlier stages of his career. It was this that fairly won him the confidence of permanent officials both at the India Office and at the Treasury; it was this, coupled

with a newly-developed tact and self-restraint, that enabled him to lead the House of Commons, and command loyal support from his party. He was no impostor or hypocrite, and would frankly discuss his own political errors, including the fact that he had quite forgotten the existence of Mr. Goschen, when he petulantly threw up the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. In fact, his strength as well as his weakness largely consisted in his combination of two natures, both equally genuine—the one prompting to an almost shameless and aggressive self-assertion, the other tempered by kindliness, public spirit, and patriotism. Whichever of these two natures predominated for the moment, he never ceased to be true to himself, and, if he could have written his own obituary memoir, he would assuredly have admitted that his fall, no less than his rise, was due to his indomitable self-will. If he survived an almost unique popularity, he also survived the enmities that attended it, and after his death all men spoke gently of his memory. Few have ever enjoyed "one crowded hour of glorious life" more fully than he did; fewer still have atoned for a too reckless enjoyment of it by a swifter Nemesis of political failure and premature decay."

When the General Election of 1880 was known to be impending, I had but just returned from a visit to Lord Spencer at Algiers, and had no constituency specially in view. Several overtures reached me from counties in search of candidates, but I declined them as too speculative, until I received an invitation to stand for Monmouthshire (then undivided), in conjunction with Mr. C. M. Warmington, Q.C. The representation of that county had been in the undisputed possession of the Conservatives for many years, and I dare say that our chances of success there appeared to most of my friends worse than

some which I had just rejected. But facts were laid before us which convinced Mr. Warmington and myself that one seat, at least, ought to be won, and, after some hesitation, we undertook to fight. The question of expense was still a serious one, as no limitation was imposed by law, and £10,000 was no excessive estimate for a county election; but my colleague guaranteed a moderate sum, and the generosity of two or three old friends emboldened me to become responsible for the rest, whatever it might be. In the end, the entire cost on our side amounted to some £3300 or £3400, being very much less than was shown by the election accounts of our opponents, Colonel Morgan and Mr. J. Rolls, now Lord Llangattock. On our arrival at Newport, the real capital of Monmouthshire, we narrowly escaped becoming the laughing-stock of the inhabitants through one of those comical incidents which seem to beset electioneering. A carriage and pair had been ordered to meet us, but the driver, being drunk, had put his horses into a hearse, and, unless opportunely stopped, would have come to welcome the Liberal candidates at the station in that funereal vehicle. We soon found that we had a most arduous struggle before us, especially as we had little support from so-called Liberals of position in the county, one of whom had been a party to our candidature, but saw fit to back out when fighting began. There was practically no organisation until Mr. Warmington brought down a London solicitor, who happened to be a friend of his own, and co-operated efficiently with my agent, Mr.

Graham, whose guest I was. I was myself in very delicate health, chiefly due to persistent insomnia (for which I took a strong dose of chloral every night with perfect impunity), and I had been assured that I should not be required to speak at more than one meeting a day. Of course, the absurdity of any such restriction became manifest at once; we often had to address three meetings in the day, once four, and once five, having driven fifty or sixty miles with four horses. The whole contest occupied little more than a fortnight, and as we seldom appeared twice at the same place, it was necessary for us to set forth our whole creed at some length at each meeting. It is not easy to do this without a good deal of repetition, and, as we were dogged by reporters, the effort to avoid repetition was always trying, and not always successful. Since Gladstone was nominally in retirement, and I hoped that he would remain so, I seldom mentioned his name, and studiously abstained from endorsing his passionate and one-sided views on the Eastern Question. The question of the Welsh Church had not yet been practically raised, and it was a tacit order of the day that neither Warmington nor I should be pressed to commit ourselves upon it. The exigencies of time often prevented our figuring together on the same platform. Two meetings would be advertised for the same hour at places (such as Rhymney and Tredegar) several miles apart, and separated by a range of hills. He would open one meeting while I opened the other, after which each of us drove at full speed across the hills to speak at

the second meeting, which had been kept going in the meantime by local politicians. Our main strength lay in what is now West Monmouthshire, and is represented by Sir W. Harcourt, where most of the population were Radicals, Nonconformists, miners, and Welsh-speaking. They gave us most enthusiastic receptions, and our colours reddened the hillsides, so that it became the fashion to say (in reference to our opponents' colours) that we had seen "nothing blue but the sky." Unhappily for us, however, few of those who shouted had votes, before household suffrage was extended to counties. In the South-East district of the county, Conservative influence largely preponderated among English-speaking farmers and tradespeople, the principal industry being agriculture, and the Established Church much stronger. The Northern region about Abergavenny held an intermediate position, in these respects, between the other two, and was supposed to be equally divided in political sympathies, but it disappointed our hopes. When the poll was declared at Monmouth, it was found that 3529 votes had been given for Colonel Morgan, 3294 for Mr. Rolls, 3019 for myself, and 2927 for Mr Warmington.

I at once accepted this defeat as final, and, being already near my fiftieth year, I abandoned definitely the idea of seeking a seat in Parliament. I had long realised that a man entering the House of Commons in middle life, without a great extra-Parliamentary reputation and the hope of a respectful welcome, must compete at a great disadvantage with younger men.

His successes, if any, excite less interest, his failures receive no allowance, his stock of hopefulness and self-confidence is much smaller, and, if he should earn an influential position after all, it is too late for him to make full use of it. Nor have I ever been able to understand why any man should covet the position of a cipher in the House of Commons, scorning delights and living laborious days, unless he has social or commercial objects to serve by acquiring the title of M.P. For these reasons, I bade adieu to active politics, not without a sense of having received little encouragement from the leaders of my Party, but without any foresight of the more than suicidal policy which a few years later was to shatter that Party, and drive its leaders into opposite camps.

# CHAPTER IX

## SERVICE ON COMMISSIONS

Waste of power on Commissions — Commission on treatment of Fenian prisoners—O'Donovan Rossa—Demeanour of Fenians—Oxford University Commission—Its results—London University Commission.

It has been said that most Englishmen not devoted to mere pleasure heartily enjoy serving on Committees, and assuredly the vast amount of unpaid service rendered on public bodies, from the House of Commons and the great Metropolitan Boards to Parish Councils and Vestries, is a fact that reflects honour on our national character. Personally, I have never felt attracted to such work, chiefly because, useful as it is in the aggregate, it is generally carried on with an enormous waste of time and energy. This evil is sure to be aggravated if the Committee or Commission is formed, as it so often is, on a representative basis, so that its members are divided *ab initio* into two hostile sections. No better illustration of such tendencies could be given than may be found in the abortive results of the great Licensing Commission. But many Commissions, as well as many Boards, are crippled by their mere size. If Companies were managed by half the number of Directors (none of them ornamental), the

saving in salaries would be great, fewer scandals would arise, and I firmly believe that the business would be more efficiently conducted. The same principle applies, in my judgment, to Governing Bodies of Public Schools, and to almost all the Commissions or Committees of which I have been a member. A large Commission means slack and fluctuating attendance, especially if it includes, as it so often does, one or two of the most eminent and therefore busiest men in the country. Questions decided at one meeting are re-opened at the next by some member who never heard the original discussion; the difficulty of obtaining a general agreement is greatly increased, and no one feels as much sense of responsibility as if he shared it with three or four colleagues.

However, my own experience of service on Commissions or other public bodies has been limited, and not specially unfavourable. It began with the Home Office Commission, appointed in 1870 by Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, to inquire into the alleged maltreatment of Fenian prisoners in English convict-prisons. The most extravagant and mendacious statements had been circulated on this subject, and repeated in the House of Commons, just as has been done on several later occasions, until at last Mr. Gladstone promised an independent inquisition. I thought this an act of weakness, as the Home Office could easily have investigated the case for itself; but I was advised that, as there was to be a Commission, I might be of some public use by serving on it. It was con-

stituted on somewhat peculiar lines. Lord Devon, an excellent Irish landlord, and a man respected by all, was appointed Chairman; Sir Stephen de Vere, an Irish Roman Catholic gentleman, was associated with myself as an unprofessional and unpaid Commissioner; while the professional element in both countries was represented by Dr. Greenhow, a London physician, and Dr. Lyons, a Dublin physician, being also a Roman Catholic. Both of these were paid Commissioners, and contributed the medical knowledge essential to some parts of our inquiry.

The form of the Commission was in itself a conclusive proof of the view taken by the Government of that day with respect to the proper treatment of political prisoners. We were instructed to inquire, not whether the governors and other officials of English convict-prisons had been guilty of confounding the Fenian prisoners with ordinary convicts, but, on the contrary, "whether the treason-felony prisoners have been subjected to any exceptional treatment in any way, or have suffered any hardships beyond those incident to the condition of a prisoner sentenced to penal servitude." In other words, it was assumed that a political convict, as such, had no claim to exceptional privileges or indulgence; the only question being whether, as alleged, the Fenians, as such, had been singled out in English convict-prisons for exceptional severities and indignities.

It is needless to state (but with one reservation) that all these allegations, published quite as confidently and recklessly as those more recently fabri-

cated, utterly broke down on examination. We reported unanimously that, "after a patient and minute investigation, we do not find any ground for the belief that the treason-felony prisoners in English convict-prisons have, as a class, been subjected to any exceptionally severe treatment, or have suffered any hardships beyond those incident to the condition of a prisoner sentenced to penal servitude." It appeared, on the contrary, that, in individual cases, governors or directors of convict-prisons had sanctioned certain mitigations of prison discipline in their favour, where health or special circumstances might justify such leniency. For instance, every well-conducted prisoner under sentence of penal servitude is entitled to occasional visits from relations; but as the Fenian prisoners, being Irish, were less accessible to relations in English convict-prisons, they were allowed greater latitude in letter-writing than would otherwise have been permitted. It is right to state, however, that in the single case of O'Donovan Rossa, a charge of arbitrary treatment made in the House of Commons, and denied by the Home Office, was fully proved by evidence laid before us. Having been a most refractory prisoner, by his own admission, O'Donovan Rossa had been guilty of a gross outrage, for which, if he had not been a Fenian, he would assuredly have been flogged. As it was, he was handcuffed for thirty-five days, except during meals, and at night—a punishment not sanctioned by prison law, and only explained (for it could not be excused) by the sudden departure of the Governor

on leave, and gross, if not wilful neglect on the part of his subordinates. Happily, not long afterwards, O'Donovan Rossa, having got into trouble again, came before Sir E. Ducane, then Chief Director of Convict Prisons, who made a timely appeal to his good sense, and remitted the penalty, with the result that his prison character became excellent, and remained so for two or three years before our visit to Chatham. He certainly impressed us all favourably by his manly bearing; and, after his release, I received a letter from him which did credit to his better feelings. It would be well if this revival of them had proved lasting.

We visited Millbank and Pentonville, the two preparatory convict-prisons, Chatham, Woking, Portland, and Dartmoor, but not Portsmouth, where no Fenian convict happened to be confined. Our practice was to give about three days' notice of our coming to each prison, during which the Fenian prisoners were allowed writing materials to draw up any statements of complaint, but were supposed to be carefully separated from each other, lest they should concoct a story together. This precaution was effectually frustrated in cases where Sunday happened to intervene, for my Roman Catholic colleagues, supported by Lord Devon, would not hear of Catholic prisoners being kept away from mass in the chapel, where the facilities are great for the secret telegraphy which is an occult science of jails. The result was a highly suspicious family likeness between the papers handed in to us in prisons where

such communication had been possible. Some two-thirds of the prisoners, however, doubtless acting in concert, utterly declined to make any complaint whatever, or to have anything to do with us, sometimes adding expressions of contempt for the Government which had commissioned us. One of these was M'Cafferty, the chosen leader of the projected attack on Chester Castle, which had been far better organised than is generally supposed, and was almost as near succeeding as the Gunpowder Plot. Another was Rickard Burke, for the purpose of rescuing whom the wall of Clerkenwell prison was blown up. This man had long been under medical supervision, and was suspected by the prison authorities of feigning madness, like King David. Perhaps it may have been so, but I am by no means sure that, by dint of shamming, he did not work his excitable temperament into a state of real, if temporary, madness. At all events, during our first interview with him in the prison infirmary, he was so furious in manner and incoherent in speech that we could make nothing of him. A few weeks later, being rather quieter, he came before us; but the prison authorities suggested to us that it might be well for Thomas Bourke, a fellow-prisoner who had much influence with him, to be present during his examination. Now, Thomas Bourke, who had been condemned to death for high treason but spared by the clemency of Lord Mayo, was one of those prisoners who absolutely declined to make any statement on their own behalf. Still, he willingly

accompanied Rickard Burke, on whose appearance our table was cleared of everything that could serve as a missile, and he intervened more than once to calm down the ebullitions of his namesake. We found it impossible, however, to get any intelligible answer to our questions, and at last abandoned the attempt as hopeless. Other prisoners dwelt querulously on the petty discomforts of prison life as serious grievances, but made it clear that their one real grievance was their being consigned to prison at all. Several of them managed to show a familiar acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone's letters on Neapolitan prisons, which they indignantly contrasted with his treatment of Irish patriots. Whatever may have been the quality of their patriotism, it certainly enabled most of them to assume a certain air of dignity, not unmingled with insolence, but very different from the bearing of ordinary criminals.

Before our report appeared, all of them were released, on condition of leaving the country; and, though O'Donovan Rossa, if not others, revisited it, I am not aware that any of them but he has since been among the prominent organisers of crime in Ireland. The mischief done by their release consisted in its discouraging effect on Irish juries disposed, at some personal risk, to return honest verdicts. Of course, after this decision of the Government, few cared to read the report, which I cannot say that I regretted, for, while it truly stated the results of our inquiry, its hesitating and guarded tone was only too significant of a compromise between two principles.

My next experience of service on Commissions was in 1877, when the Conservative Government, at the instance of Lord Salisbury, carried a fresh measure of Academical reform, under which a body of executive Commissioners, with Lord Selborne for its chairman, was empowered to remodel once more the University and Colleges of Oxford. I have always regarded this measure as ill considered, founded on one-sided statements of Oxford opinion, and productive, on the whole, of more harm than good. Its leading principle was essentially socialistic—the spoliation of the Colleges, as rich corporations, for the supposed benefit of the University, as a comparatively poor corporation. Its main effect has been a large reduction in the number of Fellowships, the reward of the ablest and most industrious students, with a corresponding increase in the number of well-endowed Professorships, not so much in the interest of education as in that of "research." Whether this enormous diversion of revenues has been justified by the results is more than doubtful; what is certain is that, accompanied by other changes, such as the sweeping abolition of restrictions on marriage among Fellows, it has grievously weakened the College system. On the other hand, no attempt was made to reorganise the University system of teaching on a symmetrical plan, or even upon one capable of being worked in harmony with College tuition. The dualism of these rival systems was perpetuated, and the educational life of the University continued to be centred, as before, in the Colleges, except so far as regards

Natural Science, for instruction in which the Museum supplies the necessary laboratories and collections in close proximity to the lecture-rooms. A new order of University Readers was created, but their salaries have mainly served to augment the stipends of successful College tutors, whose lectures were already open; and, since attendance at University lectures was not made compulsory, it has been found easier to endow Professors and Readers out of College revenues than to provide them with audiences at the expense of College lecturers. Nevertheless, the Commission did good service in abolishing most of the clerical restrictions left by its predecessor, thus carrying out the policy of the University Test Act, passed in 1871, of which I had been a very active promoter. It also established a general, and, on the whole, salutary uniformity in the tenure of College Scholarships and Fellowships, though it would perhaps be too much to expect that "Prize Fellows," as they are ungracefully called, elected for seven years only, should cherish the same feeling of College loyalty as Fellows elected for life—but on condition of celibacy.

As I was one of those who foresaw the doubtful result of this Commission, I am glad to reflect that I was in no way responsible for it. Indeed, I was one of the Commissioners only for the purpose of revising the Statutes of Merton, by virtue of a clause in the Act which empowered each College to appoint three of its members to act on the Commission *ad hoc*, when its own turn came to be remodelled. We had no special reason to complain of the mode in which

they dealt with us, but their general policy in dealing with Colleges was open to at least two grave objections. The first was that, instead of proceeding on well-considered lines applicable to all, they made a separate bargain with each; the other was that, legislating during a "boom" of agricultural prosperity, and assuming that it would continue, they enormously overestimated the average rentals of Colleges, and imposed on them contributions quite out of proportion to their present revenues. It is to be feared that any future Commission, issued under democratic pressure, is likely to aggravate rather than to correct the mistakes of the last. The real and manifest shortcomings of the University will probably remain untouched—the want of any matriculation examination, the inordinate length of Vacations, the licensed idleness of passmen, the absurd complexity and still more absurd instability of the examination system. But the revenues of the Colleges, now the life-blood of the University, are sure to be attacked again, and it will be fortunate if, instead of being re-appropriated to education and learning within the University itself, they are not confiscated to subsidise provincial centres of teaching.

Some years later, I was appointed to serve on a Royal Commission for inquiring into the best mode of organising a Teaching University in London, of which Commission Lord Selborne was chairman. After a few sittings, I felt it right to retire from it upon grounds which may be worth stating, inasmuch as they apply to the action of many similar Com-

missions. In my opinion, a Royal Commission should retain absolute control over the reception of evidence, selecting expert witnesses at its own discretion, inviting representative witnesses from bodies interested in the subject of inquiry, receiving offers from individuals desirous of being examined, but exercising a strict discrimination in the acceptance of such offers, and rigorously limiting both the scope and the duration of the proceedings. Unhappily, the contrary policy too often prevails, the consequence being that inquiries which might be completed in a few months are too often protracted over years, resulting in a halting report, with one or two memorandums of dissent, followed by piles of evidence so voluminous that hardly any one reads them, and published so late as to be almost obsolete for purposes of legislation. The amount of power wasted in futile Commissions, and the mass of valuable materials buried away in blue-books, would appear incredible if it were estimated, and constitutes an abuse which ought to be remedied. For some years past the British public has been justly shocked by the irrelevance and prolixity of the various proceedings arising out of the famous "Dreyfus Case." But the needless delay, though not the scandal, was scarcely less in the Venezuela Arbitration, where the Attorney-General was engaged for many weeks together in stating or combating, and two eminent Judges in solemnly hearing, elaborate arguments, the whole of which had been, or might have been, embodied in printed documents. Finding the London

University Commission disposed to adopt a like course by welcoming evidence from all comers, and having failed to carry a motion in a contrary sense, I declined to be responsible for the sacrifice of time which I thought would ensue. In the end, this proved less than I had anticipated; but the recommendations of the Commission did not meet with general acceptance. Another was soon afterwards appointed, and, after infinite debates and negotiations, a third Commission with executive powers is at last engaged in framing a working scheme on the inevitable basis of a compromise. Upon the merits of this compromise, and still more upon those of the controversy to be settled by it, I desire to express no opinion. I must say, however, that the alleged grievance of Londoners, in respect of University education, never seemed to me a very substantial one. London students, unable or unwilling to avail themselves of Oxford or Cambridge, have long had excellent lectures and tuition provided for them at University and King's Colleges, not to speak of others. Those who aspired to degrees could obtain them at the London University, after examinations which had the great merit of being conducted by independent examiners, and which, so far as I know, satisfied both the students and the public. The grievance, in short, was not so much a students' grievance or a public grievance as a professorial grievance, and, though it may be well to bring lectures and examinations into closer harmony with each other, I shall regard it as a retrograde step if

lecturers are allowed to dominate over examiners. The example of the older Universities, cited in favour of making lecturers examiners, should rather have been cited as a warning against it. The only good reason why College tutors are so often appointed to examine, is that it is very difficult, especially at Oxford, to find equally capable outsiders who have kept pace with the progress of knowledge in all the subjects of examination. But it is a weakness, if a necessary weakness, of the Oxford system, that so many tutors should have a voice in what Lord Derby called "branding their own herrings." It is partly corrected by an occasional infusion of examiners from Cambridge, and it is creditable to Oxford that it seldom involves any gross abuses.

# CHAPTER X

## FAMILY EVENTS, 1854–1893
## LIFE AND WORK IN LONDON, 1873–1880
## IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON SOCIETY

Family events—My father's later career and death—Life in London—Literary work—London School Board—Royal Geographical Society—Geographical Club—Sir Henry Rawlinson—Joseph Arch—My Essays published by the Cobden Club—"English Land and English Landlords"—Further overtures from constituencies—Impressions of London society—Recent changes in moral sentiments, manners, and fashions.

FAMILY events have little or no interest for the public, and if I now pause to mention a very few of those which affected my own life, it is because "Memories and Impressions" would be somewhat incomplete without such landmarks. In 1854, just when I was taking my B.A. degree at Oxford, my father thought it right to resign the Rectory of Bath, finding himself unable to maintain his former standard of work, and being unwilling to see any decline of efficiency under his own incumbency. After spending the "Crimean winter" in a house near Maidenhead, he was appointed in 1855 to a Canonry of Wells, an ideal Cathedral-town, surrounded by a beautiful country and full of antiquarian interest, which I was then unable to appreciate as I now do. But for

the smallness of its scale, Wells Cathedral, with its Vicar's Close, Bishop's Palace, and other ancient houses, would deserve to rank with the grandest Cathedrals of the Eastern Counties. One of my father's brother-Canons, the Rev. F. Beadon, attained the patriarchal age of nearly 102, and I retain a letter of his to myself, in a clear handwriting and very lively tone, written after he reached his hundredth year. In 1861 my father was promoted to the Deanery of Exeter, and succeeded his eldest brother as Viscount Midleton in 1863. During his residence at Exeter, Bishop Philpotts, once so active, had delegated most of his episcopal duties to other hands, and lived in seclusion near Torquay, leaving the Palace empty, so that most of the ecclesiastical hospitality naturally fell upon the Dean. I was too much engrossed by journalism to be often at Exeter, and preferred to spend my short holidays at Peper Harow, our family-place in Surrey. It was now that I began to explore the county on horseback, and learned to admire its beauties, when its "residential" value had not yet been advertised, and it was still little spoiled by villas. In 1866, when the cholera raged in the East of London, we had a startling little outbreak at Peper Harow, which might have been worth recording as throwing some light on the method of its propagation. A man and his wife came down with one child from a cholera-stricken district, and were lodged in the cottage of some near relations. The child was suffering from symptoms which, being neglected, soon developed into

cholera, and within less than twenty-four hours two grown persons, besides the child, died in that cottage; while another, a young boy, was only saved by the devoted care of our clergyman's daughter, who played the part of doctor and nurse when hardly any one would go near the premises. In this case I have no doubt that germs of cholera were quickened into virulent activity by the local circumstances of the cottage, beyond which the disease never spread.

In 1867 my father decided on resigning the Deanery of Exeter. Several of his family would have dissuaded him from doing so, but, in spite of legal advice to the contrary, he felt himself bound to keep the full eight months' residence, so long as he remained Dean, without deduction for attendance in Parliament, and this, for private reasons, he did not see his way to undertake. Thenceforward his time was divided between London and Peper Harow, where Lord Cardwell was our nearest neighbour. There he died, on August 29, 1870, after some months' illness, leaving us the example of a perfectly blameless life, of a truly Evangelical piety, and of a self-respecting dignity peculiarly his own, which no shock or provocation could disturb. My mother survived him by twenty-three years, dying on August 13, 1893, at Richmond, where she had resided, with my only sister, for some twelve years. When I am tempted to repine inwardly at the many trials and disappointments of my own lifetime, I sometimes remind myself that it is no light thing, but a blessing shared by few, to be the child of such parents, born

in the most enviable class of English society, and educated in those simple principles of Christian faith which, once imbibed, permanently transform a man's whole ideal of human life. On my father's death, my brother, the present Viscount Midleton, succeeded to his title, having represented Mid-Surrey for two Sessions only in the House of Commons. Peper Harow now ceased to be "the parent nest" for me, though it has continued to be a second home ever since, and I have lived to see it peopled first by nephews and nieces and latterly by their children. My father, being the youngest, was also the last of his own family, none of whom attained remarkable longevity. It was otherwise with my mother's family. Sydney Smith used to say that every one has aunts at Bath, and three sisters of my mother lived there between fifty and sixty years, the fourth having died prematurely during an attack of which the gravity was not suspected. The eldest of these aunts had just passed her ninety-fourth birthday at her death in 1893, and the average age reached by her and three sisters (including my mother) was above eighty-eight, which is the more remarkable as all were frail in appearance, and two had been extremely delicate from girlhood. It may be added that none were total abstainers, but all were abstemious in diet. The youngest of them, who died on December 31, 1895, was the last survivor of what to me is the older generation; and the fact that all this is in the order of nature does not reconcile me, or any one else, to the gradual loss of "the old

familiar faces " of those who called us by our Christian names, and watched our lives from childhood upwards. Being one of my youngest aunt's executors, I arranged that all letters addressed to her should be forwarded to me from the Bath Post Office. A large proportion of them were begging letters, and such are the demands on the charity of benevolent old ladies supposed to be wealthy, that I received hundreds of such letters within two years of her death, which her correspondents had not discovered.

The six years between the General Election of 1874 and that of 1880 were a comparatively blank period in my life. I was living chiefly in my rooms at 32A Mount Street, which I occupied for thirty-six years continuously, and from which I was only dislodged in 1893 by the Duke of Westminster's improvements. Almost every day I rode in Rotten Row, or made a longer round on the North-West or South of London, through regions which have now been transformed, and practically closed against riders, by the constant progress of building. Rotten Row had then been extended as far as Queen's Gate, between the Prince Consort's Memorial and Kensington Gardens. Here I witnessed the narrow escape of the Prince of Wales, when he was ridden down by a gentleman on a runaway horse, and apparently much injured by his own horse rolling over him. I was near enough to jump off my horse, which I left standing, and ran forward to his assistance, but heard from one of his equerries that he was almost unhurt, and he soon afterwards rode home in good spirits. As hardly any one else

could have seen this incident, which might well have proved fatal, I wrote a short anonymous paragraph in the *Times*, which I believe to be the only record of it. Several people who had read this paragraph, hearing that I had been an eye-witness, were anxious to know whether it was a truthful description of the adventure. I always replied that I thought it remarkable for its accuracy, and that, had I written it myself, I should have told the story in much the same way. And here I may remark that I have never found it very difficult to parry questions about anonymous articles without resorting to falsehood. No doubt direct lying is the most effectual form of disavowal, but, in addition to its moral turpitude, it has the disadvantage that, if you are found out, no one trusts you afterwards.

Since I ceased to be a journalist in 1873, I think I have written only three anonymous articles, but several pamphlets or essays of mine appeared during the next few years, and I was busily employed during most of 1880 on my "English Land and English Landlords." I have already spoken of my pamphlet issued in 1874, and entitled "Five Years of Liberal Policy and Conservative Opposition." This was followed in 1875 by another pamphlet entitled "What are Liberal Principles?" being an attempt to give professed (but sometimes ill-informed) Liberals solid reasons for their political faith, and to disengage the mere temporary watchwords of the Party from the fundamental elements of its creed. If I were now to revise it, I hope I should find little

to alter, so far as regards my own convictions, but I fear I should have to admit that opportunism and popularity-hunting count for more, and adherence to fixed principles for less, than I then supposed, in the counsels of the so-called Liberal Party. In 1878, after reading an article by Mr. Goldwin Smith on "Whigs and Liberals," I was moved to write a reply in the *Fortnightly Review*, which I entitled "Liberals and Whigs." In this article I claimed for the Whigs the essential capacity of leadership, and endeavoured to show how far the Liberal Party would have been led astray by its Left Wing had there been no Left Centre to guide it. In 1879, when the "caucus system" had been lately organised, and threatened to usurp functions properly belonging to the recognised leaders of the Liberal Party, I contributed three letters (since republished) to the *Manchester Examiner and Times* on the subject of "Liberal Organisation." My object was, first, to show the use and abuse of the caucus system as an organ for the concentration and expression of Liberal opinion in constituencies; secondly, to protest against the creation of an intermediate power between Liberal constituencies and Parliament itself, under the name of a "Federal Council of Liberal Associations."

Among my contributions to educational literature were an article on "The Universities and the Nation" in the *Contemporary Review* of June 1875; a carefully-written paper on "The Influence of the Older English Universities on National Education," read at the

Social Science Congress, Brighton, in October 1875; and a Presidential address on Education, delivered before the Education section of that Congress, at Cheltenham, in October 1878. I also addressed to the *Times*, in 1876, three letters on the Fellowship system, against which a crusade had been proclaimed by the apostles "of mature study and original research." I have always believed that, in complying with their demand for a second Commission, Lord Salisbury was no less actuated by a desire to prevent the government of Colleges from passing into the hands of young Radicals, than by a genuine zeal for the benefit of science. At all events, the endowment of new Professorships, mainly scientific, was to be procured by an unsparing suppression of open Fellowships, which I regarded as the mainspring of Academical industry. Many of the arguments which I then used still appear to me sound, and many of the consequences which I foresaw have actually taken effect. But experience has not altogether justified my expectation that a dearth of open Fellowships would largely diminish the influx of able young men into the University. That it would do so, if Cambridge were not equally handicapped, seems to me self-evident; nor can I doubt that some clever youths have been diverted from a University career into business, since the chances of getting a Fellowship have been lessened, and that still more are deterred by the same cause from staying up to read after taking their degrees. But I gladly admit that Scholarships, without much prospect of a Fellowship,

still attract a goodly number of promising young scholars to Oxford.

In the meantime, I filled various educational offices of more or less importance. For several years I served on the Council of the London Society for the Promotion of University Teaching, and also acted as a nominated Governor of Dulwich College, under the genial chairmanship of the Rev. W. Rogers, Rector of Bishopsgate, known to his friends as "Billy Rogers," many of whose homely sayings have become current, and contain a quaint mixture of wit and wisdom. I often rode down to our meetings, then held at Dulwich, by a route no longer practicable. In 1877, when I had barely recovered from a concussion of the brain due to a fall in riding, I was elected by the London School Board to fill the first death vacancy that had occurred since its foundation. I sat with Mr. Sydney Buxton and three other colleagues for the Westminster Division, and took a fair share, though not a leading part, in the business of the Board. There was then no burning question to create sharp party divisions, for that of religious instruction was supposed to have been settled by a judicious compromise, and had not been unwisely reopened. Still, there was the irrepressible antagonism between the forward "School Board policy" and that of friendly co-operation with Voluntary Schools, between the advocates of economy and the advocates of liberal expenditure on school buildings, and still more on teachers' salaries. In these controversies I steered a middle course, weighing the arguments

used in debate by more experienced members, and often suspending my judgment until just before my vote was given. My sympathies had been previously in favour of Board Schools, as destined not so much to supplement as gradually to supersede Voluntary Schools, but I saw reason to modify this preference. Not that I ever observed any tendency in Board Schools to disparage religious teaching; on the contrary, I used to say that if an inspector could be taken blindfold into a number of Board Schools and Church Schools, chosen at random, during the hour of religious teaching, he would not be able to distinguish between them, unless the Church Catechism happened to be the lesson of the hour. Moreover, I was favourably impressed by the sincere desire of the Board to get the best managers for its own schools, including, if possible, the rector or vicar of the parish. But I soon learned how difficult it was for Board Schools to equal Church Schools in the personal zeal of their managers, and I never could justify the deliberate policy of raising teachers' salaries in Board Schools far above the market price, as if for the purpose of outbidding their rivals—not aided by the rates.

One of the least pleasant, but most useful, duties which I had to perform, was sitting in judgment on parents who had failed to send their children to school. The sphere of my special jurisdiction was the Soho District, where "Notice B meetings," as they were technically called, were held every fortnight, and I had to determine, with the aid of the

"superintendent," whether or not the defaulting parents should be prosecuted. One thing which surprised me, and continues to surprise me when I hear cases of non-attendance as a magistrate, was that so few of those summoned protested loudly against the rule of compulsion, and the hardship of depriving parents of their children's possible earnings. On the other hand, it was common enough to plead that a boy had been regularly sent off to school in good time, but would not go there, finding it more amusing to play about with other boys in the streets. Sometimes the mother would bring the young malefactor with her to be overawed into obedience; and our superintendent, dragging him forward, and pointing to me, would exclaim, "Look at that gentleman, and attend to what he is about to say;" whereupon I was expected to take up my parable, and, beginning with the crime of "truancy," to indicate the gallows as the inevitable end of such a career. But, after all, these interviews gave one an insight into the life of the London poor which I should never have obtained otherwise, and I am sure that much real good can be done by a mixture of firmness and kindly advice. Difficult cases which had come before some individual member of the Board were occasionally discussed at a general Committee on school attendance. I happened to have mentioned a case of this kind, when one of my colleagues, suspecting me of weakness, and jealous for the rigid enforcement of our Bye-Laws, challenged me to state how I had dealt with it. I replied, in language which I have no wish to

retract, "I laid down the law with great solemnity, and gave private orders that it should *not* be enforced." Without such discretionary relaxations, I believe that it would be simply impossible to maintain a law of compulsory attendance.

When the official life of this School Board expired in 1879, I did not offer myself for re-election, but I can truly say that I parted from my colleagues with a hearty respect for their industry and public spirit. In the autumn of 1882, when a fresh election took place, and "the policy of the Board" was rudely assailed, I addressed a letter to the *Times* in defence of that policy, from which I extract one passage :—

"Let me protest against the common, but quite delusive idea that party spirit, in the usual sense, runs high on the London School Board and colours most of its proceedings. On the contrary, I have never belonged to any public body in which controversy was so rarely conducted on party lines, or in which 'cross divisions' were so frequent. I am sure that many of my colleagues seldom or never considered the party aspect of the vote which they were about to give, and, notwithstanding the subsequent introduction of an obstructive minority, I believe that a disinterested zeal for the cause of education continues to animate a large majority of the present Board. Indeed, the matters which occupy its attention are so diverse as to defy party manipulation or classification. An advocate of pure secular education may be in alliance with the most bigoted denominationalist on industrial school management. An advocate of rigorous economy in salaries may act cordially with anti-economists in strictly enforcing school attendance. An advocate of free schools may join hands with a supporter of high school-fees on the many vexed questions concerning the selection

of sites and construction of buildings. No permanent division of parties is possible on a Board mainly engaged in administration.

"But I go further, and assert that on the London School Board, with all its faults, public spirit has hitherto largely predominated over sectarian bias, as it notoriously has over the temptations of pecuniary interest. It is no faint praise of a body dispensing vast sums of money, and constantly dealing with house-owners and contractors, to record the fact that no taint or suspicion of jobbery has yet rested upon it. Though personalities have too often been imported into its debates, I am not aware that any member has ever imputed mercenary or dishonourable motives to a colleague, except in one instance where the imputation was ultimately withdrawn. Until the claims of justice and of humanity were unreasonably pitted against each other in the St. Paul's Industrial School case, the assumption always was that opponents on the School Board were equally single-minded in their devotion to educational interests, however irreconcilable their differences of judgment. Not only so, but members previously committed to one side of a question have often been converted to another by their experience on the Board, and have acknowledged their change of views with a candour supposed to be impossible in political life. In short, the prevailing sentiment among the members of the London School Board has certainly been one of mutual respect, and herein consists the chief secret of its success in solving difficulties formerly regarded as insoluble."

I had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society in 1863, under the dignified Presidency of Sir Roderick Murchison, and became a member of its Council about ten years later, since which time I have often been re-appointed. Not that I have the least claim to such a position, either as a

traveller or as a scientific geographer, but it was thought that I might render some little service in connection with the educational work of the Society, and I have always taken a very warm interest in all its proceedings. It is easy to disparage the Royal Geographical Society as the least scientific and most popular of scientific bodies, but I greatly doubt whether any scientific body, except the Royal Society, can render a better account of solid contributions to science, in its larger sense. Happily for some of us, it is generally possible to follow the papers read before it without a scientific training; but, inasmuch as the earth is the basis and theatre of almost all scientific research, it would be wonderful if the promotion of geographical knowledge had not contributed—and it is demonstrable that it has contributed most powerfully—to advance all the other sciences.

In its origin it was virtually an offshoot from the Royal Society itself, and Sir Joseph Banks, who presided so long over that Society, did much to prepare the way for its foundation. This took place in July 1830, and it has ever since taken the leading part in all the great explorations, organised by Englishmen, which have opened up every part of the globe, except the regions surrounding the North and South Poles. The illustrious list of its Presidents is second only to that of the Royal Society, while the list of its medallists contains the names of all the eminent geographical explorers of the last seventy years. Among these, a large proportion are the names of

foreigners; and it speaks well for the cosmopolitan spirit of the Society, that in the year 1899, within a few months of the Fashoda incident, both the Founder's and the Patron's Medal should have been conferred upon Frenchmen. It is only the great popularity of the Society, and the large number of its so-called Fellows, which has given it the means of initiating and subsidising geographical expeditions; and if that now being organised for the purpose of Antarctic discovery should prove to be successful, nearly the whole credit of it will be due to the Royal Geographical Society, and especially to its President, Sir Clements Markham. On the other hand, it is inevitable that an association so popular in its character, and numbering 4000 members, should occasionally be agitated by vehement controversies; and I can remember three or four somewhat tumultuous meetings, especially one on the admission of women as Fellows, which threatened to imperil the peace of the Society. However, by dint of a little tact, it has tided over every crisis successfully, and the chief danger which I see in the future is, that by the mere progress of exploration it may have no fresh worlds to conquer, the whole field of geographical research, in the proper sense, having been exhausted.

A pleasant adjunct of the Geographical Society is the Geographical Club, which has a friendly dinner before each of the evening meetings. To my connection with the Society and Club I owe the personal acquaintance of distinguished officers in both Services, men eminent in the scientific world, and others whom

I should probably never have met in other circles. Perhaps none of these was more highly qualified for the position of President, which he so long filled, than the late Sir Henry Rawlinson. To his long experience in India, his achievements in Oriental research, his political sagacity, and his wide knowledge of geography in all its branches, he added great conversational powers, and a wonderful stock of anecdotes. His stories illustrating the endurance of men and animals in Persia and other parts of the East would have been well worth collecting and preserving. One of them, for which he vouched, I found it equally impossible to believe or to disbelieve. He stated that, in making a forced march of several hundred miles, with relays of horses, at the rate of a hundred miles a day, he overtook an express-messenger riding a highly-bred mule (without relays) at the same rate. This was at the end of his first day's journey, and the man reached Sir Henry's destination (which, I think, was a camp near Herat), a few hours after Sir Henry himself. But this was not all, for the mule and his rider had already covered the same ground in the opposite direction at the same pace, and were on their return trip when Sir Henry fell in with them; moreover, they afterwards repeated the feat by covering it a third time from Herat back again. Altogether, they actually traversed above two thousand miles, according to the story, within twenty-five days, including a rest of some forty-eight hours at each end of the course.

Several of my colleagues on the Council of the Geographical Society have been naval officers of Arctic experience, and if I single out from among these the name of the late Sir George Back, it is partly out of gratitude for his genial hospitality, and partly for the sake of preserving a good story which he told me of himself. When he was in command of a ship, as a younger man, he became conscious that he was treated with scanty respect by his own officers, and discovered by degrees that his first-lieutenant was the real instigator of disaffection. One night, therefore, he took this man aside on the quarter-deck, spoke freely and confidentially on the affairs of the ship, and ended by expressing his gratification in the assurance that he was ably and loyally supported by the whole body of his officers. On parting from him, as he afterwards learned, the first-lieutenant went down below, and addressing the other officers (who had said nothing), remarked, in a loud tone, "You fellows may say what you like, but I'll be d——d if our captain is not one of the best-hearted men that I have ever known in my life." After this he observed a marked change in the manner of all his subordinates. At the Geographical Club I have met a great many celebrated travellers, including H. M. Stanley and Nansen, fresh from their latest journeys. Both of these showed a power of describing their experiences in a graphic and effective manner, and, considering that Nansen is a foreigner, I have always thought his narrative of his Arctic expedition in the Albert Hall a marvellous exhibition

of nerve and resource in speaking. Here was a man who had carried his life in his hand for months, with a single companion, suddenly confronted with the greatest audience that could be assembled in London, yet no more embarrassed by the presence of the Prince of Wales and thousands of eager listeners than if he were still battling with the ice-floes of the Arctic Ocean. But, with few exceptions, great travellers are not great orators, and as they are also anxious not to spoil the sale of their forthcoming books, I have often been disappointed that men with so much to say should contrive to say so little.

My second contest at Woodstock had brought me into direct contact with the Agricultural Labourers' Union, but I had made acquaintance still earlier with Mr. Joseph Arch, of whom I desire to speak with respect. I think we met first at a friend's house in London, we met again in Lord Dufferin's house in Quebec, and after 1874 I had the opportunity of conversing with him on various occasions. His biography informs us that, at one time, he did not escape calumnious imputations. I know nothing of these; all I can say is that I never had the least reason to doubt either his sincerity or his honesty, and I could wish that all Trades' Union leaders had an equally clear record. He possessed several eminent gifts for conducting the movement of which he was the pioneer, and I felt great sympathy with its legitimate objects, but it would perhaps have been too much to expect that he should have studied the Labour question from its

economical side. I often warned my audiences at Woodstock against the ignorant and passionate statements of the *Chronicle*, published by the Agricultural Labourers' Union, but I must say that, so far as I am aware, its spokesmen were honourably distinguished from those of other Unions by never advocating violence or breaches of the law. My knowledge of the movement is not wide enough to warrant me in stating this confidently, but I never heard at Woodstock of Unionist labourers assaulting or coercing non-Unionists, and, though it may have occurred elsewhere during a temporary strike, the practice has not been general enough to fill much space (if any) in the newspapers. Contrast this with the conduct of the Dock Labourers, and the avowed policy of their leaders, in the great strike of 1889. It was never pretended for a moment that plenty of men were not willing and anxious to go on working at the docks on the old terms, but the right of the strikers to keep them out, by fair means or foul, was openly proclaimed, and—what is worse—by their culpable inaction, the Home Office authorities virtually sanctioned the practical assertion of this right. Day after day, hundreds of honest men with families, desirous of work, were forcibly deprived of it and thrust back from the Dock gates, by threats and personal maltreatment, in presence of the police, who apparently were forbidden, as a rule, to protect them. Cardinal Manning and other influential persons espoused the side of the wrong-doers, and a

large section of the public, both in this country and in the colonies, in a fit of impulsive sympathy, actively supported them under the specious fiction of providing for their families, while they were out of work, and unlawfully keeping others out. Happily, the police magistrates dealt vigorously with the few cases that came before them, and when a gas strike broke out not long afterwards, the Government awoke to a sense of its duty. The police were ordered to enforce the law, the Chairman of the Gas Company showed more resolution than the Directors of the Dock Company, and organised intimidation collapsed. But for this fortunate sequel, it is difficult to say how far the anarchical spirit kindled by the Dock Strike, and aggravated by the shameful mismanagement of it, might have spread among the industrial classes throughout the country.

During this period of comparative idleness, I took a somewhat active part on the Committee of the Cobden Club, then engaged in issuing a series of useful publications by no means confined to advocacy of Free Trade. I had already contributed an Essay on the "Law and Custom of Primogeniture" to a volume entitled "Systems of Land Tenure," which appeared in 1871. This Essay, afterwards published in my "Political Studies," contained the fullest exposition of its subject which had then been attempted, but has since been followed by more learned works. It is remarkable that no serious attempt has yet been made to reform the Law or to limit the Custom, notwithstanding the almost unanimous con-

sent of those who have carefully studied this feature of the English Land-system from Blackstone downwards. In 1875 I contributed a similar Essay on "Local Government in England" to a volume dealing with the principal systems of Local Government prevailing in various countries. This Essay, unlike the other, has been quoted more than once in the House of Commons, and has not been without its effect in promoting the reform of Local Government since carried out. But the method of reform which it recommended differed materially from that actually adopted, while it resembled that proposed by Mr. Goschen in 1871. For it contemplated a reconstruction of local institutions from the parish or township upwards, instead of one beginning with County Councils, working downwards, and ending with Parish Councils. My volume, entitled "English Land and English Landlords," also published by the Cobden Club, was a more considerable effort. Its object was to present, within a moderate compass, a tolerably complete and trustworthy view of the whole agrarian and agricultural system of England for the information of students, both English and foreign. No summary of its contents would be readable or profitable, but I may say that in following out the history of British agriculture the conclusion was forced upon me that it never had a golden age. Now and then war prices enriched farmers, and still more landlords, for a few years together; but prosperity soon made them indolent and improvident, the old poor-law reduced their profits by crushing

rates, and practically, I believe, there are few instances of men having made fortunes out of cultivating the land. It is curious, too, how inveterate the tendency is to contrast the luxury of the present with the rustic simplicity of the past. There is a well-known distich in which the hunting farmer, with his fine-lady wife and her piano, his boys learning Greek and Latin, and his girls arrayed in silk and satin, is unfavourably compared with his ruder father or grandfather working like a drudge on his farm with all his family. But this distich, which is often quoted as if it were new and meant to describe the difference between the farmer of our own day and the farmer in the early part of the century—as, indeed, it well might be,—was really written in the early part of the century, and idealised the hard-working farmer in the reign of George II.

Another fact which strongly arrested my attention was the inordinate multiplication of middle-men between the farmer and the consumer, and its very important effect in diminishing the farmer's profits. The late Mr. Bence-Jones, who farmed on a large scale in the West of Ireland, assured me that butter made on his own estate paid *six* profits before it could reach the London householder—three in England and three in Ireland: to obviate which, for his own benefit, he supplied one of the London Clubs direct from his Irish dairy. A still more familiar illustration may be given. The breeding and keeping of fowls must have yielded a profit, however small, when fowls sold at three and sixpence a couple at country towns

sixty years ago; the expense of keeping and feeding them has since been somewhat reduced by the cheapness of meal and other foodstuffs; and, since they now fetch seven shillings a couple at similar towns, they ought to bring in a profit of at least a hundred per cent. But the hard-working and thrifty farmers' wives who then reared them and jogged to market with them have long passed away, and have been succeeded by dealers, who save the farmer much trouble, but relieve him of profit to a degree which few realise.

Of course, after my retirement from journalism, I had more leisure both for seeking a constituency and for enjoying London society. Many and amusing were my interviews with electioneering agents and local Committees, who had either heard of my campaigns at Woodstock, or found my name on the list of would-be candidates at the office of the Liberal Whip. Perhaps the most grotesque overture which I received was from an agent of some pretensions, who proposed to me that I should espouse the cause of a bogus claimant to a great estate—not the Tichborne estate—as the price of his support in a certain borough, where he was falsely represented to have great influence. I had more serious negotiations with some other boroughs, such as Brighton, Portsmouth, and Guildford, but was no longer prepared to accept anything less than a winning chance, and nearly all those which I declined proved losing chances in the end. On December 28, 1878, I delivered at Guildford a carefully-prepared Address on "Imperial-

ism and Liberal Policy," in which I endeavoured to draw the line between true and false Imperialism—the Imperialism which is opposed to a "Little England" conception of our colonial responsibilities, and the Imperialism of the so-called "Jingo" party, which seemed to measure national greatness by the constant annexation of new territories. Two years before, the Queen had assumed the title of Empress of India, a step which, in common with most Liberals, I then condemned, though I now think it may have been justified by adequate reasons of State. Those who defended it laid great stress on the assurance that Her Majesty would never be called Empress in the United Kingdom, and I always wondered that no one happened to quote the strangely apposite saying of Casca, in "Julius Cæsar," when he reports the intention of the Senate to make Cæsar a king:

> "And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
> In every place save here in Italy."

In those days there was no question of my standing for a county. Contests for counties, not yet subdivided, were too expensive for candidates of small means but prepared for hard work, such as those who often stand now for the new county divisions. These divisions exact an amount of speaking beyond anything formerly required, when a few great meetings were enough for an ordinary borough (though not for Woodstock), and a county candidate only needed to make one speech in each market-town, whereas he is now expected to make one in

each of sixty or seventy villages. Since the Corrupt Practices Act was passed, elections, and especially county elections, have become less costly, but I fear that in many cases more numerous subscriptions, as well as more frequent public appearances, are demanded from the sitting member. I have often predicted that, since these demands have grown heavier, and the House of Commons has ceased to be "the pleasantest Club in London," men of high social position and independent character would become less and less willing to solicit a seat in Parliament. It surely tells well for the energy and public spirit of English gentlemen that, so far, my predictions have not been verified.

No one man can be competent to offer a complete, or even an approximately complete, description of what is called London society at the end of the nineteenth century. Sir George Trevelyan, in his "Early Days of Charles James Fox," has reminded us how narrow the circle of this society was in the last half of the last century, and even at a later period in the reign of George III. it was possible for all who constituted it to be received at Court, and to be on terms of imaginary acquaintance with each other. Sir Algernon West, my junior by a year, but a much older Londoner, has drawn an excellent picture in his "Recollections," not only of every-day life in London soon after the Queen's accession, but of the notable personalities and privileged *salons* which still dominated the West End. Nowadays, this is wholly impossible;

London society consists of scores or hundreds of little systems whose orbits rarely touch each other; and I have myself dined out three or four times a week, for twenty or thirty years, without once meeting friends whom I knew to be dining out as often as myself in houses of the same class. I would not, therefore, presume to compare London society as it was some forty years ago with London society as it is now, especially as I was never a member of the gay world, and have mingled with it less than ever since it has been ruled by a younger generation.

No one, however, can have lived in London so much as I have, and for so many years, belonging to clubs and associating with friends of various types, without observing some features distinctive of our own time. It is needless to say that I do not reckon among these the organised pursuit of pleasure, the senseless despotism of fashion, the worship of rank among plebeians, or the ignoble deference to mere wealth among patricians. The West End of London has been "Vanity Fair" ever since the days of Pepys's and Evelyn's "Diaries," of Swift's "Journal to Stella," of Lord Hervey's "Memoirs," and of the many Diaries and Biographies illustrating social life and manners during the reign of George III. and the Regency. There have always been match-making mothers, scheming *aventurières*, oppressive rules of etiquette, mutual admiration societies, and exclusive coteries; indeed, no social tyranny within the last seventy years has been

so wide-spread and yet so centralised as that of Almack's. Even the practice not only of giving balls in borrowed houses, but of getting the guests invited by others with longer visiting-lists, is not, I believe, so modern as might be supposed. The shameless homage paid by aristocratic fortune-seekers to Hudson the Railway King, and by their wives to Mrs. Hudson, preceded by fifty years the pitiable disclosures elicited by the proceedings on Hooley's bankruptcy, the chief difference being that Hudson's suitors only sought allotments of shares below their value, while Hooley's nominees were alleged to have sold their names for lucrative directorships and large pecuniary bribes. The merit of novelty cannot be claimed for the London "crush" itself—that *reductio ad absurdum* of social intercourse—where the most eminent men and proudest women in the metropolis are to be seen painfully struggling up a staircase, where those who force an entrance into the drawing-room are so jammed that it takes several minutes to reach the other end of the room, where no two people can exchange a word of conversation in earnest, where getting out is as tedious as getting in, and where a perfect combination of all these discomforts constitutes a perfect success. In most essential respects, it may be said that London society is the same as ever; in some essential respects, it has been greatly improved. The disuse of hard drinking among gentlemen; the coincident, and perhaps consequent, abolition of duelling; the marked growth of philanthropy, and the almost

fashionable exhibition by the rich of practical sympathy with the poor—these are signs of the times which it is pleasant to recognise. Nor is it unworthy of notice that, by the action of some occult law, the race of dandies, who figured so largely in old novels, has well-nigh become extinct. Handsome young fellows may think somewhat too much of their personal appearance, and spend too much on dress ; but these are venial weaknesses, and sanctioned by the custom of many generations. Unlike the dandy of a hundred years ago, who seldom left the West End and never dreamed of athletic exercise, these same young fellows may be found on Scotch moors or Swiss mountains, and, if they happen to be in the Army, are ready to rough it with the hardiest in severe campaigns, as has been nobly shown in South Africa.

Still, there have been more doubtful changes in London society within the last thirty or forty years, and—let it be said frankly—since the Queen abandoned the leadership of it after the death of the Prince Consort. One of these changes, for good or for evil, is the much greater freedom claimed by and allowed to women, especially to young women. I am not one of those who take a censorious view of this inevitable change of manners, or think the worse of it because it may have been imported from America. Before it came in, I used to ask what Christianity and civilisation could be worth, if two young people of opposite sexes must not take a friendly walk together on pain of incurring suspicion

or scandal. I welcome the discovery that girls, no less than boys, are gifted with muscular powers, to be developed by exercise with benefit to their health, and the remarkable increase of strength and stature among young ladies which has been the fruit of this discovery. I regard with pleasure the assimilation of studies and tastes which has corrected the flimsiness of female education and encouraged boys to cultivate "accomplishments" without being ashamed of it, which has thus enriched the common stock of ideas and interests between young men and young women, and which enables them to share an innocent *camaraderie* formerly monopolised by one sex only in England, though not in America. I like to see young women manly, in the best sense, without being masculine, and young men as gentle and self-restrained as girls, without being effeminate; and I am statisfied that, on the whole, happier marriages will result from a relaxation of the old code of chaperonage. Nor do I wholly blame the extraordinary diminution of reserve which enables young people to exchange opinions on all possible subjects, no longer through whispers in the secret chambers, but through open talk in drawing-rooms, and even ballrooms. Having said thus much, I cannot shut my eyes to abuses, actual as well as possible, of the more liberal code which now prevails, abuses which occasionally show themselves in the conduct of young married women even more than in that of unmarried girls. I recall an interesting conversation with Mr. Gladstone, in which he dwelt

most earnestly on these abuses, and expressed a conviction that London society had become demoralised by the suspension of salutary restrictions. I combated his view as well as I could, but I confess that I should now do so with less confidence. Unless I am greatly misinformed, though London society as a whole is as pure as ever, there are larger and more numerous circles within it to which his strictures are justly applicable than I then supposed, or than was the fact when London was my chief home.

Another, but less serious, change which has come about within the last thirty or forty years is the marvellous increase of evening amusements and distractions, almost superseding friendly dinner-parties, among the many habitual patrons of theatres and similar entertainments, or converting such dinners into hurried but sumptuous meals at hotels or restaurants, preliminary to "going on." The decay of breakfast-parties, which I for one lament, is a change of less importance, because the enjoyment of them was confined to few, since men of business could seldom attend them, and ladies hardly ever appeared. But the survivors of those who could and did attend them would bear witness in their favour; and though I never aspired to rival the success of such hosts as Samuel Rogers or Lord Houghton, I invariably found that a breakfast-party of eight, composed of diverse elements, if it did not rise to being a feast of reason, at least promoted a flow of soul. In such a party, naturally dividing itself into two sets of four, it is possible for conversa-

tion sometimes to become general; and I think I have listened to better conversation across a breakfast-table than I have ever heard across a dinner-table. Unfortunately, the art of conversation, if not lost, has grievously degenerated under the influence of the same causes which have affected the style of journalism. I do not mean that "talking like a book" has ceased to be fashionable—that would, in itself, be an improvement—but that slang is the order of the day, even in good society; that few people deign to finish their sentences, or to let you finish yours; and that a real interchange of thought at social gatherings has become rarer than it used to be. Perhaps some of the best specimens of modern talk are to be heard in smoking-rooms; and I regret that my inveterate habit of going to bed early has caused me to lose so many of them.

Of course, the fashions of dissipation change as rapidly as the fashions of feminine dress, and if Major Pendennis should return to life, he would find much to astonish him. For instance, Clubs, Theatres, and Music Halls have sprung up like mushrooms since his day, grand Sunday water-parties and parties on the terrace of the House of Commons are still more recent innovations, and every summer contributes its own quota to new inventions of amusement. But the "London season" itself unhappily monopolises the same period of the year as ever, though it has been somewhat curtailed of late years at the end. In other countries a far

more rational apportionment of time prevails ; society enjoys the beauties of the country in the summer, and assembles in the capital for the winter. Even in this country the London season was once considered to end with June 4, being the birthday of George III. Assuming that Christmas must be spent in country-houses, the period between Christmas and Easter or Whitsuntide might naturally be appropriated to London gaieties, and I have never heard any reason alleged against this arrangement excepting the convenience of hunting-men. Now, hunting-men constitute but a fraction of London society as it is now constituted, and even they, if their country residences should happen to be within a moderate distance, might easily combine their choicest London engagements with two or three days a week of their favourite pastime. The Parliamentary Session already begins early in February, and if the Sovereign were to set the example of residing in London and holding levées or drawing-rooms before Easter, I greatly doubt whether either the allurements of hunting or the exigencies of Lent would stand in the way of this social revolution. Another social revolution, equally unexpected, has accomplished itself silently and insensibly in the present generation. Thirty years ago flats were comparatively few, and mainly occupied by old bachelors or strong-minded ladies. It was supposed that an Englishman's house would cease to be his castle unless it were protected by a separate hall-door, and that English traditions of domestic privacy

were too inveterate to admit of common staircases, not to speak of common refreshment-rooms. But these deeply-rooted ideas have been completely broken down. The convenience and economy of having all the rooms of a dwelling on one floor, with the advantage of being able to shut it up safely for months and leave the keys with a porter, are now so widely acknowledged, that vast blocks of flats have sprung up in every quarter of London, and command enormous rents. Indeed, the rents of bachelors' lodgings and chambers in Mayfair and the districts north and south of it have been almost doubled within my own recollection, and the young law student or City clerk of limited income must go further afield to find apartments within his means. But then underground railways have come to his aid, as well as cheap omnibuses traversing streets and squares formerly reserved for private carriages, or he can bicycle almost into the heart of the City along the Thames Embankment. These and like changes, superficial or radical, in the social life of London, would supply infinite materials for such diaries as that of Pepys; but no single diarist, nor even an organised company of diarists, could possibly group them into one synoptical picture for the benefit of future historians.

# CHAPTER XI

## SEXCENTENARY OF MERTON COLLEGE

## 1874

## IMPRESSIONS OF CAMBRIDGE

Sexcentenary of Merton College — Peterhouse — Contrasts between Oxford and Cambridge.

THE sexcentenary festival of Merton College, held in 1874, attracted attention beyond the confines of the University, as commemorating an event which in its consequences proved to be of national importance. The original foundation of the College, indeed, dates from 1264, and had been celebrated in 1864, but the first "House of Scholars" was located at Malden in Surrey, with a branch at Oxford, and it was not until 1274 that Oxford was designated as their exclusive and permanent home. Before that year, Oxford students had lived in monasteries, licensed halls, or private chambers, under little or no discipline, and in a state of squalid discomfort which is now difficult to conceive. It was to Walter de Merton that it first occurred to establish within the precincts of the University a great seminary of secular clergy, modelled on the monastic idea of self-government and domestic rule, but unmonastic and even anti-monastic in its objects and essential char-

acter. In founding Merton, he founded the College system in both the great English Universities, and his statutes of 1274, viewed across the interval of six centuries, astonish us by their comprehensive wisdom and foresight. These statutes continued in force within my own memory ; they are a marvellous repertory of minute and sagacious provisions governing every detail of College life, and they have become the pattern of all other College statutes at Oxford and Cambridge. It fell to my lot at the first sexcentenary celebration, in 1864, to propose the toast, "*Stet fortuna domus*" in an historical speech, which formed as it were a text for the "Memorials of Merton College," which I published twenty years later. In December 1884, Peterhouse, the oldest College in Cambridge, followed the example of Merton by celebrating the 600th anniversary of its foundation. This College, like the older Oxford Colleges, was in its origin almost a copy of Merton, and its founder expressly ordained that it should be governed according to Merton rules. Recognising this almost filial relation to my own College, the Master and Fellows kindly invited me to be present on the occasion, and to respond for the older society. The late Duke of Clarence was one of the company, which included an unusually brilliant assemblage of guests, and several very good after-dinner speeches were delivered, including one from Lowell, the American Minister. I cannot, however, forget my consternation when I looked down the list of toasts, and found that I was one of some thirty advertised to speak. Happily,

there was safety in numbers, and every one cut his speech mercifully short, but the festivities were inevitably prolonged to a very late hour.

This would not be the place to descant on the antiquities of Merton College, the interest of which is well known to all who have any acquaintance with the architectural history of the University. It is not, however, generally realised that Merton is the only College which has collegiate buildings of the thirteenth century, and the only College, except New College and (perhaps) Trinity, which has collegiate buildings of the fourteenth century, for the Saxon and Norman architecture of the Cathedral did not become collegiate until the reign of Henry VIII. The Merton Library is admitted to be the oldest specimen of mediæval libraries in England; but perhaps a still greater curiosity is the Merton Treasury, or muniment-room. In this antique and fireproof chamber, with its high-pitched roof of solid masonry, the records and title-deeds of the College have been safely guarded for six centuries, with a beautifully written and ornamented Catalogue, itself six hundred years old, and still in use, of the documents then in our possession. There is probably no family and no other institution in England which possesses such a relic, and I have always felt a certain pride in unlocking it to foreigners, especially to Americans, in whose native country buildings less than two hundred years old, and in the worst style of Georgian architecture, pass for being venerable. There are other English towns, such as London, York,

and Chester, far more ancient than Oxford, and many of our Castles and Abbeys were built a century or more before Merton was founded; but there are very few corporate bodies, if any, which have so unbroken a history of equal duration, partly based on contemporary lists of Wardens and Fellows regularly kept since the reign of Henry V., and partly on a domestic chronicle regularly continued since the reign of Richard III.

Of course, these are aspects of College life which cannot be explained by local guides to mixed parties of holiday-makers patrolling the College in summer, and which are only half appreciated by many residents; but I am quite sure that some of our visitors from the Continent and our Colonies have carried away from Merton deep impressions of how the home of an undying corporation may be preserved in an old country with the Conservative instinct of England. On several occasions, I had the pleasure of conducting such visitors over our buildings and gardens. In 1894, the College boarded and lodged for a week about twenty scientific men, both English and foreign, attending the famous meeting of the British Association when Lord Salisbury presided. They enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and their gratitude more than repaid us for any trouble incurred on their behalf. In 1895, I myself entertained in the College Hall a large party from the Geographical Congress then in session, and in 1897 I entertained a similar party of colonial guests, most of whom had come to England for the Queen's

Jubilee. In both cases I took care to show my parties a few of the objects best worth seeing in Merton and other Colleges, well knowing that no other place in Europe, except Cambridge, offers the same attractive spectacle of modern Academical life in a mediæval framework. I like to believe that among the many hundreds of friends who have kindly stayed with me in the Warden's house at Merton, not a few have imbibed a new sense of the respect due to associations so deeply rooted in the past, so fruitful of good in the present, so difficult to create, and yet so easy to destroy.

My visit to Peterhouse was but the renewal of a very old acquaintance with Cambridge. Indeed, my first view of it dates further back than my first view of Oxford, and, as I have mentioned, I spent a fortnight there in the summer of 1847, three years before I went into residence at Oxford. At that time my father intended me to be a member of Trinity, and only abandoned this intention on my breaking down in 1848, when he decided to avoid the risk of my overworking myself again in reading for double honours, little appreciating my distaste for Mathematics, and little foreseeing that I should actually read for two First Classes at Oxford. During the last fifty years, I have constantly revisited Cambridge, and been hospitably entertained at King's, Peterhouse, St. John's, Trinity Hall, and, above all, Trinity College, the present master of which, Dr Butler, is one of my oldest friends. Until the *Ad Eundem* and *Ambarum* Clubs were founded for the

purpose of bringing together young Dons of the two Universities, it used to be said that no one was so ignorant of Oxford as a Cambridge man, or of Cambridge as an Oxford man. That was never my case. Ever since my early acquaintance with Cambridge, I have always recognised it and felt towards it as the sister University, never countenancing invidious comparisons between it and my own, or doubting its claim to complete equality with Oxford in all respects but antiquity. Even in this respect I see no reason to believe that it was far behind, nor have I yet embraced the learned theory of Mr. H. Rashdall, that as Oxford was (or must have been) a swarm from Paris, so Cambridge was (or must have been) a swarm from Oxford. What is certain is that Oxford was by far the more eminent University in the Middle Ages; that with the Renaissance and the Reformation Cambridge became a formidable rival and perhaps took precedence; that Oxford resumed the lead in the seventeenth century until the unique fame of Newton brought Cambridge again to the front; that Cambridge more than maintained this position in the eighteenth century, and that in the nineteenth century there has been a generous competition on perfectly even terms between our two older Universities. From a foreign point of view, indeed, no difference is perceptible, unless it be in natural beauties and dignity of surroundings, though it is very difficult to surpass the combination of buildings, foliage, and water at Cambridge in the Summer Term. Nevertheless,

there are differences, as Oxford and Cambridge men know, which, being characteristic, may be worth noticing.

I will first mention certain points in which I should assign the superiority to Cambridge. Though it has lately borrowed much from the Oxford system of reading the classics mainly for the sake of their substance, its studies are still far less speculative, and therefore more conducive to docility of mind. There is less cultivation of style, which is not an unmixed advantage, but there is also more intolerance of specious rhetoric. Again, there is a greater disposition among Cambridge than among Oxford students to mind their own business, that of education and learning, rather than to enlighten the world on theology and politics. I have always thought it creditable and beneficial to Cambridge that it had no Cambridge "Movement," and I can sympathise with the *esprit de corps* of an eminent Cambridge wrangler who meditated joining the Church of Rome, but drew back on being reminded that he would be the first man of his order to go over. Hence the Evangelical school of thought has been more strongly represented at Cambridge ever since the days of Simeon, and the strange alliance between Radicalism and Ritualism has scarcely reared its baleful head in that University. The Cambridge examination system, too, if it be somewhat narrower in its scope, seems to me to fulfil its ends better, to be more carefully worked, and to produce more accurate results. There may be a question whether the schools of Natural Science at

Cambridge set before themselves so high an aim as those at Oxford, but no one can deny that in make-shift buildings, far less ambitious and infinitely less expensive than those at Oxford, a larger number of students are extremely well taught. Partly because it is less overrun by visitors, but partly also because it cherishes old-fashioned traditions of a scholar's life, Cambridge retains more simplicity of habits than Oxford, and is enviably free from a too modern atmosphere of thought and action.

On the other hand, in my judgment, Cambridge has much to learn from Oxford as regards its collegiate and tutorial system. Not to speak of the other larger Colleges, the mere size of Trinity is hopelessly fatal to its social and disciplinary unity, constituting it in fact a University within a University. But, apart from the disproportionate size of Trinity and one or two other Colleges, the whole idea of tutorial superintendence differs materially at the two Universities. For instance, a Cambridge undergraduate's bills are supposed to be sent in by his tradespeople through his tutor—a degree of surveillance which is not professed at Oxford. But then his tutor is not supposed to be the director of his studies, and, as I have already said, a parent who has already paid tuition-fees discovers that, if his son is to be really instructed, he must pay extra fees to a coach. An amusing illustration of this is the so-called "Long Vacation Term" at Cambridge. Residence during the Long Vacation is not recognised at all by the University ; neither Professors nor College tutors,

as such, have anything to do with it; what is meant by the expression is merely that certain eminent coaches agree to instruct their pupils at Cambridge during a part of the summer, instead of taking them on reading-parties, and Colleges facilitate this by letting men stay up. But so necessary is coaching that such informal arrangements suffice to create a "Long Vacation Term." There are other respects in which greater laxity and freedom are allowed to students under the Cambridge than under the Oxford system. For example, it is much easier to obtain leave of absence for a night or two during Term-time, and permission to give dinner-parties in College rooms; against which, however, may be set the stricter enforcement of rules enjoining the use of Academical costume. A curious proof of this came under my own notice, when a Unionist meeting, addressed by the Duke of Argyll and the Master of Trinity, as well as by myself, was disturbed and nearly broken up by a rowdy mob of Home Rulers, headed by undergraduates in caps and gowns. It may be added that Cambridge Colleges are supposed to adopt a lower standard of proficiency for the admission of freshmen—a supposition which those best acquainted with the Oxford standard will be the slowest to credit. It is more certain that Cambridge has opened its arms wider to welcome medical and other professional studies, including that of engineering, but I am not prepared to regard this as any degradation of the Academical ideal. One of its effects has been to undermine the exclusive dualism of "classics" and

"mathematics," which so long distinguished Cambridge, and made Cambridge men wonder that Oxford men had so large a stock of knowledge and interests in common. Still less would I indicate as a mark of inferiority the comparative narrowness of "society" at Cambridge. No doubt, the great influx of non-Academical residents has improved Oxford as a social centre, but the question remains whether it is well for a University town to be an attractive social centre, and whether the very fact of its resembling London so little is not an important gain on the side of Cambridge.

# CHAPTER XII

## IMPRESSIONS OF SOME POLITICAL AND LITERARY CHARACTERS

Reminiscences of statesmen—Mr. Gladstone's first Cabinet—Lord Granville, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Forster, Lord Selborne, Mr. Gladstone—Reminiscences of other eminent men, John Stuart Mill, Henry Fawcett, Freeman, Froude, Matthew Arnold, Huxley, Archbishop Tait, Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, Sir Andrew Clark—Parliamentary, pulpit, and platform eloquence.

As a journalist, and a candidate for Parliament, mixing freely in London Society for some twenty-five years, I was naturally brought into contact with many persons who played an important part in the politics of the last generation, and was in intimate relations with some of them. I shall not, however, attempt to add another series of literary portraits to so many which have lately appeared, but only to record briefly and simply the impression left upon me by some of the eminent men whom I have personally known. The statesmen of the period before the Queen's reign were fast passing away when I began to live in London, and I was not in a position to meet them in private life. Earl Russell I knew but slightly, and not until after his retirement from office, when he was occupying Lord Tennyson's house near Haslemere. Lord Palmerston and Lord

Beaconsfield I never met but once in society—and that, strange to say, was in Mr. Gladstone's house—on two different evenings. Sir George Grey, having been a friend of my father, was very kind to me; I consulted him in difficulties on two occasions, and, like all who knew him, I had the highest respect not only for his character, but for his capacity and judgment. Except Sir Robert Peel, and perhaps Sir James Graham, he represented better than any one of his day the older traditions and dignified manners of English statesmanship: when he retired, he never thought of keeping himself before the public eye by any of the arts now so familiar to us; and when he died, after some years of modest seclusion, the general public had long been unconscious of his existence. When Mr. Gladstone took office in December 1869, his Cabinet was composed of fifteen Ministers, all of whom, except Lord Hatherley and Lord Clarendon, I was fortunate enough to know as friends. This was probably the strongest Cabinet, in respect of intellectual ability, that has ever been constructed in our own times. Six of its members were Oxford men of the highest Academical as well as Parliamentary distinction; all the rest were men of great political experience and reputation. Five of the fifteen are still living—the Dukes of Argyll and Devonshire, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Kimberley, and Mr. Goschen, one of my oldest personal friends. Of these I will not presume to speak, for, though I think a rule *De vivis nil nisi bonum* would be quite as reasonable as *De mortuis*

*nil nisi bonum*, I confess that I dislike the modern practice of publishing obituary notices of contemporaries during their lifetime. I will, therefore, only mention the remarkable power of adaptation shown by Mr. Goschen, when he was suddenly transferred from the Poor-Law Board, of which he had thoroughly mastered the business, to the Admiralty, where he had everything to learn.

My acquaintance with Lord Granville grew up in a way very characteristic of him. I had never been introduced to him, but I suppose he must have heard of me when he began nodding to me in Rotten Row, of which both of us were *habitués*, following it up by asking me to dinner, and ending by admitting me to his friendship and staying with me at Oxford. His was a notable example of a man with no special training for politics and with no special love of work, yet gifted with such a combination of patrician self-possession, genial affability, instinctive tact, and real tenacity of purpose, that he was able to fill great offices of State with success, and to lead his party admirably in the House of Lords, whether in opposition or in power. Here the velvet glove almost sufficed by itself, and it was hardly ever necessary for the iron hand to be felt beneath it. In foreign affairs it was otherwise. Perhaps he sometimes miscalculated the efficacy of Parliamentary address in applying it to diplomacy in earnest, especially when he was playing the diplomatic game against such opponents as Gortschakoff and Bismarck, for whom he was scarcely a match. Mr. Bruce, afterwards

Lord Aberdare, had something in common with Lord Granville, being the kindliest of men, a man of great accomplishments, and an ornament of society. He was a worthy pupil of Sir George Grey at the Home Office, and, though I doubt whether he ever quite enjoyed his work as Home Secretary under Mr. Gladstone, he did it manfully and without sparing himself. His Licensing Bill was, no doubt, a Parliamentary failure, but not owing to any intrinsic demerits; and I believe there are few conversant with the subject who have not come to recognise that it was framed on a sound basis, and would have gone far to settle one of the most intractable of domestic questions. It should ever be remembered, to Lord Aberdare's honour, that when Mr. Gladstone found himself unable to offer him a seat in a later Cabinet, under the necessity of importing new blood, he accepted his retirement with admirable temper, and gave his old chief a most loyal support from outside.

Mr. Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, was probably one of the cleverest men who has entered the House of Commons in the last half-century. Having been a great scholar and teacher, he loved to disparage the value of scholarship, and gave the rein to his spontaneous wit in conversation after a fashion the very reverse of pedantry or deference to authority. No Minister was ever more unguarded, or less inclined to regard discretion as the better part of valour in politics, and his offhand proposal of the unlucky Match-tax certainly helped to weaken the

Government. But he was a perfectly honest politician, and a genuine man; one proof of which was his close and lifelong friendship with his schoolfellows, Lord Cardwell and Lord Selborne, than whom no two persons could have been found more different from him in temperament and character. He began his political career in Australia, and was always fond of referring to his Australian life. Being once forced into a lawsuit with a clever solicitor, he was advised by friends to compromise the dispute with an opponent likely to prove his superior in sharp practice. This advice Lowe indignantly rejected. "I tell you," he said, "that I've been to Botany Bay myself, and I know as many scoundrels as he does." His Speeches on Reform in 1866, since published in a volume, were the most brilliant and argumentative series of Parliamentary orations delivered in that decade of political history, and later experience has verified too many of the predictions contained in them. I had occasion to study them carefully, as I undertook the arduous task of replying to them in another volume entitled "Essays on Reform." I there pointed out, what I still hold, that Mr. Lowe had laid undue stress on the ignorance, venality, selfishness, and other vices of the working-classes, but I now see that I fell into an error against which Mr. Lowe had not sufficiently warned his readers. I assumed too easily that candidates of the higher class would do their best to educate the new constituencies, and, without rising altogether superior to party bias, would appeal to

the better feelings and aspirations of their hearers. Mr. Lowe's acquaintance with demagogy in Australia had convinced him of the very reverse. He knew that men of ability and professing high principles would not scruple to flatter the prejudices, pander to the passions, and inflame the class antipathies, of voters whom they might have educated, for the sake of winning their support. This is exactly what has occurred, and had I clearly discerned this aspect of the question, while I should have advocated a moderate extension of the franchise on other grounds, I should have appreciated more justly the force of Mr. Lowe's reasoning. I do not think he ever quite forgave me for measuring swords with him in print, *haud viribus æquis*, but a short letter which I received from him, after sending him a copy of "Essays on Reform," may be worthy not only of quotation but of consideration.

"34 Lowndes Square,
*March* 15, 1867.

"My dear Brodrick,—"I am much obliged to you for your book, and not at all aggrieved by your critique. Indeed I ought to feel much flattered that mere speeches are thought worth so serious a controversy. Let me point out to you, what seems to have been generally overlooked, that *permanence* is an element in my idea of good government, and that this disposes of the argument which represents my principles as tending to arbitrary power. One of the great merits, in my mind, of existing things in England is that they offer, if let alone, a guarantee for their permanence.

"I don't know exactly what meaning you attach to the word 'Right.' I mean such a claim as a man may assert by force or by the aid of the State without violating

the Law of the Land. All other uses of the term seem to me metaphors, and have this evil, that they imply the justification of the individual in giving effect to them, making him both Judge and Executioner in his own case. But my objection is to *à priori* reasoning of any kind, not merely from rights. You seem to think the way to judge whether a measure should be adopted is to look to equality, justice, and so on. I think you should rather look to the effects such a measure has had in similar cases. Thus, for instance, before we adopt the Municipal Franchise we ought to inquire how it has worked in Municipal Elections. To you, I suppose, that would seem quite superfluous, and yet it is the way in which we proceed in all other questions except Reform. In page 23 I think you assume inconsistencies which do not exist. Is there anything inconsistent in objecting to a £7 franchise, and saying that the working-man may attain the £10 if he will? Or that people *now* indifferent to the Franchise may, *when they have it*, use it ill? Or that property may be swamped by the votes of millionaires who bribe and eke out their bribery by all kinds of humiliating pledges, just as you see Irish Landlords ready for the sake of a seat in Parliament to advocate measures going directly to the destruction of their own class?

"Pray excuse these rough notes, which will show you at any rate that I have read your essay.

"Believe me always,

"Very truly yours,

"R. Lowe."

When Household Suffrage was proposed by the Conservative Government in the following year, Mr. Lowe vigorously opposed it, but with far less effect. On my noticing this contrast in conversation with Mr. Gladstone, he replied, "Do you suppose it is as easy to turn against the stream as to swim with it?"

Mr. Cardwell, as I have already said, belonged to an entirely opposite type. If ever there was a Peelite, he was one, inheriting both Peel's caution and Peel's readiness to carry out the will of "the country," once ascertained and declared. His distrust of democracy was as great as Lowe's, and I remember his ridiculing, in 1866, the existence of a real popular demand for Reform; but he voted steadily for it, and, when it was carried, he well knew how to address large bodies of his new household constituents in the City of Oxford, which he long represented. It may be remembered that W. M. Thackeray was once brought forward in opposition to him at a bye-election, but was easily defeated, after discovering his own incapacity of public speaking. Cardwell told me himself that, soon after Thackeray's first visit to Oxford, he fell in with him at the Athenæum Club, when Thackeray remarked: "Well, Cardwell, you know that I have been down among your d—d constituents. Of course, I did not expect that all of them would have read my novels, but I certainly did expect that most of them would have heard of me; instead of which, I found that the question on every one's lips was—'Who the devil is Thackeray?'" Without being a powerful speaker, Cardwell stated a case with admirable clearness; and without having the aggressive dash which is prized in Opposition, he was an excellent debater, and a tower of strength to his party in office. But he knew the limits of his own powers, and I more than suspect that, in accept-

ing a peerage on Mr. Gladstone's retirement in 1874, one of his chief motives was the desire to escape all risk of the leadership in the Commons being pressed upon him. For there was little or no love of fight in him, or, as he once said to me, in reference to one of Gladstone's fiery outbursts—"I suppose we do not all know what it is to have a volcano in one's breast." His true *forte* lay in the work of administration. He was the very model of an able and conscientious public servant, leaving a reputation second to none both at the Colonial Office and at the War Office, where his decisive action in the abolition of the Purchase-system astonished those who mistook his prudence for timidity.

During the period of his rule at the Colonial Office, and especially during the crisis of the Jamaica affair, on which I was constantly engaged as a journalist, I was in confidential intercourse with him, and had many opportunities of knowing what was passing behind the official scenes. The course which he took from the first seemed to me singularly judicious, and I was particularly struck by his prompt recognition of the essential fact that before a certain date nearly all the acts of the Jamaica government were excusable, if not justifiable, but that after that date its policy in setting up a reign of terror, by way of giving the negroes a lesson never to be forgotten, was absolutely and wholly indefensible. While, however, he felt it his duty to issue a Commission, and ultimately to supersede Governor Eyre, a single passage from one of his letters to me suffices to show

that he was fully capable of appreciating the other side. "It appears to me that the public is now beginning to remember that white people, and loyal people, are entitled to some sympathy, as well as rebel negroes, and that the events which occurred in Jamaica between Wednesday 11th and Sunday 15th urgently required to be repressed by the most vigorous measures." The gradual decay of his faculties which preceded his death, as it did that of his old friend Lowe, was a peculiarly severe trial for him, but he bore it patiently and with a quiet dignity natural to him.

I never knew John Bright personally until his time of storm and stress was over, and he had long ceased to be the fierce tribune of the people. The only two speeches which I heard him deliver were at the close of the American War, and, though fine, were not among his greatest. It has often been denied that he made careful preparation for his speeches, the very form of which is a conclusive proof that he did so; but I can only bear witness that I saw him deliberately use notes covering eight or ten pages of note-paper for a speech in St. James's Hall occupying less than half an hour. He would have been the last to compare himself with Gladstone in range of knowledge and dialectical resource, but, notwithstanding his lack of scholarly training, his best orations were superior to Gladstone's as compositions, and rang truer on a critical ear, if they were read aloud. Whatever may have been his rhetorical method, he stood almost alone in the

political world as a master of simple but lofty eloquence, enhanced by

> "that great voice which, rising, brought
> Red wrath to faces pale with thought,
> And, falling, fell with showers of tears."

When he came to visit me at Oxford, in 1884, I reminded him that he had described the University as "that home of dead languages and undying prejudices," upon which he volunteered something very like a recantation. No one could be pleasanter or less exacting as a guest; he enjoyed being shown the historical sights of Oxford, consorted most amicably with Dons, attended our College Chapel, and gave our house-party a short *résumé* of "Joshua Davidson" (which he greatly admired), with so much fervour and pathos as to reveal the secret of his influence over large audiences. I was much gratified by his assurance that he had twice read through my volume, "English Land and English Landlords," adding, with genuine modesty, that he never could understand the process of composing a solid book of that kind.

A year or two later, when an honorary D.C.L. degree was to be conferred upon him, he stayed with Dr. Tylor. I have understood that he feared lest a neat and appropriate speech in reply should be expected of him, and was much relieved to hear that it would be quite out of order. On the other hand, some people absurdly fancied that he might object to donning the scarlet gown of a D.C.L. as something between a Court costume and a military

uniform—both equally repulsive to him. Instead of which, he was said to have been so pleased with his gorgeous robe, when he was once in it, that it was not easy to get him out of it.

No doubt many critics, and especially those provoked by his stout opposition to Home Rule, profess to be shocked by the alleged inconsistency between his earlier and later career. I see no such inconsistency, except what may fairly be explained by the enlargement of his experience. Broad as his sympathies always were, he was brought up in a narrow school of politics and religious thought. For instance, he was never tired of denouncing the landed aristocracy and clergy of the Established Church as bitter enemies of enlightenment and progress. When he came to know them better, he found that with some faults of their respective classes they combined virtues not so common in the millowners and Nonconformists among whom he moved, and had the candour to own his mistake. His attitude to Home Rule was simply that of an honest man deceived by a section of his colleagues, and suddenly urged by his chief to adopt a policy which the whole Liberal Party had been solemnly repudiating, in alliance with men whom he regarded, and did not scruple to describe, as "rebels." Very soon after Mr. Gladstone thus sprung Home Rule upon the country, I ventured, under great pressure from Unionist friends, to ask Mr. Bright whether he would accept an invitation to address the Palmerston Club. His reply seems to me characteristic enough to be preserved.

"Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.,
*March* 9, 1886.

"My dear Mr. Brodrick,—Your two letters have reached me.

"I shall have to ask your friends to excuse me if I am unable to accept their proposed invitation. I am very weary of speaking, and just now there is so much confusion that I seem to feel as if not wisdom only but safety is to be found in silence. The name of the Palmerston Club rather amuses me—it is strange that its members should think of my being a guest at one of its meetings. I have just been reading Mr. Greville's Memoirs. His account of Lord Palmerston is something very scandalous and very shocking; but I believe he says no more than is true. I believe him to have been the worst Foreign Minister that we have seen in our time, and that his Policy generally was a continued crime against the real interests of his country and against the peace of Europe.

"It may be that his *name* is but a *name* for the Club, and that his Policy is forgotten, or, if remembered, only to be condemned.

"I have quitted the platform, and no longer feel the warm interest that is required to make me speak.

"Age comes on apace, and with it brings weariness and desire for rest. I consider myself no longer an actor, and, as a spectator, far less deeply or hotly interested than in past times and in now settled questions. It is not necessary that you should say to your friends all I have written. You will thank them for me for their friendly notice and remembrance of me.

"I thank you for your suggestion that I should spend another Sunday at your house. I remember my former visit with much pleasure.—Always sincerely yours,

"John Bright.

"Honble. Geo. C. Brodrick."

In the last conversation which I had with Mr. Gladstone, though I was studiously reticent on

politics, he went so far as to deplore Bright's recent aberrations, as he called them, which, he thought, might be partly due to a feeling of resentment, on Bright's part, against the ingratitude shown him by Irish Nationalists—a remark to which I made no reply. However this may be, Bright's convictions on the subject of Home Rule assuredly lay very deep, and were never shaken, though his growing sense of failing powers disabled him from pleading the Unionist cause, with his old vigour, on the platform. This sense of weakness finds expression in the letter which I have quoted, and in another letter, dated December 6, 1887, he speaks yet more emphatically of his own failing powers: "I am forced to resist invitations to meetings and dinners, and to content myself with writing a letter now and then on the great disturbing question. I find myself much older during this year, and I cannot afford to disregard the warnings which gathering years impress upon the mind."

Neither Mr. Chichester Fortescue, afterwards Lord Carlingford, nor Mr. Hugh Childers, struck me as men of quite the same calibre as those of their colleagues whom I have specially named. Nevertheless, they were both extremely capable men, and left their mark on the Departments over which they presided. Without being a born Irishman, Mr. Fortescue knew more of Ireland before taking office than any Chief Secretary who has succeeded him. He was for governing Ireland according to Irish ideas, but upon strictly Unionist principles, and under

strictly Imperial control. It was he who inspired, if he did not actually frame with legal advice, the Irish Land Act of 1870, a measure which, though not without blemishes, was a perfect model of far-sighted legislation, as compared with the eminently unjust and unstatesmanlike Act of 1881. This was his one important contribution to Irish reform, but he was always understood to favour the educational claims of the Irish Catholics, when the very idea of "concurrent endowment" was scouted by Liberals. He was not, however, a man to force his own views on a Cabinet or on his party, being too fastidious and scrupulous in mind for the rough work of politics, if his physical and moral stamina had been equal to it. Perhaps, too, he was too much the husband of Frances, Countess of Waldegrave, to be estimated as he deserved for his own ability, and, soon after her death, being himself in failing health, he practically retired from public life. Mr. Childers's strong and weak points were very different. He was essentially a man of business, and for this reason was valued most highly by Gladstone, who always seemed to be attracted by men with more pretence to knowledge of the world than himself. I do not presume to criticise the merit of his administrative reforms at the Admiralty and the War Office, but my own belief is that he was somewhat out of his element at both; that his proper sphere of action was at the Treasury, and that he was rather a financier than a statesman or administrator in the highest sense. At the same time, his

air of self-confidence and robust appearance concealed a gentleness of nature and variety of culture which revealed itself in private life.

Almost the same may be said of Mr. W. E. Forster, who was not an original member of Gladstone's first Cabinet, but filled a leading place in the Government as Vice-President of the Education Department, and was so well known as Chief Secretary for Ireland in Gladstone's second Cabinet. Forster was a sturdy Yorkshireman, of stalwart build, and simple Quaker manners which sometimes verged upon rudeness, but with a warm heart, a truly religious character, and a single-minded zeal for the public good. Having long been known as a man of exceptional energy in his own county, he came into notice in the House of Commons as a staunch adherent of the Unionist cause during the American Civil War, and then passed for a thorough-going Radical. As Minister of Education, however, he showed an unexpected capacity of conciliating opponents, and (it must be added) of irritating extremists on his own side of the House. The fact is that he was determined to carry a comprehensive Education Act, and that he measured both the forces wielded by the champions of Voluntary Schools, and the services which they were capable of rendering to a National system of Education, more justly than most of his implacable critics. I remember his saying (before the Fenian convicts were released) that Gladstone and himself were both hampered in their legislative efforts by the action of their extreme Left Wing, but he added,

with a sly look, "Gladstone has this advantage over me, that many of his Extreme Left are in prison." In his Irish policy, he laboured under the fatal delusion, shared by other Liberal optimists ignorant of Irish history, that large doses of remedial legislation, as prescribed by well-meaning English statesmen, would suffice to cure the unrest, discontent, and love of anarchy, which have been the curse of Ireland for so many centuries. The inevitable failure of this treatment shocked and distressed him; he knew too much of the country to adopt Bright's reckless *dictum* that "force is no remedy," but the method of applying force under the Coercion Act on which he relied proved almost abortive, and the "Kilmainham Treaty" closed his Irish Administration. While less than justice has been done to Forster in regard to some others of his public acts, more than justice has been done to him in regard to this untoward transaction. Unhappily, it is not the fact that he indignantly rejected the proposal to enter into any negotiations with Parnell, then in Kilmainham jail. On the contrary, these negotiations were expressly sanctioned by him, and he broke away from the Government, not because they ended in an agreement, fairly described as a Treaty, but rather because this unworthy Treaty was not sufficiently formal and effective. Meanwhile, he was perfectly unconscious of the murderous conspiracy which dogged his footsteps daily, and I have myself taken a walk of some length with him in the Phœnix Park, after dark, unarmed, and with-

out escort or attendance, at a time when, as it was afterwards shown by evidence, assassins were constantly lying in wait for him.

Lord Selborne, as is well known, did not enter Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet until after the settlement of the Irish Church question. His admirable character and unblemished career are faithfully portrayed in his Memoirs. His extraordinary success at the Bar, and his conscientious distribution of judicial patronage, will long be remembered by his own profession. His transcendent powers of work almost amounted to genius, and as they have probably never been equalled by any lawyer of our own day who remained in practice for an equal time, I could wish that more instances of his dialectical resource and physical endurance had been recorded in the materials which he left for publication. He was said to be rather supercilious in his consultations with juniors, and his bearing on two Commissions of which I was a member enables me to understand this complaint, but I have reason to speak gratefully of his kindness and consideration during thirty or forty years of private friendship.

My knowledge of Mr. Gladstone himself dated from his visit to Oxford in 1855, when he took kindly notice of my Prize Essay on Representative Government. In 1859, I was one of three Secretaries of his London Committee during his contest for the University of Oxford, and, owing to my two co-secretaries being more or less disabled, I had to pull the labouring oar on the Committee for some days together.

Again, in 1865, I rendered as much service on his Committee as my journalistic duties allowed. In these and other ways I came into frequent contact with him ; he was fully cognisant of my Parliamentary ambition, and he did me the honour to give me a general invitation to his Thursday morning breakfasts—a privilege of which I availed myself yearly for many years. These breakfasts were an institution of long standing, and took place on Thursdays after Easter during the rest of the Session. Besides Mr. Gladstone's own family, there were probably one or two old friends who might come in without notice, other guests were specially invited for the occasion, but younger men like myself who had the *entrée* wrote beforehand to ascertain which Thursday would best suit his convenience. The party was almost always a mixed one, and there was no visible attempt to harmonise its elements, yet it always seemed to be well assorted, and Mr. Gladstone could hardly be seen to better advantage. It was impossible not to treat so illustrious a man without a certain deference, but he never exacted it, and though all were naturally anxious to draw him out in talk, I never observed in him the least tendency to monopolise conversation. On the contrary, he eagerly took up any topic started by others, showed a courteous respect for differences of opinion, and accepted the rule of " give and take " in discussion, as if unconscious of any superiority.

It happened that more than once, when I breakfasted with him, a political crisis was impending which might well have engrossed his mind, but he

betrayed no sign of care or anxiety ; and he was equally cheerful and natural when I rode with him in the Park just before one of his Budget speeches, about which he talked without much reserve. I think it was on this occasion that he spoke of Sir Robert Peel as having never quite shaken off the fear of a Protectionist reaction, or definitely pledged himself not to resume office. It has often been said that he was deficient in the sense of humour, and it must be admitted that he sometimes missed fire in sallies intended to be humorous, and sometimes failed to catch the humours of his audience. But he certainly was not incapable of seeing himself as others saw him ; on the contrary, he keenly entered into the spirit of the random attacks to which he was always exposed. He may have enjoyed being treated as a demigod, but he could laugh heartily at being treated as a lion ; and he once told me, with a full sense of its comical aspect, that he had received an invitation from an eminent American to visit the United States upon a guarantee of £250 a night.

What he may have been in official relations I have no means of judging, but I shall always bear witness that in his own house I found him entirely free from "donnishness," never overbearing, and far more genial in his intercourse with myself than two or three of his less eminent colleagues, whom I knew more intimately. I was equally struck with this characteristic when he kindly came to call upon me during his visit to Oxford *en garçon* in 1891, and when I went to call upon him at Hawarden the year

but one before his death. He was, of course, well aware that I had most strongly condemned his Irish policy, and had long ceased to be one of his followers; but his manner was as cordial as ever, and he talked as freely about matters of common interest—not excluding politics altogether—as if no such gulf yawned between us. Since he has been popularly canonised, all the world professes the same absolute confidence in the goodness of his private character which I, for one, never lost or disguised; but I cannot forget that, in past times, even this was sometimes made the sport of malicious gossip by men who now adulate his memory.

My estimate of his public character is essentially the same as that lately published by Mr. Lecky, as well as that embodied in Lord Selborne's Memoirs, and this is not the place to justify it. I may, however, say that, with the fullest appreciation of his marvellous gifts, I had never for a moment looked up to him as a sound Liberal or a far-sighted statesman. In short, I never was a Gladstonian. I had myself adopted the Liberal creed under other auspices, in 1852; and from the moment that he joined the Liberal camp, as a somewhat intractable recruit, in 1853, I was often out of sympathy with his political conduct, and still more often with the reasons by which he defended it. For instance, having stoutly opposed the University Test Bill, he once took me aside after a breakfast-party, and asked me how far the Oxford Reformers were determined to go. I told him that we only desired all degrees (except in

Theology) and all such Academical emoluments as Fellowships or Scholarships, to be thrown open to students without distinction of creed. His reply was: "Well, I admit that some day you will get it, but we shall all be cold in our graves before you do." When his own Government, within a very few years, carried a measure conceding, in effect, all that had been demanded, I was enabled to measure the value of his political sagacity. Still, in common with all Liberals, I accepted him as a necessary leader of the Liberal Party, and when he was known to intend retiring from that position at the end of 1874, I complied with a request that I would draw up a memorial, afterwards signed by many Liberal members of Parliament, begging him to reconsider his decision. But, if I had ever felt any confidence in his judgment or true statesmanship, it would have been finally shattered by his passionate and one-sided agitation on the so-called Bulgarian atrocities. To invoke a *plébiscite* on a most difficult and complicated question of foreign policy—to consult, as an oracle, great mass-meetings of people who could not have pointed to Bulgaria on the map, and were childishly ignorant of its history and condition—to parade before Europe (including Russia) the resolutions passed by these meetings at the dictation of wire-pullers, as if they were the deliberate conclusions of the national intelligence and conscience—to repudiate with scorn any treaty rights pleaded by Turkey, yet to insist with the implacable hate of Shylock on any treaty rights urged against Turkey—all this seemed to me so appalling

an exhibition of unwisdom and injustice that, having always mistrusted Gladstone as a guide, I ceased thenceforth to regard him even as my leader.

I was, therefore, less surprised than many Liberals when he suddenly turned round on his former declarations, and announced his conversion to Home Rule. The motive of this conversion was self-evident, but I must say, in fairness to him, that I believe his mind had been long tending in the direction of Home Rule, as that of Sir Robert Peel had been long gravitating towards a Repeal of the Corn Laws. He never met the Home Rule motions of Mr. Butt with a direct refusal to dismember the United Kingdom, but only with a protest against being asked to accept so wide-reaching a principle without having seen it embodied in a working scheme. One slight incident confirmed my suspicion that he was beginning to harbour the idea in the summer of 1885, when I was starting for a voyage to the Norwegian Fiords. On hearing that I was bound for Norway, Gladstone earnestly counselled me to make a careful study of the constitutional union of that country with Sweden, already more or less shaken, and I could not but see that he was himself meditating on this favourite (but very unfortunate) example of Home Rule, on which he and others afterwards laid so much stress. I had very few opportunities, however, of talking politics with him, and, when I did so, I was favourably impressed by his candour. Thus, I once ventured to draw him out on the famous letter in

which he declared the destruction of the Irish Church to be outside the sphere of practical politics, when his seat at Oxford was in danger, and only three years before he led a crusade against that Church as established by law. Instead of seeking to evade responsibility for his own words, he quoted another emphatic declaration of his to the same purpose, but minimised its effect by assuring me that he then regarded the question as one reserved for a somewhat remote future. He did not explain who, or what, had forced it into immediate and exclusive prominence.

Again, in 1874, when I was about to write a pamphlet entitled "Five Years of Liberal Policy and Conservative Opposition," I had a long conversation with him, in which I sought to elicit the general plan of campaign which he proposed to himself on taking office at the end of 1868. My own notion had been that, finding many arrears of legislation awaiting him, after a long period of comparative inaction, he had consciously mapped out a series of reforms, beginning with the abolition of the Irish Church, to be accomplished, in due order, during his term of administration. This notion he entirely dispelled, stating frankly that he came in to disestablish the Irish Church, without any very definite conception of further measures to be introduced, but had utilised his surplus of Parliamentary energy for the Irish Land Bill, the Education Bill, and other legislative tasks. In criticising the conduct of the Opposition, as in

some cases unpatriotic, he recalled the fact of having been himself rebuked by Sir Robert Peel for voting with O'Connell on some trifling issue raised to damage the Whigs. This kind of *liaison* Peel condemned as inconsistent with the higher traditions of English politics—little foreseeing on how grand a scale it would be repeated by the very statesman who then bowed to his admonitions. During the same interview, Gladstone specially charged me to acknowledge the patriotic attitude of Disraeli on the relations of Great Britain with the United States, and, on reading my pamphlet, gave me credit for having done so, apparently forgetting that it was his own suggestion. The letter which I received from him on this occasion is a good specimen of his ordinary conversation on the new Conservatism.

"21 Carlton House Terrace, S.W.,
*July* 23, 1874.

"My dear Mr. Brodrick,

"I received your pamphlet this morning, and I must lose no time in thanking you for it. There *was* certainly a great gap: you have completely filled it by a masterly performance. I am truly sorry to say that, in my judgment, much the most needful, much the most valuable part of it (though all was needful and all valuable), is the section from p. 31 to the end. Nothing in the recent services of Liberalism is, in my judgment, comparable, as to importance, with the demoralisation now naturalised in Parliament by the Conservative Oppositions of the last twenty-five years. It will be long before the results are neutralised.

"I, who lived and worked under Peel, have groaned

from week to week at the unseen, unfelt degradation of a great party, as well as the mischief thereby inflicted on the public interests. I can see now, on looking back on the old Conservative Opposition, honest errors of opinion, but no cause for shame. These disclosures are sad; sores of such a kind it is painful to lay bare, and this the most painful part of your task is, I must again say, the most valuable. I am truly glad that the grand exception, Mr. Disraeli's conduct in the American question, did not escape you.—Yours sincerely,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

I do not remember his mentioning Disraeli in my presence on any other occasion, except once, when he spoke of him as the most remarkable Parliamentary phenomenon since the younger Pitt. Nor did I ever hear him indulge in bitter outbreaks against any of his opponents; indeed, if I judged from my own observation, I should describe Gladstone as much less impulsive than he was usually represented. Excitable he certainly was, to all appearance, but there was a great deal of method in his excitement, and I see no reason to suppose that it sprung from a peculiarly sensitive temperament. On the contrary, I believe that few public men have ever possessed a tougher nervous fibre, or cultivated more perfect self-command, and I have always recognised his success in organising and disciplining his own powers of intellect and of character as one of his signal virtues, and as one chief secret of his greatness. Nor was he less careful and successful in managing his physical health. Judging from his somewhat pallid com-

plexion and the deep lines upon his noble countenance, most people fancied that he was a delicate man, whereas he was a man of great natural strength, which he skilfully trained and husbanded. In youth he was remarkable as a walker, and, when he was past middle age, he made an expedition on foot in Scotland which a young sportsman might well have regarded as a *tour de force*. At one time he used to ride frequently, at another time he would row, and during his later years, until old age fairly disabled him, he regularly practised the felling of trees as an athletic exercise. He once told me that he regarded this as a very trying exercise for a man with any weakness of the heart; and on another occasion, not long before his death, he mentioned incidentally that, until his eyesight failed, he had placed all, or nearly all, the books in St. Deiniol's Library on their shelves with his own hands. So unsparing was he of his own labour in everything small or great.

There was a time when I thought that most of the inconsistencies and aberrations of his career might be explained by a strange dualism in his nature, resulting from the rare alliance of a simple character with a subtle and sophistical intellect. Perhaps, as I look back over the last period of his life, I am more impressed by the latter than by the former attribute; still, however tortuous may have been the mazes of his mind, and, however indefensible many of his actions, I cannot think of him otherwise than as a true-hearted man, nor should I

strongly protest against the application to him of the lines quoted to me by one of his admirers—

> "The loftiest spirits in their wildest motion
> Dip to their anchors deep beneath the ocean."

I cannot, however, share Mr. Lecky's extremely high estimate of his eloquence, supported though it is by general acclamation. It is true I never heard him at his best in the House of Commons, as, for instance, in one of his great replies, but I was disappointed by his expository speeches in introducing the Reform Bill of 1866, the Irish Land Bill of 1870, and the Irish University Bill of 1873. On the whole, I consider his speech against the Divorce Bill the finest of those which I heard him deliver, and very few of his speeches which I have read seemed to me to reach so high a level of oratory. No one else could have poured forth such torrents of rhetoric as he did in the agitation against the Bulgarian atrocities or in his Midlothian campaigns; but not one of those impetuous speeches, flung off at a white heat, would bear studying as a model of eloquence. To me he was a great dialectician rather than a great orator, marvellously skilful in reply, but seldom moving either my judgment or my feelings, partly because he so often failed (as I thought) to see a subject in its true proportions, and partly because the sentiments which most came home to him so often met with little response in me. But I admit that he will be immortalised as a great orator by a verdict of public opinion, against which there is

no appeal. This verdict mainly rests on platform speeches made during the last half of his political life. Until the death of Lord Palmerston, in 1865, Gladstone was scarcely known as a popular speaker, much less as a demagogue, though he had long been admired as a Parliamentary debater of the very first order. It was his defeat at Oxford in that year, the Reform movement of 1866–67, and the attack on the Irish Church in 1868, which revealed his capacity for swaying great audiences, and his love of democratic applause.

Whether the services which he rendered to his country in the earlier part of his life outweighed the irreparable injury which he wrought in the later part of it, is a question on which I forbear to enter. What is certain is that, whether or not he was a great statesman, he was by far the greatest member of Parliament in our national history, and that, whatever the quality of his work, its quantity far surpassed that produced by any one of his contemporaries. Whether for good or evil, the silent influence of his towering personality and example has impressed itself deeply on the rising generation, and even the few pre-Gladstonian Liberals who followed Gladstone in 1886 must be conscious of a wide difference in sentiment between themselves and those for whom Gladstone was the author of their political faith.

It might be supposed that, having written so much for the Press, I must needs have lived much in literary circles, and stored up many personal

anecdotes of literary men. This, however, is not the fact. I worked, for the most part, alone; my own productions were political rather than literary; I never sought admission to select clubs or coteries frequented by *littérateurs;* while a certain independence of character, perhaps carried to excess, has always prevented me from making advances to "celebrities" in conversation, and noting down their flashes of wit. Still, no one with literary tastes can have moved for many years in general society, or enjoyed the privileges of friendship with eminent men of letters, without carrying away a few reminiscences of more or less interest. And here, perhaps, I ought to say that I have never known any one to whom I could attribute "genius," if by "genius" is meant an intellectual power of a different order from that bestowed on other men. I see no reason to believe that differences of intellectual stature are greater than differences of physical stature, and, so far as I have observed, the main superiority of a man like Gladstone over his fellows consists in the combination of several qualities, not in themselves exceptional, and the energy of will displayed in the use of them. Probably John Stuart Mill was one of the ablest men that I have known, and, if his memories of early boyhood can be trusted, his precocity must have nearly approached to genius. What chiefly struck me in him was not so much any special brilliancy as his calm earnestness, his masterly facility in moving from subject to subject, his conscientious way of measuring his words, and his respectful attention to

what others might say—a quality which he shared with "George Eliot." He was in the chair when Mr. Goldwin Smith delivered a lecture at Manchester on the period of the French Revolution, and condemned its leaders in very sweeping terms, against which Mill felt himself bound to protest, in replying to a vote of thanks, and, in so doing, he showed a range of historical knowledge which astonished the audience. It is well known that, after the Hyde Park Riots, when there was a serious risk of organised violence on a much larger scale, it was Mill's earnest and moderate counsels which averted it; and though his sympathies were altogether with the popular demonstration, he said, in my presence, that had it been carried to a certain point, it would have been quite justifiable to fire on the people. On a far less important occasion, I myself had a proof of his thoughtful consideration, when I had been addressing an impatient audience under great difficulties and with little success; for Mill promptly came forward and thanked me for my speech. His election for Westminster in 1865 was an almost unique instance of a candidate being taken on trust by a popular constituency on the strength of his intellectual reputation. Of course, it is often stated that he was a "failure in the House," but Mr. Gladstone's testimony to the contrary is conclusive. Considering that he had no rhetorical gift whatever, that he entered Parliament as an elderly man, that he never studied to please the House in the smallest degree, and that he remained in it for three or four years

only, the wonder is that he struck out a new line in several memorable debates, and was always heard with respect.

Partly owing to my father's position in the Church, and partly to accidental circumstances, I came to know personally many great ecclesiastics of the Queen's reign, including all the Archbishops of Canterbury since Archbishop Howley. Among these, I should not hesitate to place Archbishop Tait first, as a statesman. It was he who proposed to Dean Fremantle (then his chaplain) and myself the publication of the "Ecclesiastical Judgments of the Privy Council," with a view of showing how wisely that maligned tribunal had ever held the balance even between extreme opinions on either side, always leaning in the direction of liberty. For, as the Archbishop often said, had they decided otherwise in the Gorham case, the Denison case, and the case of *Essays and Reviews*, the result might have been three secessions, carrying away many of the most zealous clergymen in the Church of England, and leaving nothing but a high and dry residuum, hardly worth preservation. What he would have thought of the present crisis it is needless to inquire, but it is worth remembering that Bishop Philpotts of Exeter (whom I have met in Mr. Gladstone's house), being the foremost champion of High Church doctrines, was strongly opposed to Ritualistic practices. I can recollect Bishop Magee (afterwards Archbishop of York) in all the stages of his remarkable career. He began as a curate

at Bath, first became famous as a preacher at the Octagon Chapel in Bath, and thenceforth was marked out for rapid promotion. Though I often met him, and received him in my own house when he came to preach at Oxford, I scarcely realised how clever or how imprudent he was until I read his published Letters, in which so little reticence is observed. He was certainly one of the best speakers that I ever heard, having cultivated to perfection the art of preparing ideas and sentences exactly suitable to oral delivery, and of delivering the matter thus prepared exactly as if it was rising spontaneously to his lips.

I think Bishop (Samuel) Wilberforce, whom I knew less intimately, was a greater orator by nature, and equal, if not superior, to Gladstone himself in speaking impromptu with effect; but his sermons were not reasoned out as closely as Magee's. Another great Churchman, whose acquaintance I made in the later part of his life, was Cardinal Manning. He was for a short time a Fellow of Merton, and I was rather startled one day when he was ushered into my room together with Jowett, the Master of Balliol, whom in earlier years he might have willingly consigned to the stake. I always found him most courteous and friendly; but I cannot say that I was surprised by the disclosure of his inconsistencies contained in his Memoirs. Indeed, when he lent his authority to Socialistic demands, doubtless in the interest of his Church, I could not reconcile his action with the language which he used to me, in

asking me to send him two anti-Socialistic articles of my own which had lately appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. His reply acknowledging them contained the following mysterious phrase: "Socialism is to social laws what Rationalism is to reason—a disease, and a morbid growth."

Like all his friends—and few men had more—I was greatly attracted by the simple and beautiful character of Dean Stanley; and I often blame myself for not having more fully used my opportunities of intercourse with him. Our acquaintance, which had begun earlier, was revived by my review of his "Sinai and Palestine," for which he often expressed gratitude, as if the book had really needed any such recommendation. Fearless and chivalrous as he was in the maintenance of his convictions, and still more in defence of his friends, Stanley had true humility, and would speak of himself with a charming *naïveté*. Huxley once asked him in my presence whether he knew and could say off the multiplication table. Stanley at once admitted that he could not, explaining that he had formerly learned it, but had forgotten it. He was as pleased as a child at having delivered a more elaborate speech in Convocation than he thought himself capable of producing, and never shrunk from discussing any subject without reserve —at least with any one whom he trusted. He was puzzled to understand why all the forces of orthodoxy should have been concentrated against the authors of *Essays and Reviews*, while he himself, who had been equally bold in Biblical criticism, was

left unscathed, except by the futile attempt to exclude him from the University pulpit at Oxford. The only explanation which occurred to him was, that he was supposed to be under Royal protection, and I am by no means sure that this was not the true explanation. But he was, above all, an anti-sacerdotalist and an Erastian, though with too much reverence for antiquity and ecclesiastical pomp not to sympathise with the opposite view. Thus, he delighted to trace out the lowly and prosaic origin of costumes and ceremonies now invested with a superstitious halo of sanctity, while his ideal of the relation between Church and State was concisely expressed in an off-hand *bon mot* during a conversation with myself and a friend on a railway journey between Oxford and London. Stanley had been ridiculing the habit of personifying the Church as a woman, and speaking of it tenderly as *she,* when a sudden thought struck him, and he added, "Well, I should not mind it so much if they would only speak of the State as "*he.*" Here we have the Erastian creed in a nutshell.

The names of Froude and Freeman are so often coupled together by historical critics of opposite schools, without any personal knowledge of either, that a few words of appreciation from one who had a personal knowledge of both may not be considered presumptuous. No one can deny that Freeman's standard of accuracy was higher, or that he made, on the whole, more solid contributions to history. In his early Oxford days, he deliberately

selected historical research as the labour of his life; he pursued it with amazing and lifelong industry, under favourable conditions; he ranged over the whole field of history, ancient and modern, English and foreign; and his voluminous works, if collected, would exceed, both in mass and weight, those of any modern English historian. His "General Sketch of European History," the first volume of an "Historical Course for Schools," is an admirable summary of its subject, and shows how dispassionate he could be as a teacher. On the other hand, he bristled with prejudices, he displayed violent partisanship in treating of contemporary politics, and he was not only a truculent but an unscrupulous controversialist, hunting down his literary enemies in periodical articles, and refusing to see either any merit in those whom he had once condemned, or any defect in those whom he had once admired. Happily for me, I was reckoned among his friends, and retain several racy letters from him, out of which, however, I found it impossible to select one suitable for insertion in his Memoirs, since they all contained sallies against some one whom he despised. Yet his bark was worse than his bite, and he was essentially a kind-hearted man. When I stood for Woodstock in 1868, he was standing for Mid-Somerset, and I remember one of his speeches concluding with a grand historical peroration, in which he appealed to the memories of Kirke's "Lambs," and the Bloody Assize, by way of rousing the Somersetshire rustics against Tory domination. He was unequally yoked with a colleague whose

style of speaking was very different, and seemed to Freeman beneath the dignity of history. But when he proceeded to give a specimen of it, I cannot say that I thought it showed any want of electioneering resource. At a meeting held at Wells, Freeman's colleague had been dwelling upon the benefits to be expected from a Liberal Government, when a working-class voter at the end of the room called out, "And what are you going to do for the poor man?" Freeman was shrewd enough to feel relieved that, not being on his legs, he was not expected to answer such a question, but the speaker, nothing daunted, replied after a short pause, that "when Mr. Gladstone came into office, with a good strong Liberal majority at his back, he trusted and believed that there would be *very few poor men.*" In the course of this campaign, he and his colleague had the hardihood to face a Tory stronghold at Wedmore—a place well known for the peace signed there in the days of King Alfred. Here they found themselves in a hornet's nest, and, being driven into opposite corners of a large room, were in some danger of personal violence, until they were rescued by the vigorous intervention of a popular Tory doctor. They drove off under a shower of "election-eggs," the marks of which remained on Freeman's carriage when I stayed with him, for he would not have them washed off.

It was by a strange coincidence that Froude succeeded Freeman as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, having an entirely different

conception of history, and a temperament the very reverse of his predecessor's. I am by no means prepared to claim for him a just view of historical proportion, or even a truly impartial mind, but I believe that his moral aims and sense of duty to his vocation were as high as Freeman's, while his transparent style and picturesque eloquence have secured to him a foremost place among the prose writers of our age. In my opinion, he was singularly deficient in the lawyerlike virtue of weighing evidence, and started from an obviously false principle, when he treated State papers and preambles of Statutes, drawn up almost under the eyes of Henry VIII., as the most trustworthy materials for the reign of his favourite monarch. Still, it is fair to say that Froude consulted, more or less thoroughly, original MS. documents; whereas Freeman, perhaps rightly, thought it a waste of time for an historian to grub in palæography, while he studied, with the utmost care, the numerous volumes of ancient records printed by the Rolls Office. If Froude was inferior to Freeman in knowledge and insight—if his view of historical method and historical truth was less sound—it was not for want of an equally genuine passion for history; and it must be confessed that, as Professor, he took more pains than Freeman to make his lectures interesting and useful to students. In his bearing towards opponents, he compared most favourably with Freeman; he was always the gentleman, never returned railing for railing, and was content to let the critics answer each other. I read with much

pleasure the sympathetic appreciation of him in Professor Max Müller's "Auld Lang Syne." Few knew him so well as Müller, and his character, as there portrayed, tallies closely with the results of my own intercourse with him. When I stayed with him in his beautiful seaside villa at Salcombe, about a year before his death, I never heard him speak bitterly of any one; he was the kindliest of hosts, and the gentleness of his nature showed itself in his relations with all about him. His love of the sea was quite remarkable, and, so far as I could judge from a short trip in his little yacht, his knowledge of seamanship was very considerable for an amateur sailor.

Being ignorant of Natural Science, I have known few men of great scientific eminence, with the exception of one or two still living. I was, however, on the most friendly terms with Tyndall, who came to settle and spent the last years of his life at Hindhead, within seven miles of Peper Harow, our family place. There was something very attractive in his character, and inspiring in his conversation, which enabled me to understand his marvellous success in lecturing; but he seemed to me too impulsive and sensitive, if not prejudiced, to be an ideal man of science. It was otherwise with Huxley, whom I knew far more intimately, and whose feelings, however strong, were habitually subjected to his reason. Soon after his death, I was requested, at very short notice, to write a few "Personal Reminiscences" of him for the *Fortnightly Review*. As

many knew him far better than I did, and I was perfectly incompetent to pass any judgment on his scientific life-work, I felt much difficulty in complying. Still, as he left very definite impressions on my mind, and as any definite impressions of so remarkable a man are perhaps not wholly unworthy of record, I did contribute a little paper to the *Fortnightly Review* of August 1895, and will not apologise for reproducing the greater part of it.

"It must now be above thirty-seven years since I first made the acquaintance of Huxley by correspondence. The first Oxford University Commission had appropriated several Fellowships of Merton College to the foundation of a Linacre Professorship of Physiology, coupled with Human and Comparative Anatomy—for these branches of Biology had not yet been specialised and differentiated in the University hierarchy of Professors. I was then a junior Fellow of no great influence, but it was intimated to me by a common friend that Mr. T. H. Huxley meditated becoming a candidate for the Chair, and wished for some preliminary information about it. I confess that, although I already knew the name of Owen, I had never heard that of Huxley, but I successfully concealed my ignorance of his fame, and several letters passed between us upon the expediency of constituting the Professorship, and appointing a Professor, before the endowment could be completed by the suppression of sufficient Fellowships. I was struck by the decided tone of Huxley's letters, and gradually learned something of his eminence; but a year or two elapsed before the election took place, and in the meantime Huxley made up his mind not to seek the office, which was awarded to the late Professor Rolleston. The reason which he assigned was that his opinions were too little in harmony with those prevalent at Oxford, and I am convinced that this was really one of his chief motives for declining the candida-

ture, but it is probable that he was also unwilling to abandon the great position which by that time he had gained in London. More than twenty years later, when Professor Rolleston died, I was myself requested, as Warden of Merton, to sound Huxley upon his willingness to accept the Chair, but he felt that he could no longer entertain the idea of beginning a new career, and he did not fail to repeat, though with diminished emphasis, his belief that he would be out of his element in the Oxford atmosphere.

"During my own residence in London, between 1857 and 1881, I came to know and appreciate Huxley as a friend, often meeting him in private society, at the Athenæum Club and elsewhere. I was afterwards his colleague on the governing body of Eton College, where he stoutly advocated the educational claims of natural science, as he was bound to do, but earned general respect, as he always did, by the fairness and moderation of his practical views. When he retired to live at Eastbourne, he resigned this with other public duties, and more than once declined my invitation to Oxford, chiefly, I think, because he dreaded being drawn into lively discussions likely to aggravate his tendency to sleeplessness. He appeared, indeed, at the funeral of Professor Jowett, the late Master of Balliol; but when he delivered the Romanes Lecture in 1893, his want of nervous power was evident, and he told me that it was long before he recovered from the effects of that effort. However, when the British Association met at Oxford in August 1894, he was persuaded to come with Mrs. Huxley and occupy a quiet room carefully selected for him. On this occasion he gave a proof of the good sense and kindly feeling which seldom deserted him. It happened that he had just been thrown into sharp antagonism, upon a question affecting University education in London, with the Marquis of Salisbury, the President of the Association and Chancellor of Oxford. Hearing that he would probably be requested to move or second a vote of thanks to Lord

Salisbury for his Presidential address, Huxley was greatly perturbed, and expressed to me serious doubts as to whether he should or could undertake such a task. I took care not to communicate any such doubts to the Executive Committee, lest they should make a change in their programme, and my reticence was rewarded. On reconsidering the matter, Huxley saw that he ought to undertake the part entrusted to him; he did so with the best possible grace, and his reception in the Sheldonian Theatre was such as must not only have reminded him of old times and his duel with Bishop Wilberforce, but must also have satisfied him that old times and old prejudices had passed away. While he was in my house he seemed in the best possible spirits, but he felt unequal to staying until the end of the Association meeting, and I saw him but once again. This was at the beginning of January 1895, when I was at Brighton, and, fearing that his tenure of life was growing precarious, I went over for a few hours to visit him at Eastbourne. He exhibited no trace of failing powers, talking as freely and cheerfully as ever; and I left him with renewed faith in his vitality. It was either just before or just after this visit that he gave me a copy of his "Collected Essays," and certainly, until I looked through volume after volume of these, I had never realised the extent or variety of his intellectual range and literary ability.

"To me his whole nature, intellectual and moral, presented a singular unity; both elements appeared to be in perfect harmony with each other, and the distinctive note of both was the combination of strength with simplicity. From this source was derived the manly dignity of his bearing, the uncompromising directness of his thought, and the enviable lucidity of his style. No subtle analysis is needed to explain his character, the beauty of which consisted in being completely natural, and much that he says of David Hume, in one of his Essays, might be applied with equal justice to himself. He possessed in a high

degree that rare but open secret to which General Gordon owed so much of his marvellous influence; he was always himself, the same to young and to old, to rich and to poor, to men and to women, and, had his lot been cast like Gordon's in Asia or in Africa, he would doubtless have been the same to Orientals as to Europeans. He was frank, because he was fearless; he inspired confidence, because he was evidently a true-hearted man; his native self-respect was set off by a respectful manner towards others; his intolerance of sophistry sometimes betrayed him into undue vehemence in controversial writing, but there was no pettiness in his *odium scientificum*, and a pure love of truth shone through all his most trenchant diatribes, political or theological. As I shared most of his convictions on politics, we talked over such questions without reserve; but I forbore, and never had occasion, to discuss with him questions concerning religious doctrine. I have, therefore, no right to speak from personal knowledge of his attitude towards them. I cannot doubt, however, that whatever his creed, his inner life was that of a good Christian, and that his hopes went beyond his beliefs, though he was too honest to mistake hopes for beliefs or beliefs for demonstrations. Assuredly, with all his apparent leaning to materialism, and rigorous avoidance of sentiment in reasoning, he inherited and even cultivated the precious gift of philosophical imagination. Of him, as truly as of Lyell, it might be said, in the picturesque language of Dean Stanley, that he chose for himself, and courageously pursued, that perilous and lofty path which the vulture's eye hath not seen nor the lion's whelp hath trodden—the path which leads upward from ascertained facts and inferences miscalled 'laws' into the sublimer regions of speculation, where the mysteries of Theology, Metaphysics, and Natural Science mingle and lose themselves, it may be, in the dim confessions of Agnosticism, or, it may be, in the dim aspirations of Faith."

I have already said that I moved but little in literary circles, and shall not dwell on my personal reminiscences of men eminent in literature, because they are too slight to be worthy of preservation in these days when memoirs and obituary notices are so lavishly multiplied. I could wish, however, that obituary notices of men in the second rank of eminence were sometimes expanded into short memoirs, and a volume compiled out of them on the principle of Dean Burgon's "Twelve Good Men," not one of whom would have deserved a biography to himself. I had several opportunities of meeting Tennyson at his own house on Blackdown and elsewhere, and always found him gracious, but I had no adequate means of estimating his great intellectual powers. I often saw Browning at the Athenæum Club, and he was always so friendly with me that I regret having generally failed to draw him out in conversation, partly because I was secretly conscious of being out of sympathy with his poetry. Abraham Hayward and J. A. Kinglake were members of the same group, and often dined together with one or two other chosen associates in Theodore Hook's corner of the Athenæum dining-room. I was rarely invited to join the party, but, when I did, I was always edified by the variety of knowledge displayed, and amused by the number of good stories told across the dining-table. That Kinglake was a strong Unionist, appears clearly from a letter to myself, in which, praising my "Home Rule and Justice to Ireland" in terms which I will not quote, he adds: "It brings under clear

light the question which, though strangely passed over by others, is really after all the main question so far as concerns poor Ireland, viz., whether she is fit to govern herself; and I can say that I not only agree with the whole tenor of your letter, but with every sentence it contains." Lord Houghton was most kind to me, as he was to so many younger men, and I once stayed with him at Fryston, but I never was among his special *protégés* or favourites. His insatiable curiosity and perfectly natural desire to know every one worth knowing, added to no ordinary accomplishments and poetical gifts of a high order, made him a personage in English society, and his memory is still cherished with gratitude. But he fell short of the greatness to which perhaps he once aspired, and his failure to attain it is partly explained by the humorous reason which he is said to have given for his doubtful success in the House of Commons, viz., that he could not help saying to himself in the midst of his speeches, "Well, Dicky, how are you getting on?" Probably many other aspirants to fame, if equally candid, would make the same confession.

Another literary man whom I knew far more intimately, and whose friendship I deeply valued, was Matthew Arnold. What Professor Max Müller well calls "his Olympian manners" never repelled me, for I soon discovered that they were not in the nature of airs, and did not even conceal his warm and simple heart. I seldom talked with him on theology or literary subjects, and I hope that he never found

out how much I preferred his poetry to his prose; but he was perfectly frank and open in discussing political and other subjects in which we had a common interest. When the Professorship of English was founded and endowed from the revenues of Merton, I was deputed by my fellow-electors to ascertain privately whether he would care to become a candidate for the post, without in any way prejudicing our freedom of choice. He at once decided against it, telling me that he regarded himself as a more or less ornamental lecturer, who might deliver a few well-finished discourses in each year, but who could not undertake the weekly drudgery of teaching. Though he latterly went to America on a lecturing tour, and was afterwards induced to lecture elsewhere, he assured me that he disliked it heartily, and the last letter that I received from him, dated January 26, 1888, expresses the same feeling. "I am just off for the North to make a horrid discourse about America at Hull and at Bradford; I have then to prepare a horrid discourse about Milton, and a horrid article on Welsh Disestablishment—all before the middle of February. . . . I should much like to come and hear you on Home Rule, instead of discoursing myself on America; you are sure to be good, and I know you speak without the least difficulty. Fortunate man!" In this last remark, I must say that he showed very little insight into character.

Among those friends of about my own age who attained reputation in political life, few, if any, were

so remarkable as Henry Fawcett, of whom Mr. Leslie Stephen wrote an admirable memoir. I did not know him until long after he had lost his sight, and when he had made his position in the House of Commons. I always regarded him as a singularly honest and straightforward man, with no *finesse* and not much delicacy of perception, but with true political instincts and insight. Of course, his triumph over his blindness was heroic, but, this victory once achieved, I suspect that his infirmity was not an unmixed disadvantage to him. Not only did it win the sympathy of great audiences, but it compelled him to concentrate his thoughts and train his memory, fortifying him against many distractions to which most people yield. The speech by which he secured his acceptance at Brighton from a meeting assembled to adopt another candidate was a veritable masterpiece of legitimate self-confidence, and he is credited with a characteristic reply to an objector at a later meeting. This gentleman wanted to know how Mr. Fawcett would be able to catch the Speaker's eye, and how he would avoid going into the wrong lobby. As to the first query, Fawcett said that he feared he must be dependent on the kindness of friends in attracting the Speaker's attention ; as to the second, he admitted that he might now and then accidentally find his way into the wrong lobby, but he added that at all events his case would not be so bad as that of the sitting member, "for he is always in the wrong lobby, and he does it on purpose." This story reminds me of another also told of Fawcett, though I cannot vouch

for it. When he first stood for Southwark as a carpet-bagger, he promptly engaged an apartment described in the printed notice affixed to it as "Mr. Fawcett's Committee Room." If any one called, which rarely happened, he was informed that just then the Committee was sitting, the fact being that, as in the show of Punch and Judy, there was no one behind the curtain except Fawcett and his secretary. At last a time came when a larger room had to be engaged for a public meeting, which of course was properly advertised, and attended by reporters. Very few electors looked in, but Fawcett delivered a spirited address and afterwards got hold of a reporter, when the following dialogue is supposed to have occurred. "What do you think you can say of this meeting, reporter? Can you describe it as a numerous meeting?" "No, sir, this is not exactly what we should call a numerous meeting; it is rather what we are in the habit of describing as an *influential* meeting." And so the papers of the next morning duly stated that Mr. Fawcett had addressed a highly influential meeting of Southwark electors.

Influence

It has been my lot to consult many doctors, and, like others who have suffered from the effects of nervous strain, I became a patient of Sir Andrew Clark, whose death I felt as a personal loss. There was something in his manner which failed to inspire confidence in some, on a first visit, but he struck me at once as a conscientious and skilful physician. In several respects he seemed to me an example to his profession. Instead of regarding diagnosis as every-

thing, and treatment as quite secondary, he firmly grasped the supreme truth that diagnosis is worth absolutely nothing, from a medical point of view, except as a guide to the treatment and cure of disease. In the next place, he devoted far more time than most doctors to careful questioning of his patient, well knowing that half an hour spent in this way may throw more light on a case than could be obtained by repeated and scientific investigation of symptoms without invoking the patient's aid. Then he would go fully and minutely into personal habits —diet, exercise, sleep, and so forth—recognising the obvious fact that a proper regulation of these, operating over months and years, is a far more potent instrument of health than a temporary administration of drugs. If he gave each patient the impression that he was specially interested in the case submitted to him, it was no deceptive art, for he carefully noted the facts of each case, referred to his notes on each subsequent visit, and gave written instructions as well as written prescriptions. Nor is it true to say that he laid down much the same rules for all. On the contrary, as I can testify, his system was different not only for different patients, but for the same patient at different periods, and he expressly authorised me to vary it according to my own experience. To him, the detection and mitigation of organic or very serious disease was not the one function of a consulting physician; he was equally interested in helping men of weakly health to economise it and make the most

of it. In spite of his enormous practice, he invited patients to correspond with him, and would find time to correspond with them, however much he may have overtaxed his strength by such extra work. A story is told of him in connection with this which may be worth repeating, and may well have been true of some one else, but which is so little characteristic of him that it eminently "requires confirmation." He is said to have confided to a friend his feeling of despair when, on returning home late at night from a country visit, he found a pile of letters awaiting him. On being asked what he did with them, he replied that he ordered a bottle of champagne. "Well," said his friend, "did that enable you to dispose of them?" "No," he answered; "but it put me into a frame of mind in which I did not care a d—n whether I disposed of them or not."

While I have always been a great admirer of eloquence, and anxious to hear the best speakers of my time, I have not been very fortunate in my opportunities of doing so—at least on memorable occasions. Excluding those still living, I agree with the popular judgment in placing Gladstone and Bright first in the political class—the one as a debater, the other as an orator. The same want of concentration which is an admitted weakness of Gladstone's speeches, equally struck me in those of Edward Geoffrey, Lord Derby, lucid and elegant as they were in form. But I heard him late in his life, when he had ceased to be the Rupert of debate,

and was speaking on no congenial theme. If a second class of political speakers were to be found, it must be a very large one indeed; for public life in England is a national training school of rhetoric, and success depends only too much on the gift of addressing large audiences. This gift, too, is more cultivated than ever by politicians, since a seat is no longer to be won quietly, and every member of Parliament must now have talked himself into the House of Commons. For one man who can make a great speech, there are hundreds—nay, thousands—who can make a good speech, and skill in debating is probably commoner than it was in the great days of Parliamentary oratory. The decline of such oratory, no less than of forensic oratory, is largely due to a very simple cause—the overwork of leading speakers both in Parliament and at the Bar, who naturally set the standard to younger men. It is not due to any loss of sensibility on the part of the modern public, rendering them incapable of being moved by true eloquence. Whenever any one capable of true eloquence trusts himself to speak from his heart in language worthy of his subject, he scarcely ever fails to meet with a cordial response; and the eloquence of the pulpit, if it is less studied than in former ages, retains as much power as ever.

I have already mentioned Samuel Wilberforce and Magee as really great preachers, and I think Liddon may fairly be ranked with them. I should place F. D. Maurice and Dean Stanley in a some-

what lower class; still, both commanded the attention of large congregations by a certain prophetic earnestness and breadth of Catholic sympathy. Though I heard Spurgeon twice at the Surrey Music Hall, and recognised in him the qualities of an admirable platform speaker, there was no pretence of literary finish in his style, and his efforts to stir the higher emotions were much less successful than his broad touches of humour. For a combination of both these faculties, and, indeed, for popular oratory of the most persuasive kind, I have never heard the equal of Gough, the "Temperance orator." The homeliest topics became full of pathos under his treatment, and few could refrain without difficulty from tears, as he described the joy felt in a drunkard's home when the news comes of his having taken the pledge, or compared his downward course from conviviality towards hopeless intemperance to the fate of a sailing party above the falls of Niagara, which laughs at warnings until it is too late to stem the current, and the boat is carried over into the abyss. The lecture which I attended was in the Oxford Town Hall, and Gough soon quelled some undergraduate opposition by challenging the disturbers to mount the platform and have it out with him. When they declined, he taunted them with knowing in their hearts that what he said was true, and pleased the gallery with a story not incapable of manifold applications. "An American," he said, "came home to his wife in the worst of tempers, and was asked by her what ailed him. On his

complaining that he had been shamefully abused, and called all manner of names, by a neighbour, the wife sensibly remarked: 'Never mind that, Thomas; he may say it, but he can't prove it.' 'Confound the fellow,' replied the husband, 'but he *has* proved it, and that's just what I complain of.'" It is wonderful how dull a speech may be enlivened by a judicious seasoning of apposite, though commonplace, and even stale, anecdotes. Not that any speaker is justified in "talking down to his audience," or will generally find it good policy to do so. It may be necessary to choose simple ideas and expressions for a simple audience; but a simple audience knows as well as a learned body whether a speaker's heart and soul is in what he is saying; and this, after all, is the secret of winning—not perhaps applause, but confidence. It is possible to have too high a literary standard, for that cannot be sustained in debate or impromptu allusions; but it is not possible to have too high a standard of morality and sentiment. As for preparation, I have no belief in any speech worth study being delivered without preparation, though it is possible for a speaker with Gladstone's marvellous repertory of ready-made ideas and expressions to arrange and produce them at very short notice. But the kind and degree of preparation required must depend on the individual character of the speaker. One man, for instance, may be more consciously inspired by first thoughts and words occurring to him at the moment; another man, by second thoughts and

words carefully weighed beforehand. In either case, the speaker will do wisely to follow his own natural method, the object being that, whatever the source of his inspiration, his audience should be made to feel it.

# CHAPTER XIII

## FOREIGN TOURS AND VOYAGES

Tours in Europe—Voyage to America—Travelling in America—Visit to Lord Dufferin at Ottawa—Letter to the *Times* on the Canadian Pacific Railway and the political crisis in Canada—Experience of voyages in public steam-vessels and private yachts.

I MAY pass lightly over my travels in foreign countries, because they have been neither extensive nor fruitful of interesting experiences. My knowledge of French and German being too slight for purposes of sustained conversation, I have seldom obtained introductions to foreigners of eminence, and when I have gone abroad, it has generally been for purposes of recreation or health, rather than of study. I first visited Switzerland in 1853, with my old friend Mr. C. S. Parker, and made a rapid tour in the Mont Blanc district, the Monte Rosa district, and the Bernese Oberland. Those were days before the formation of the Alpine Club, when a reputation for climbing was cheaply earned, and ascents now considered easy still enjoyed a prestige of difficulty carefully maintained by the self-interest of guides. It is fair to say, however, that many a *mauvais pas* has since been made practicable for ladies by steps and even chains, while the experimental discovery of new routes has rendered most summits accessible to

stout climbers in good training. In the course of the next thirty years, I often revisited the Alps, though latterly at long intervals. In this way I became familiar with all the best-known passes, and a few of the best-known peaks in the classical districts around Chamounix, Zermatt, Grindelwald, and Pontresina, but I never attempted difficult feats, and was satisfied with such glacier passes as the Strahleck and the Weiss Thor—which then included the *Arête Blanche*. I have therefore no right to speak with authority on the vexed question of mountaineering without guides, and yet I will venture to express a strong opinion against this growing practice. It can be said, of course, that a thoroughly experienced and well-trained amateur may be as good as a guide in activity, strength, endurance, skill in climbing, judgment of weather, and even knowledge of the ice-world. So it can be said that an amateur may be equal to a professional sailor in the management of a sailing-boat. But what cannot be said, in either case, with the least approach to truth, is that it is equally safe for a party to go out in charge of an amateur ; and that, for the most obvious of reasons. With the professional the study of safety is a traditional art, strengthened by training from boyhood ; and his whole livelihood depends on his never meeting with a serious accident ; whereas the amateur, however prudent, has no such instinct and no such motive to guard him against rashness.

In the cholera year of 1854, I posted with a

family party from Dijon to Geneva, with leisure to admire that superb view of the Mont Blanc range from the Jura which is now rarely seen by travellers. The epidemic was spreading in those regions, and in one town it was difficult to get the carriage harnessed, but no visible precautions were taken on the frontier or elsewhere, and there was much less panic than has since prevailed on much slighter occasions. In the following year, when the cholera had revived, I was twice fumigated, together with my luggage, in the Italian lake-country, the authorities being then content with this perfectly futile substitute for quarantine. In 1856 with Lord Davey, and again twenty years later with Mr. Francis Galton, I made a short tour in the Bavarian and Austrian highlands, to which I should assign the prize for natural beauty among those parts of Europe which I have visited, reserving the second place for the Italian valleys of the Alps. In 1871 I witnessed the famous Passion-play at Ober-Ammergau, a beautiful and pathetic spectacle, which had not then (and perhaps has not yet) been vulgarised by popularity, but which is hardly calculated to fortify Christian faith. The dramatic art of the villagers who play the chief parts is certainly marvellous, and is often explained as traditional or hereditary; but it has not been sufficiently remarked that many of them are manufacturers of church ornaments by trade, and live surrounded by engravings of Holy Families and other sacred groups. Nothing struck me as more wonderful than the statuesque rigidity of some two

hundred men, women, and children marshalled in a *tableau vivant* around an effigy of the brazen serpent, among whom I could not detect the slightest movement, with an opera-glass, except that of a flag stirred by the wind.

In other years I made somewhat hasty expeditions into Belgium, Holland, North and South Germany, North Italy, the Riviera, the South of Spain, and Algiers. When I visited the great cities of Andalusia (in 1878), my headquarters were at Gibraltar, where I was the guest of Lord Napier of Magdala. On my return journey from Granada, I was to have proceeded by steamer from Malaga, but the boat was suddenly taken off, and, having failed to get a passage by a Spanish coaster, I was happily obliged to make a forced march, chiefly on horseback, by the coast route, which proved the most interesting part of my Spanish journey. It was said to be rather dangerous, as passing through a country haunted by the brigands; but I was consoled by the assurance that, as they had lately committed a daring robbery and were being chased by the police, they would probably not hazard another crime just then. While I was at Gibraltar, Lord Napier crossed to Tangier, on the invitation of Sir John Hay, and kindly took me with him. Tangier was then a purely Moorish town, and squalid in the extreme. Lord Napier declared that, except Benares, he had never seen a city so intensely Oriental. Curious as it was, it did not strike one as an attractive place for a residence, but I greatly enjoyed two

rides across the open country at the back. I spent the month of January 1880 at Algiers, with Lord and Lady Spencer, who had a villa in *Mustapha Supérieur*. Unfortunately, the season was unusually cold, and unsuitable for excursions into the mountains, but we rode almost every day on excellent little horses hired on the spot, and explored the whole neighbourhood for miles in every direction. The view of the Atlas range from the hill behind *Mustapha Supérieur* was certainly very impressive, and the Moorish city very interesting, though not quite so primitive as Tangier. The air, too, was crisp and exhilarating, but the chill at sundown was almost as trying as on the South Coast of France, where the climate is much the same, and I used to doubt whether much was gained by crossing the Mediterranean from health-resorts with a southern aspect, comfortable hotels, and ample means of communication, by road or railway, to an African watering-place with a northern aspect, inferior hotels, and comparatively small facilities of locomotion, which have since been greatly increased. During that winter a number of robberies took place in the best quarter of Algiers, and I remember that one evening, when I wished to communicate with Lord Minto, who lived about half a mile off, no servant was prepared to go on such an errand without an escort.

In August 1873 I took a voyage to America with the present Dean of Ripon and Mrs. Fremantle. Our port of destination was Boston, and shortly

before reaching "the banks," some hundreds of miles from the American coast, we encountered a hurricane, which proved most destructive to Nova Scotian shipping, and has its place in the history of Atlantic storms. The barometer suddenly went down to 28.1, and the ship was hove-to for many hours, but, the engines being somewhat too weak, there was great difficulty in keeping her from falling off into the trough of the waves, and I believe that during a part of the night we were in considerable danger of being thrown on to our beam-ends. However, we had an admirable captain, and nothing worse happened than a delay of two days. While the storm was at its height, I noticed two things which I had not seen before, and which I was told are characteristic of specially violent gales. One was a certain flattened appearance of the waves as they rose angrily to their greatest height, as if the gusts of wind bore down upon them like weights, and suppressed their upward dash ; the other was the semblance of seams or scratches on their surface, as if the blast was composed of gritty particles harrowing the water. From Boston we proceeded into the White Mountains, partly in order to get relief from the great heat. This region may be compared in some respects with our Lake District, but the highest peaks attain 5000 or 6000 feet, though in other respects the scenery is not so varied and beautiful. We ascended Mount Washington by the mountain-railway in so heavy a gale as to endanger our equilibrium in passing over trestle-bridges which span the gullies, and some of

our fellow-passengers actually preferred to remain for the night at the hotel on the summit. This lightened the car, and so increased the risk for those of us who came down, and it was thought prudent at certain points for all the party to sit on the weather side. I then enjoyed the kind hospitality of Lord Dufferin for ten days or a fortnight at the Citadel of Quebec, where I remember to have met at dinner Mr. Joseph Arch, whom I already knew, and who was then engaged on some mission connected with emigration. Thence I went on by water and railway, through Montreal, to Toronto, on a visit to Mr. Goldwin Smith, and, by Niagara and Buffalo, to Albany, on a visit to the late Mr. Pruyn. The great financial crisis of 1873 was then at its worst, and I have no doubt that, under his skilful advice, I might have invested money very profitably in American railway securities depreciated far below their value. Meanwhile, a slight, but persistent, indisposition crippled me from travelling far in hot weather, and I had to content myself with visiting several American friends in their own houses. Among these were Mr. Charles Adams, the American Minister in London during the war, Mr. Abram Hewitt, and President Eliot of Harvard University, with whom I stayed, after visiting Yale on my way.

It would be superfluous to praise the hospitality of American private houses, but it was impossible not to see how much it is hampered and curtailed by difficulties of *service*, of which all my hosts complained. I hardly ever ventured to ask for hot water in dress-

ing, or to utter an actual request that my boots should be cleaned; my plan was to place them outside my door, as at an hotel, and I generally found that, if not blacked, they had been rubbed over before the next morning. Once, after dinner, at an American country house, I put the question whether any one present, except myself, had ever been invited by a total stranger, in a public vehicle, to spend the night under his roof, instead of going to an hotel. I confess that I was surprised, as well as gratified, when the only three Americans in the room declared that they had been the recipients of this very courtesy in England, and each proceeded to tell his own story. Considering that memories of the Civil War were still comparatively recent, I was fortunate in escaping hostile criticisims on the attitude of England during that crisis. On one occasion, however, I was driven into a corner, but succeeded in turning the tables on my opponent, by compelling him gradually to admit that no charge of Secessionist partisanship could be made against our working-classes or middle classes, but only (if at all) against the British aristocracy, "whom," I said boldly, "you affect to despise, but whose favour you value above that of all the rest of the nation put together." To which his candid reply was: "Well, sir, you have us there."

Much has been written about the comparative facilities and conveniences of travelling in America and England. My experience of American travelling is, of course, out of date, but I gather from all that I have read or heard that the essential features of

the railway system remain unchanged. If this be so, I consider it far inferior, on the whole, to our own, in comfort, if not in economy. The most obvious difference between the two lies in the arrangements of carriages. The ordinary English train consists of a number of separate carriages, each containing several compartments, usually separate from each other, though sometimes connected by a side corridor. The ordinary American train is a line of long one-roomed carriages and Pullman cars, all constructed with platforms at both ends, so that guards or passengers can pass through all of them from the hindmost carriage to the engine by a corridor in the middle, which is virtually continuous. This arrangement has evidently the advantage of publicity. It is an undoubted safeguard, for instance, against a solitary lady being insulted or robbed, it enables passengers to walk about on the journey in search of friends, and it gives free access to smoking-cars, refreshment-cars, and lavatories. All these are great conveniences, though not altogether inconsistent with the adaptation of the English system. On the other hand, all the comforts of comparative privacy are lost. A small party cannot secure a separate carriage; invalids must travel exposed to the public gaze, unless they can engage the "state-room" of a Pullman car; any one desiring a window to be opened or closed, instead of asking the leave of his opposite neighbour, must negotiate with twenty or thirty occupants of the car, some of whom may probably object. Again, the corridor in the

middle leaves a space for seats on either side rather too wide for one but rather too narrow for two; the consequence being that American railway travellers in a long open car are more isolated from each other than in an English compartment. It may be added that, not only are the cars apt to be greatly overheated, but ventilation is apt to be very defective, and the windows, having no sashes, cannot be let down from above, but must be gouged up from below and fixed at the side, just so as to admit a current of air where it is least wanted—a defect which has been slavishly copied in certain sleeping-cars on our own lines. Pullman cars are the American substitute for our first-class carriages. Their upholstery is gorgeous, and, but for the publicity which is inseparable from their principle, I am disposed to prefer them to any other type of sleeping-car. But I know by experience that even a "state-room" in a Pullman car may be heated to a temperature like that of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. In one of these ovens I was reposing on a journey from Boston to Montreal, when the negro conductor in charge roused me about midnight with the pleasant news that a bridge had broken down in front of us, and that we must all turn out in heavy rain. There we had to wait an hour or two, and drive round several miles in open vehicles to the other side of a river, to proceed in unwarmed cars, and without any means of procuring food.

There are many other annoyances incident to American railway travelling, such as the incessant

intrusion of newsboys and other hawkers of petty wares patrolling the train from end to end, backwards and forwards, the equally incessant demands of conductors for tickets to be punched, and so forth. All such annoyances are incident to a system which makes the whole train a thoroughfare, but they might possibly be remedied if American patience did not tolerate any amount of annoyances in travelling. The worst of all, according to my observation, was the habitual surliness, not to say insolence, of American railway officials, whether booking clerks, porters, or ticket collectors. By way of contrast, I may here say that in sixty years' experience of English railway travelling I have never once had to complain of a railway servant for incivility, and only once for misconduct. Before I had been a week on American railways, I had frequently met with official rudeness in response to studious courtesy on my part, and witnessed it in the case of other passengers. When I complained of it to one of my American hosts concerned in railway management, he fully admitted it, but said that it was an incurable evil, as the directors would find it very difficult to replace a dismissed servant, while their servants, if dismissed, would easily find a place elsewhere. I see that the English travellers in America are still making the same complaint, which is as old as Anthony Trollope's American tour. My own experience exactly tallies with his. Americans whom you meet in society, in the streets, on the railways, or elsewhere, are as civil and obliging as

Englishmen, provided that you have no claim upon their services; but those who are officially engaged and paid to help or attend upon you, too often seek to show their independence by obtrusive neglect or rude behaviour.

But the special merits and vices of the American railway system do not end there. Its great boast is the express service for luggage, and, so far as this consists in attaching a numbered label to each article, and giving a corresponding label or "check" to the owner, it is certainly deserving of imitation, though it inevitably involves some little delay. In all other respects, it is a clumsy and very expensive substitute for the English plan of dealing with luggage. The fact is that, but for the miserable scarcity of railway porters in America, the express system would lose half its *raison d'être*. The reason why an American traveller employs an express company to call for his luggage hours before his own departure, and see it placed in the train, is that he must otherwise convey it himself to the station much earlier than should be necessary, take his chance of finding a porter willing to serve him, and submit to a great deal of unmannerly hustling, besides the vexatious delay. For a similar reason, he makes over his checks to the itinerant express-man who touts for his custom in the train, well knowing that, if he did not, he might have to wait and be hustled for half an hour or an hour before he could get hold of his luggage at the station of his arrival. Let it be granted that he seldom loses it

in the end—though nearly the same may be said of the English system—he buys this security at the cost not merely of paying two exorbitant charges, but of having to allow a large margin of time at both ends of his journey. A single instance may suffice to illustrate this. When I first arrived at New York, I had no more luggage than could have been packed into the inside of a four-wheeled London cab, and, as my destination was less than two miles from the station, I might have been conveyed thither, luggage and all, for one shilling, had I been in London, and had I been shabby enough to grudge the driver anything above the bare minimum fare. As it was, being in New York, I had to pay the equivalent of five shillings for my cab, and six shillings for the delivery of my luggage two hours later—in all, eleven shillings for a worse result than might have been obtained in London for one. I thought, in my simplicity, that I had been grossly overcharged, but I was assured by New York friends that I had only paid the regular tariff.

The inordinate expense of cabs is said to have been more or less reduced of late years by one or two of the great American railway companies, but it will probably be long before other discomforts of American railway travelling are abated, simply because they suit the ideas and habits of the people, who, after all, cannot be expected specially to consult those of travelling Britishers. Americans are naturally gregarious, and are constantly taking longer journeys than are possible in Great Britain; it is no wonder, then, if

their travelling arrangements are inconsistent with privacy, and calculated to please those who require a travelling hotel for days and nights together. But there was no excuse for the want of anything like an American Bradshaw's Railway Guide when I was in the United States. This almost indispensable manual for travellers was first published in England about sixty years ago, when railways were in their infancy, yet in 1873 the connections between various American lines had to be laboriously gleaned by a comparison of the time-tables issued by different companies. As for the so-called omnibuses which I saw in Boston, and the coaches which ran in the White Mountain district, I doubt whether any public vehicles so ramshackle and cumbrous have traversed English roads since the reign of Queen Anne or George I. All the White Mountain coaches were drawn by six horses, skilfully driven from the box. Most of the American roads on which I travelled, and even the streets of New York, were so miserably kept, that I understood for the first time the contemptuous use of the phrase, "a one-horse concern." But all this was more than twenty-six years ago, and this in so new a country is equivalent to a century.

I had still a fortnight to spare, and, being in better health, was about to visit Washington and Philadelphia, when I received an urgent invitation from Lord Dufferin to return and stay with him at Ottawa, for the purpose of attending the great and critical debate in the Dominion Parliament on

the question of the Canadian Pacific Railway, then convulsing the whole country. As I was more interested in Imperial politics than in American institutions, I hastened back to Canada, passing again through Montreal, and attended the Canadian House of Commons almost every night while the debate lasted, though I was obliged to leave for New York before the final division was taken, in order to catch my steamer for England. At Ottawa, party spirit ran so high that Lord Dufferin felt bound to suspend his wonted hospitalities, so that I had no opportunity of meeting the political leaders at his table, but Lord Rosebery and other friends were among my fellow-guests in the house. On my homeward voyage, I wrote a somewhat elaborate letter to the *Times*, which appeared a day or two after our arrival, recording my impressions of the debate which led to the fall of Sir John Macdonald. As I was composing this letter on a saloon table, with some difficulty, in a gale of wind, I was flattered by a compliment to my seamanship from one of my fellow-passengers, who told me that he and others, after watching me, had agreed that I was the only landsman on board who could attempt literary work under such conditions. As Sir John Macdonald himself afterwards told me that my letter had produced a sensible effect on Canadian opinion, and as the sentiments expressed in it have been more than confirmed by the later course of events, I subjoin three paragraphs which I have no desire to modify.

"During my stay at Ottawa, it was impossible

not to be struck by the malicious credulity of Canadian party-spirit, and the extreme lengths to which party-warfare is carried at the instigation of a most virulent and unscrupulous Press. I was constantly assured that Sir J. Macdonald had advised the Prorogation for the sole purpose of gaining time to buy off opponents, and was deliberately spinning out the debate while his agents were employing the basest means of winning back defaulters. On the other hand, I was gravely informed, with particulars of names and circumstances, that persons connected with the Northern Pacific Railway Company were paying down hard cash for promises to vote against the Government, in the hope of frustrating the rival scheme of a Canadian Pacific Railway. . . . Considering how great had been the irritation produced by certain scandalous incidents, and how sedulously it had been fomented by newspaper writers, the debate was, on the whole, characterised by tolerable moderation of tone and abstinence from personalities. The language used was, indeed, more incisive and less measured than we are accustomed to hear at Westminster, and I sometimes asked myself whether the most animated of our Parliamentary speakers would not be regarded as tame and spiritless by the Canadian Legislature. Still the rules of the game, so to speak, were evidently the same, and even when the hitting was hardest and wildest, what Lord Dufferin aptly called "striking below the belt" was very rare. One gentleman went so far as to accuse another of having taken money out of the Provincial

Treasury and applied it to electioneering corruption, but when he proceeded to press the matter home, he was checked by the sense of the audience. Perhaps Canadian skins are thicker on the average than are developed in an old country and a temperate climate; certainly the wounds inflicted did not appear to rankle; social intercourse was hardly interrupted, and the combatants met at the Rideau Club on the same terms of friendly enmity as those which prevail among barristers at the circuit mess after the fiercest encounters in court. The whole temper of the debate was distinctively English, and not American. In the most vigorous sallies and retorts there was usually a tacit assumption of honest and patriotic motives, and if few speeches were seasoned with classical quotations or literary allusions, none that I heard was disfigured by ambitious bombast. The only serious departure from the unwritten law of the House of Commons that came under my notice was the bold insinuation, or rather the positive assertion, made by Mr. Mackenzie and repeated by another member, that Mr. Speaker had been guilty of 'collusion' with the Government in respect of the Prorogation. But for this violation of a salutary etiquette, I should have carried away the conviction that, in all essential points, the Canadian Parliament had faithfully reproduced the spirit as well as the form of English Parliamentary procedure.

"It was inevitable that such a debate as that which I witnessed should incidentally throw some

light on the prevailing sentiments of Canadians towards Great Britain and the United States. That which first roused public indignation against the Ministers was not the discovery that Sir John Macdonald had played the part of election agent for the Government, but a false story that a railway on which the political destinies of Canada were in some degree staked had been treacherously delivered over into the power of an American ring. Making every allowance for the share which party spirit may have had in stimulating this indignation, I cannot doubt that it was spontaneous, and no one carefully watching the political drama at Ottawa could fail to arrive at the conclusion that, for the present, nothing is so unpopular in Canada as American influence. On the future relation of Canada to her powerful neighbour there was less reticence than I should have anticipated, and more than one speaker openly declared, what I had often heard said in private, that, in the opinion of all sensible Canadians, Independence would practically be nothing but a step towards Annexation—a measure which no public man in Canada dares to advocate, and which, so far as I could learn, is repudiated by all classes except a small mercantile circle at Montreal. It is easy to sneer at Canadian loyalty, but if by loyalty is meant fidelity to the Crown as the golden link between Canadians and the Mother Country, of which they habitually speak as 'home,' I for one believe the feeling to be the mainspring of Canadian politics, to have been materially strengthened by Confedera-

tion, and to be almost as universal in the Maritime Provinces as in Ontario.

"This deep attachment to British nationality is not inconsistent with a certain jealousy of British interference with Canadian legislation, such as was manifested in some barely respectful allusions to the opinions of the Privy Council, and the law-officers of the Crown, on the validity of the Oaths Bill. Nor is it to be treated as transitory, because it is difficult to conceive of Canada, with her population quadrupled, still content to be a dependency, or because the law of geographical necessity is supposed to require her junction with the United States. Let us compare realities with realities, and ideals with ideals. Canada, as it is, has no reason to desire, and does not, in fact, desire, annexation to the American Union as it is; Canada, as it might be, if Confederation should realise the visions of its founders, may perhaps be still less willing to exchange an almost nominal dependence on London for a real dependence on Washington, even though Washington should then be the capital of a Republic numbering 100,000,000 citizens. Happily, the disposal of their allegiance rests entirely with the Canadian people, and can hardly become a subject of dispute between Great Britain and the United States. Until the voice of the Canadian nation pronounces decisively in favour of annexation, it cannot be the policy of the United States to propose annexation; if ever, and whenever, that day shall come, it cannot be the policy of Great Britain to oppose annexation."

In the summer of 1885, and again in 1896, I made voyages to the fiords of Norway, the first, in the steam-yacht *Ceylon*, and the second, in the Orient line steamship *Garonne*. In 1885 we reached a point a little beyond the North Cape, but were unable to land. In 1896, after landing at the North Cape, we touched at Vadso, went on to Spitzbergen, and returned to Vadso for the eclipse. Such voyages are now much too common to be worthy of description, and neither of these was marked by any incidents of special interest. On both occasions we had tolerably good weather, and on one or other of them I had the opportunity of seeing all the finest coast scenery of Norway. This is certainly more striking, because on a larger scale, than anything on the West coast of Scotland, with the addition of snow-clad mountains, and some of the fiords strongly resemble Swiss valleys with the sea running up into them. Perhaps Loch Hourn alone of Scotch sea-lochs will bear comparison with them. But I should not place even the Romsdal or any other Norwegian valley that I saw, except the Nærodal, on the same level with the finest Swiss valleys, especially as they are greatly inferior in forests, pasturages, and picturesque *châlets*. The mountains of Spitzbergen, as seen from the West, are like the summits of the High Alps, with three or four thousand feet of rocks and glaciers sliced off from their green pedestals and set down in the midst of the Arctic Ocean, but I observed no peaks as steep as those of the Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, or Bernese Oberland group. We first anchored in Advent Bay,

where a small wooden hotel, of the Alpine type, had just been erected. Sir Martin Conway had quitted it on the morning of our arrival, but we found there an English gentleman who had been staying farther north with Andrée's party—which abandoned its enterprise soon afterwards, for want of a favourable wind. We also saw the wreck of a coasting vessel driven ashore in the previous autumn, and the rude graves of all but two of its crew, who died of scurvy during the winter. One of the survivors came on board the *Garonne*, and was said to have been saved by the resolution of his comrade, who kept constantly shaking him and punching him in the ribs to rouse him from his deadly lethargy and exhaustion. On sailing northward from Vadso, we had left behind two of our fellow-passengers—Sir Norman Lockyer, who required a few days on shore to adjust his astronomical instruments, and Mr. William Morris, then in broken health and under the care of a doctor, who could not risk the cold of Spitzbergen. He gained nothing by the voyage, and died shortly afterwards. As is well known, the great eclipse was practically invisible at Vadso, owing to a persistent bank of clouds, though it was fairly well seen off Nova Zembla, and even farther south. We had already had two rehearsals of it on board ship by the aid of magic lanterns, for the purpose of practising those of our passengers who could draw, in the art of sketching rapidly the various phenomena to be expected, and all were roused early in the morning to witness an unique spectacle. Yet there we lay, sur-

rounded by twenty or thirty ships of divers nations, all assembled on the same errand, vainly watching the heavens, while Nature, sublimely indifferent to our hopes or desires, obstinately refused to be interrogated. The darkness was not so great as on an ordinary starless night, but it seemed to me of a more lurid hue, and, on looking away from the sun, I distinctly observed two or three luminous patches on the horizon, like the halo over a town lighted by gas, which doubtless represented land or water beyond the range of the advancing shadow. Had we remained but a day or two longer in those latitudes, we should have fallen in with Nansen, who appeared at Vardo (west of Vadso) a day or two later, and of whose safety we heard at Trondhyem.

Having had some experience of voyaging in ocean-going vessels under sail and steam, as well as in public steam-yachts equipped for shorter cruises, I venture to record one or two practical reflections that have been forced upon me. No one can expect to find a select party on board any ship but a private yacht, but passengers soon assort themselves, and there is more good-fellowship than might be expected in such very close quarters, perhaps because the necessity of mutual concessions is felt by every one. But the gregarious spirit of *camaraderie* is apt to be carried too far, and to verge upon social tyranny, when all the members of a very mixed party are pressed to join in entertainments got up by a few, and both sides of the deck are monopolised by deck-billiards, deck-quoits, "bull," dancing *al fresco*, and

other amusements which are positively irksome to some of the passengers. Again, it is vain to hope that even the best of cabins should equal in comfort or cubical space the worst of bedrooms, and an admiral must often content himself with a sleeping-place which no upper servant would accept on shore. But then everything should be done to minimise this inevitable discomfort, whereas berths are usually made narrower than need be, on the pretext that otherwise their occupants would be rolled out in rough weather, and the bed-clothes are almost invariably too narrow even for these coffin-like berths. Above all, some arrangement should be made for those who are dependent for sleep on quiet at night, and are willing to pay for this blessing. If it be too much to expect that separate cabins should be provided in comparatively secluded parts of the ship, at least the hours for putting out lights should be strictly regulated, the smoking-room placed where the noisy talk in it is least likely to disturb others, the ship's bell hung at a distance from the passengers' cabins, and so forth. Nor have I ever been able to understand why decks, constantly drenched by the sea, need to be washed every day, when uncarpeted floors do not, or why they should be washed (and sometimes holy-stoned) two hours before any passenger wishes to be awakened in the morning. Luxurious as the decorations and fittings are on board ocean-going steamers and public steam-yachts, there is still much room for improvement in the accommodation in respect of sleeping-quarters,

ventilation, and quiet. On the other hand, I have generally found the food excellent as well as abundant, and the dinner sent up for hundreds of people from a galley not many feet square, with the ship tossing about like a restive horse, would put to shame the performances of professed cooks in grand houses, with their spacious kitchens, sculleries, larders, and store-rooms fitted up regardless of expense. It is wonderful, too, how the *service* is carried on under the greatest difficulties, and how well the officers combine their nautical duties with kind attention to passengers.

Some of these remarks apply even to private yachts, where of course less discipline is maintained, and, the party being small, each member of it is more at the mercy of the others for enjoyment by day and quiet at night. Not that I can speak from personal knowledge of the palace-yachts of many hundred tons burden, now fitted up as floating hotels, and crowded with people from the smartest circles in London. My two longest yachting cruises were made as far back as 1854 and 1859, in sailing-yachts of no more than 168 and 118 tons burden respectively. These cruises were of several weeks' duration, but of no special interest. In the first of these years I joined the yacht (the *Gitana*) at Kiel, which I reached *viâ* Hamburg, and our intention was to sail up the Baltic, and anchor behind the British fleet off Cronstadt. Unfortunately, the captain or owner was deluded by a report of Russian gunboats lurking along the Prussian coast in search of such

prey as ourselves, and it was decided to return by Copenhagen across the North Sea, in which we buffeted for ten days against a head-wind, making for the Pentland Firth. Here the tide was running eastward so rapidly, that it actually drifted us backward while the yacht was sailing against it with a fair wind at the rate of about seven knots an hour. Thence we came south, by the outward passage through the Hebrides, in time for the Kingstown Regatta, and ended our cruise at Holyhead. In 1859 I undertook to coach a reading-party on board a yacht called the *Albatross*, belonging to Mr. Brassey, father of the present Lord Brassey—himself a member of the party. We sailed from Cowes to Inverness, passed down the Caledonian Canal, and anchored off Raasay, where I had already stayed with the owner, Mr. Rainy. The programme of our cruise, which had embraced a visit to the Orkney and Shetland Islands, the outer Hebrides, and possibly to Iceland or St. Kilda, was now cut short by a continuance of rough weather, lasting all through the autumn, and culminating in the famous storm in which the *Royal Charter* foundered. After coasting along Rosshire, therefore, we ran southward for Belfast — where bands of "Revivalists" happened so be parading the streets—paid a flying visit to the Giant's Causeway, and were driven by a hard gale across the Channel to Liverpool. In 1873 I was on board another yacht of Lord Brassey's to witness the Naval Review in honour of the Shah of Persia, and met with a curious little adventure. The tug-steamer which had us in

tow dragged the yacht directly across the broadside of the *Sultan*, then on the point of firing a salute. The result was that we were plentifully besprinkled with pebble powder, some pellets of which tore holes through a strong tarpaulin, while others struck many of us on deck with a lighter impact, burning away some of my own back-hair and of Brassey's whiskers. Again, in 1881, I made a sea-trip in the *Sunbeam*, alone with Lord Brassey, from the Solent to Aberystwith, encountering head-winds all the way, so that, for want of time, I could not go on with him to Oban. All these cruises, including that in the *Sunbeam*, were made under sail, but I afterwards took a short voyage in a steam-yacht with Mr. William Mackinnon, along the West coast of Scotland. I cannot help adding, with the pride of a landsman who cannot boast of a strong digestion, that in all my experiences of the sea, covering a considerable fraction of my life, and diversified by several memorable storms, I was never once sea-sick.

# CHAPTER XIV

## TRAVEL IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

Charms of English scenery—The most beautiful districts in England —Riding-tours and driving-tours—Hints for travellers on horseback—English hotels, and maps—Tours in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland—Braemar—Raasay.

It is often said that Englishmen of the present day know much less of their own country than Englishmen of former generations. The reproach is not quite unfounded, but this comparative ignorance admits of more than one excuse. The facilities of foreign travelling are of course infinitely greater than they were a century, or even half a century ago, and the change of scene, air, diet, habits, language, and associations, to be gained by foreign travelling, makes it more profitable as well as more amusing to a large class of holiday-seekers. Even for those who seldom go abroad, railway journeys at express speed offer less opportunities for studying the local features of a county or district than leisurely stages by coach or postchaise, and the roadside inns, which figured so largely in early novels from "Tom Jones" downwards, no longer furnish incidents for the amusement of travellers—unless, indeed, of bicyclists, for whose benefit many of them have been revived. Yet England, or rather Great Britain, certainly deserves

more attention from English tourists than it receives, and would probably be far more visited by foreigners, but for the fact that it is not a "passage-country," and leads nowhere, except to America. In the first place, it possesses in its castles, its abbeys, its cathedrals, its country-houses, and its parish churches, an amount and variety of architectural and antiquarian interest to which, I believe, no other part of Europe, equal in area, can pretend. There are, no doubt, castles, abbeys, and cathedrals on a larger scale to be seen in France, Germany, Italy, and elsewhere, but they are far less closely grouped, and, on the whole, far less carefully preserved. The mere fact of their standing clear of mean houses, and being surrounded with beautiful "closes," gives English cathedrals a great advantage, in effect, over their Continental rivals, while the parish churches of England, as a whole, have no competitors on the Continent. As for the ancestral mansions thickly distributed over every English county, and often standing in the midst of ancestral parks, they are really unique as stately dwelling-houses, whatever superiority in grandeur of design may be claimed for a limited number of foreign *châteaux* and palaces. The chief reason of this difference probably is that England has never been conquered for more than eight hundred years, and that none of our Civil Wars has been carried out with the ruthless barbarity and wholesale destruction which desolated Germany in the seventeenth century and France during several periods of its history.

But, apart from architectural beauties, I submit that England is, on the whole, the most picturesque of European countries, except in regard of those beauties which depend on the height of mountains. When I have returned to England from the Continent or from America, I have felt that I was passing from a deserted saloon or ballroom into a well-furnished drawing-room—from landscapes of which the ground-colour was brown into landscapes of which the ground-colour is green. Whether it be due to soil, climate, the prevailing mode of cultivation, the distribution of village homesteads, or to more recondite causes, England presents a series of rural pictures, sober in colouring, but rich in the harmony of picturesque elements, which may be sought in vain on the wide plains and plateaux of Central Europe. I have sometimes fancied that it must have been even more attractive to a landscape painter during the Wars of the Roses, when all its mediæval buildings were still intact, but with the bloom of decay upon them; when its forests spread over vast areas now covered with populous towns; and when Lancashire, for instance, had not been disfigured by factory chimneys blackening the very herbage with smoke. But we must remember that all the Tudor and Jacobean manor-houses have since been erected; that such places as Oxford and Bath were then comparatively squalid little towns; that plantations have beautified some dreary tracts, while the destruction of forests has spoiled the native charms of more favoured districts; and that

cultivation, after all, dots a country with farm-houses and cottages which are not the least ornamental part of its furniture.

But, while objects of architectural interest are distributed pretty evenly over England, there is, of course, no such approach to equality in scenery. If I were asked to select the most beautiful districts in England proper, I should have no difficulty in excluding most of the Eastern and several of the Midland Counties. Beginning with the Southern Counties, I should name Surrey, parts of Sussex, especially those bordering on Surrey and Hampshire, the New Forest, the border-region of Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire, the whole of Devonshire, and the hill districts of Somersetshire, including Exmoor and the Quantock Hills. In the Midland Counties, between the Thames and the Humber, I should pick out the Cotswold Hills, the whole borderline adjoining Wales, Derbyshire, and Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire. In the North of England, the first place must be assigned to the Lake District, whose finest peaks and valleys are so well known that few care to explore the charming sub-Alpine country which surrounds them. Next would come the Dales of West Yorkshire—perhaps the most old-world corner of England, until it was invaded by the Midland Railway—and lastly the Cheviot Hills, guarding the Scotch border. The Roman Wall, running along a ridge between Newcastle and Carlisle, should perhaps be added, as combining the highest antiquarian interest with a

succession of splendid views both northward and southward.

Having made comparatively few excursions to foreign countries during the last forty years, I have had the more leisure to explore my own, and, though I have never thought of doing so methodically, I have probably seen more of the United Kingdom than most of my travelled friends. Being once challenged to reckon up the private houses in which I had stayed in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, I was amused to find that they amounted to 400, scattered all over the United Kingdom, the great majority being residences of modest size, and very few of the palatial order. I should be at a loss to make out a similar list of hotels, but it would certainly be a long one. Many of these houses were resting-places on riding or driving expeditions, which I have always enjoyed, and recommend to people who like moving about independently, and do not require constant social excitement. When I was on the Western Circuit, as I have already mentioned, I twice rode from London to Exeter, and about half-way back, on my own horse, stopping at the various assize towns, and sometimes paying visits *en route*. I have constantly ridden and driven over the whole intervening country, and could hardly find myself out of my bearings at any point between Canterbury and Hastings on the East, and Dartmoor and Ilfracombe on the West. I have seen very little of Cornwall, and there are parts of Devonshire, as well as of Kent, which I have not explored,

but I have crossed and recrossed in all directions the rest of the Southern counties — Surrey and Sussex, Berkshire and Wiltshire, Hampshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire. I once rode from Surrey to Holnicote, near Minehead, by way of the Hampshire Downs, Chard, Blackdown, Brendon Hill, and Dunkerry Beacon, and hunted on the same horse with the Exmoor staghounds. Being advised to follow the lead of some knowing local rider, I picked out an elderly man on a stout clever-looking horse, and found that I was under the guidance of Jack Russell, the famous hunting-parson. In the summer of another year, I started to ride from London to Scotland along the high ground constituting the backbone of England, intending to proceed by the Carter Fell Pass towards Jedburgh and Edinburgh, but was stopped by the lameness of my horse at Buxton. I have also traversed many of the Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Yorkshire hills on horseback, besides driving in a dogcart on three occasions from Oxford to Kendal or Keswick, and crossing the "Pennine range" backwards and forwards by almost every practicable road between Leeds and Teesdale. One of these, from Kirkby Stephen into the head of Swaledale and down to Richmond, must be one of the very wildest and least-frequented carriage-tracks in England. In 1880, after staying with Lord Bowen near Llangollen, I rode across hill and dale by a rough "switchback" route to Lord Aberdare's house in Glamorganshire, and have made

frequent riding-tours in such woodland districts as the New Forest, Sherwood Forest, the Chiltern Hills, and the Cotswold Hills, which strongly contrast with the neighbouring Mendip Hills in being far better watered and far better timbered. As I was exploring the so-called "Dukeries" in Sherwood Forest with a friend, I happened to say that I supposed it would be converted before long into a national park, to which he replied: "I am sure I do not know why it should, so long as we can get Dukes to keep it up for us at their own expense, and leave the gates open."

Perhaps no county in England, and certainly no other county of its size, offers such a variety of quiet and beautiful rides as the county of Surrey, with its parallel ranges of chalk and sand hills, its remains of the ancient forest on the wealden clay, its richly-coloured landscapes, its numerous heaths, its lonely tarns modestly called "ponds," its hollow lanes, its secluded nooks once haunted by gypsies or smugglers and now by artists, its never-failing bridle-tracks, and its ever-open bridle-gates. For many of its attractions, and especially for those which make it so delightful a riding-ground, as well as for the scarcity of great country-houses, Surrey is really indebted to the poverty of its soil. Had it been as fertile as the fen-country or the vale of Taunton, it would have been parcelled out and enclosed centuries ago by Norman barons or monks, interlaced with hedgerows, and intersected with ditches. As it is, there are many spots in it,

within twenty-five miles of London, which retain almost all their old-world seclusion, and I have myself seen black game on the skirts of Leith Hill and Hindhead, while one was taken alive during a fire on a heathery but well-frequented common, near Peper Harow, not many years ago. If the charm of quiet riding consists in a combination of picturesque views, fine air, and soft ground, it would be difficult to surpass three rides of twenty or thirty miles each, which may be enjoyed within the borders of Surrey, though, in one case, the starting-point is Windsor, in Berkshire. This ride is across Windsor Park, by Ascot and Swinley Park, thence by solitary avenues of fir said to have been cut for George III. during his period of insanity, along Chobham Ridges to Fox Hills, over Aldershot, and Farnham. It is from a point on this route that, according to some military wag, you may survey the whole career of the British officer, from the cradle to the grave. He starts at the Orphan Asylum, near Bagshot, and proceeds successively to Wellington College, Sandhurst, Aldershot, and the Staff College. Soon afterwards, falling into evil courses, he finds his way into the County Prison (not in view), and thence into the Woking Convict Prison, from which, losing his reason, he is transferred to the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, where he dies, and is buried (or cremated) at the Woking Cemetery, leaving children, who recommence the vicious circle at the Orphan Asylum. The second route is from Reigate to Farnham along

the North Downs as far as Guildford, and onwards along the narrow ridge of the Hog's Back. The last is from Reigate along the line of sandhills and intervening heaths connecting Leith Hill, Holmbury, Hascombe, and Hindhead, whence the excursion might be prolonged through a fine and open country into Sussex or Hampshire. The late Sir William Erle, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, who lived on the southern slopes of Hindhead, was an enthusiastic admirer of this region, and, though no great rider, loved to range over it on horseback. Once, when he was Judge of Assize at Guildford, and was riding home alone across Hindhead, he met with a little adventure which he related to me as more characteristic of Ireland than of England. It happened that certain recent enclosures on the hillside had caused much discontent among the "hut-men," and provoked reprisals in the nature of agrarian outrage, the authors of which had been tried before his brother-Judge at Guildford. In the wildest part of the road, he was accosted by two or three rough-looking men, who spoke of these lawless acts with ill-concealed sympathy, but added that he was known as a friend of the poor, and assured him that his property would be safe against injury; after which, they disappeared in the dusk. It was he who erected the cross of Cornish marble which now crowns the summit of Hindhead. Here three murderers had been gibbeted at the end of the last century, and a stone by the roadside, a little way below, still commemorates the actual scene

of the murder by a sadly grim inscription. The benevolent feelings of Sir William Erle were shocked that so ill-omened a memory should be thus perpetuated, and so, by way of exorcising the evil spirit, he surrounded his own monument with short texts in Latin and English, suggestive of hope, peace, and salvation.

But, as every one knows, neither the broken woodland country of Surrey, nor the choice hunting country of the Midlands, with plenty of stiff but not breakneck fences, is the best country for that class of horsemen who enjoy galloping on elastic turf, at a high level, and with extensive views. In these respects, I know of no country to match the Sussex, Berkshire, and Wiltshire Downs, to which should be added that region of Dorsetshire comprised in the Autumn Manœuvres of 1898, and combining the attractions of open Downs with those of well-kept parks. Such riding cannot be found in the so-called "Shires," where, however, large grass fields are often connected, for miles together, by gates known to local farmers and hunting-men. A practised eye, too, will often discern signs of old bridle-paths, not yet barred up, which a novice would miss; and if the novice should lose his way in making a venture across fields, he may sometimes find comfort in the old country maxim, "Where there's ricks, there's gates." There is also a strong presumption of there being a thoroughfare practicable for horses between farm and farm, just as footpaths may generally be found leading across country

from one parish church to another. Of course, no one who really cares for riding would trot along roads if he could find an equally short route across country; but it is worth noticing that good unbroken turf is far more likely to be found at the sides of the great trunk-roads of England, too broad for their present traffic, than along narrow cross-roads and byways, and this especially holds good of the Midland Counties. The main roads have the further advantage that, so far as may be, they follow the line of high ridges. As for the proper limit of a day's journey in riding and driving tours, I should be disposed to fix it at an average of twenty-five miles. My own practice has been to make longer journeys, and rest on alternate days, often at a friend's house. No doubt a higher average may be maintained by reducing the pace, and it is certain that in the olden times men would ride fifty or sixty miles a day for a week together, as they still do in Australia, South Africa, and South America. But the roadsters of those good old days were specially bred for the purpose, and the roads were not macadamised; at all events, experience shows that modern horses' legs will not stand constant hammering over long distances, if they are used all the year round. For heavy journeys, the average pace should not greatly exceed seven miles an hour, exclusive of stoppages, and, in driving tours, it is good policy to go very gently uphill, making up for lost time on level ground. I confess to having always preferred friends' houses, as night-

quarters, to country hotels. The difficulty is that friends' houses are not distributed at convenient distances all over England, but this difficulty may be abated, in most parts of the country, by a very simple expedient. My own plan was to drive on thirty or forty miles from each comfortable halting-place and fall back on it by train, leaving my horse to rest until I rejoined it, or else to push on by train on the first day to another comfortable halting-place, and bring up my horse and trap on the next or following day.

My experience of English inns is not, on the whole, unfavourable, and I do not share the opinion of those who think Continental hotels in every respect superior. No doubt Switzerland, being largely frequented by classes who insist on good treatment, and are ready to pay for it, deserves a high reputation for hotel-keeping; but there are many excellent hotels, patronised by a somewhat different class, in the hill districts of the Lake Country and Derbyshire, not to speak of North Wales and the Highlands. It is the ordinary English country towns which are so often very inferior in hotel accommodation to similar towns on the Continent, having a number of thriving public-houses, but not one hostelry with a standard of comfort above that required by commercial travellers. It may truly be said that a refined *cuisine* is hardly to be expected where there is no regular demand for meals at stated hours, except on market days, but only a chance of casual travellers calling in a hurry for mutton-chops;

whereas in a French provincial town it is common for the lawyer, the doctor, the notary public, and the local officials, to breakfast or dine at a *table d'hôte*. But this will not excuse the sad deficiency of nearly all our second-class hotels in the neatness, appointments, and, above all, the quiet of bedrooms. For instance, in all my journeys about England, I never remember to have seen an inkstand and blotting-book in an hotel bedroom, yet an expenditure of a few shillings on this and one or two other little requisites might give hotel bedrooms a home-like air, and save infinite trouble to visitors and servants. Again, why should the wine-card of an English hotel offer so miserable a choice of third-rate wines at prices threefold of their cost, or why should visitors have to pay twice over for attendance? On the other hand, good beer and fairly good tea are almost always to be had at English inns, the stabling is usually good, and I have always found ostlers honest and kind to horses, especially if you show by your manner that you are likely to "behave like a gentleman." The scarcity of inns in high and healthy positions is hardly creditable to England. Buxton is an exception in this respect, but outside Buxton it would be difficult to name ten really comfortable hotels at a level of five hundred feet or more above the sea. The Lake country does not possess one such hotel—for the village of Shap, though nearly one thousand feet high, cannot offer comfort to visitors; and I know of none that can be compared with the better seaside hotels in the

elevated districts of the Yorkshire Dales, Exmoor, Dartmoor, the Cotswold Hills, the Chiltern Hills, or the chalk Downs of the Southern Counties. There are ideal sites for quiet and luxurious health-resorts on the beautiful Surrey Downs within twenty miles of London, and yet there is not a single hotel on that high and picturesque table-land suitable for the myriads of wealthy people inhabiting the West End, for whom sumptuous accommodation is provided at watering-places along the coasts of Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight.

There are other drawbacks in English road-travelling which might be easily remedied, and ought not to have been tolerated so long. For example, the very convenient system of sending luggage by post which has prevailed for many years on the Continent has yet to be established in England. Sign-posts, which are to be found on out-of-the-way footpaths in Switzerland and Germany, are often wanting just where they are most needed on English cross-roads, and even the great high-roads. The name of a village is hardly ever painted up at the entrance to it, though it may generally be found over the Post Office, if there happens to be one. Our Ordnance Maps, on the one-inch scale, excellent as they are in their way, show no difference between highways and byways, green cart-tracks or mere farm roads, and metalled roads suitable for carriages with springs. For this reason, it is constantly necessary to question country people, and, in doing so, it is a good rule to avoid leading

questions, which are apt to be answered offhand, and with a view to please the questioner. Thus, instead of asking "Does that road lead to A.?" in which case the reply will probably be in the affirmative, it is better to ask "Where does that road lead?" and to follow up this question with others showing a knowledge of the map, which may elicit the more detailed information required by a stranger. Until lately, very little reliance could be placed on guide-books by any traveller exploring the country on foot or horseback, but this requirement has now been supplied by Messrs. Jenkinson, Baddeley, and others, whose handbooks give minute and accurate directions even for crossing mountain passes where the path is invisible. Still, where mists are liable to come on and landmarks are few, no one can dispense with a compass. By the aid of one, I have steered my way in a dog-cart across high and desolate Yorkshire moors near Malham Tarn, where no wheel-track could be seen, and, for want of one, farmers and huntsmen have lost their way on the South Downs very near their own homes.

Being a sportsman's paradise, Scotland is perhaps better known to Englishmen than England itself. My own acquaintance with it is that of a tourist or health-seeker, and there are certain districts which I have never traversed, such as the central parts of Ross-shire and Inverness-shire, the outer Hebrides, and the region about Ben Alder, so graphically described by Stevenson in "Kidnapped." Otherwise, I may claim a tolerably wide general knowledge

of it from the English border up to the Shetland Islands, and a special knowledge of Deeside and the Grampian range. There can, of course, be no comparison between the Scotch Highlands and Switzerland in the grandeur of their mountains and the beauty of their valleys, but they possess one advantage for tourists seeking fine air and health rather than an arena for mountaineering prowess. Nothing, it is true, can be more invigorating than the climate of a Swiss glacier, which must of necessity be on a high level, and on which the air, instead of being heated by the earth, comes up refrigerated from a surface of ice. But, after all, the great majority of Swiss tourists spend all their nights and most hours of their days in comparatively low valleys, some of them so confined and insalubrious that goitre and cretinism prevail among the inhabitants. In the Highlands, on the contrary, if you are not on a mountain, you are very often on an open moor, swept by health-giving winds which the mountains are not steep enough, or high enough, or far enough apart, to intercept. This is an advantage which the Highlands also possess, as compared with the English Lake District, the mountains of which are, on the average, much steeper, and grouped much closer together, superior in form, but inferior in colouring. A special drawback in Scotch hill-climbing is that great expanses of mountain and moor are reserved as deer forests, and guarded against trespassers by keepers during most of the tourist season, whereas the fells of Westmoreland and Cumberland are prac-

tically left open, or crossed by stone fences which a tourist is free to climb over. Though deerstalking is certainly a selfish form of recreation, so far as it involves shutting up whole mountains and vast tracts of moor against the public, and though some Highland proprietors have certainly pushed their rights too far, I think the grievance has been somewhat exaggerated. What mainly concerns the public interest is the preservation of footpaths, especially across passes connecting the heads of two glens, and here good service has been rendered by the Highland Association and a similar body in the Lake District. As for mountain ascents in Scotland, there are few who care to make them nowadays, except where there is an undisputed right of way, as there is up Ben Lomond, Ben Nevis, or Lochnagar. Unless landlords could be compelled to make smooth and easy tracks up nameless mountains, not many tourists would be found to climb them, whatever the law might be. plunging laboriously through bog and heather, of which sportsmen think little in the pursuit of game.

The Highlands and islands of Scotland are so full of beauties, distributed equally between the coasts and the interior, that it would be hopeless to rank them in order of merit. If I were asked to name the features of scenery which specially dwell in my own memory, I should be disposed to begin with Cape Wrath, the grandest headland in Great Britain, and only to be matched by the cliffs of Donegal. Coming southward along the West coast, I should

then single out Loch Hourn as the sternest and finest of all the sea-lochs, the jagged peaks of the Coolin Hills in Skye, and the equally chaotic blocks of granite which crown the summits of Goat Fell in Arran. Among inland scenes, none can surpass in beauty the well-known district of Loch Katrine and the Trossachs, or certain points on the course of the Tay; but I should place in the same class with these the ravine of the Findhorn River hemmed in by its granite walls, the precipices which flank the eastern side of Lochnagar, and those which overhang the lonely waters of Loch Avon. The last two are most accessible from Braemar, which may well be called the Engadine of Great Britain, and which is one of the few inland places frequented by visitors for the sake of its climate alone. It stands on a sloping plateau overlooking the Dee Valley, 1100 feet above the sea, being the highest village, except Tomintoul, in the island. Buxton is but 100 feet lower, and there are inns on Exmoor and Dartmoor which are still higher; but the Braemar air owes its specially dry and bracing quality to its coming across treeless granite mountains which tap the rain-clouds as they sweep over. The glens in the West of Scotland are richer in vegetation, by virtue of their heavy rainfall, and some of the Western mountains are bolder in form; but there is something imposing in the almost trackless mass of the Grampians between the valleys of the Dee and the Spey; and, however tame in outline they may be, as seen from without, they turn very precipitous faces to-

wards each other. The Queen was extremely well advised when she fixed her Highland home in this district; and, if it were not protected by the exclusive policy of the proprietors, it would soon be overspread by vulgar jerry-built villas, like Ilfracombe or North Malvern.

Braemar possesses a further charm in the simplicity of life which still prevails there, and which I have enjoyed during as many as fifteen or sixteen summer visits. But neither this nor any part of the Highlands is well suited for riding or driving tours. The vast expanses of moor are much too rough and boggy to be traversed at anything above a foot's pace, there are hardly any bridle-paths, and the stable accommodation is much below the English standard. The great roads, it is true, though few and far between, are well kept, and by no means unduly steep, even in mountainous districts. The fact is, that the worst road-ascents in Great Britain are to be found in counties like Devonshire, where it is just possible to go up hill and down dale without resorting to engineering skill, and where the old pack-roads have simply been widened into the modern carriage-ways. In Scotland, as in Switzerland, the mountains are too high for this; even General Wade had to circumvent them as best he could, and his successors in road-making have adopted the easiest gradients of which the ground admits.

I have less acquaintance with the Hebrides than with the mainland of Scotland, though I have twice

visited two of the finest—Skye and Arran. The former contains an unusual proportion of dreary scenery; but in the Coolin Hills, Loch Coruisk, the Storr Rock, and Quiraing, it possesses features of interest which fully justify its fame. The small island of Raasay, between Skye and the West coast, was in almost as primitive a state, when I stayed there in 1857, as it had been in the days of Dr. Johnson. The house of the laird (Mr. Rainy) remained almost unchanged; there was no other resident gentleman except the minister; no doctor had set foot on the island for many years; and, though mutton and game were plentiful, the islanders, three or four hundred in number, were dependent not only for beef but also for bread on steamers from Glasgow, which lay off the little jetty twice a-week in summer and discharged packages into a boat, but, I believe, ceased to run in winter. Once in the house, perhaps drenched with spray, a visitor found true old-fashioned hospitality; and I particularly remember the institution of "hot-pot," a savoury concoction of meat, game, and condiments, which always seemed to be kept ready on the kitchen fire, and was brought up at the shortest possible notice to restore warmth and vitality. The luxuriance of the fuchsias round the house contrasted pleasantly with the wildness of the background.

# CHAPTER XV

## IRELAND

Visits to Ireland—Study of the Irish Land Question—Reminiscences of the Vice-Regal Lodge—The "Castle-system"—Phœnix Park murders—Their influence on the Home Rule movement—My own contributions to Unionist organisation and literature—"Plain Facts about Ireland"—The Irish Local Government Act—Effect of the Home Rule movement on political friendships.

My first visits to Ireland, beginning with 1845, were for the sake of enjoying the scenery or the hospitality of friends. In my opinion it cannot be compared with Scotland, or even with England, in natural beauties, and is not unfairly described as an unattractive picture in a handsome frame. A great part of the interior is much duller and more devoid of striking features than our Midland Counties, but there is a belt of most picturesque country round a great part of the coast, including the Wicklow Mountains, the Mourne Mountains, the environs of the Giant's Causeway, the whole of Donegal, Connemara, much of Limerick, Killarney, and the other highlands of Kerry, extending into the South-West of Cork. Before railways were developed, most of these districts were traversed by Bianconi's cars, and nearly fifty years ago tickets for circular tours in Ireland might be taken at reasonable prices. I made one of these tours in 1852, and reached the most

westerly point of Ireland on the promontory beyond Dingle, where I stayed with a relation. The cheapness of provisions at Dingle in those days before the spread of regular communication would now be thought incredible. I was assured, on trustworthy authority, that a pair of chickens just good enough to be put on the table might be got for fourpence or less, and the price of eggs, which I have forgotten, was on a like scale. The fowls simply multiplied like the people, and there was no market for the surplus.

No one could pass through such a country, even as a tourist, without carrying away a strong impression of the contrast between it and England, but it was not until 1869 that I attempted to see it with the eyes of a foreign observer. The Irish Church Act had just been passed, and Mr. Gladstone's First Irish Land Bill was known to be impending, when my old friend Mr. F. W. Gibbs and I visited the North of Ireland, with the view of gaining information on various aspects of the Land Question. We armed ourselves with good introductions, and though neither of us was foolish enough to imagine that we could master in a few weeks problems which had puzzled experts for years or generations, we gained enough knowledge at first hand to enable us to understand and check the evidence collected in blue-books. Both of us published the results of our inquiry, Gibbs devoting himself chiefly to an exposition of the Ulster custom, while I essayed to present a compendious review of the whole subject in its historical and agrarian aspects, followed by proposals for

practical legislation. This review originally appeared in a volume called "Recess Studies," but has since been re-published in my "Political Studies." The distinctive feature of its constructive portion is a suggestion for a Domesday-book survey of all Ireland, for the purpose of ascertaining and registering once for all the value of landlords' and tenants' interests on all estates; this valuation to be made under conditions and by processes there indicated in a general way. This judicial assessment being once made, it was an essential part of the scheme that no tenant should be liable to disturbance without payment of the full value of his tenant right, and that no further agreements between landlord and tenant should be valid in law unless embodied in written contracts. I am still of opinion that a settlement of the Irish land question on these broad principles would have been practicable, equitable, and lasting. But the time for it has long since passed. Instead of following the precedent set by Stein and Hardenberg, and gradually establishing a system of single ownership, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues deliberately adopted a system of dual ownership to which there is no parallel in the civilised world, sacrificing the future to the present, and destroying all hope of a stable equilibrium in Irish land-tenure, except so far as the Irish tenant may become his own landlord by purchase.

During Lord Spencer's first Irish Viceroyalty, I was often his guest at the Vice-regal Lodge, and had many opportunities of conversing with persons con-

cerned in the government of Ireland. He was also kind enough to discuss Irish affairs very freely with me, and to admit me behind the scenes of what is called "Dublin Castle." Now, I am quite aware that Dublin Castle has been studiously represented, if not as the stronghold of English oppression, yet as a focus of corruption and abuses; nor am I prepared to deny that in past times it was open to charges of the latter kind. But nothing that I saw or heard would justify a belief that it is still open to them; much less, that the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy would be in the interest either of the United Kingdom or of Ireland. When this measure was contemplated by Lord Russell and other Liberals of the old school, it recommended itself as part and parcel of the policy of assimilation whereby the Irish Channel was to be gradually bridged over, and all badges of difference obliterated. That policy has now been abandoned for the counter-policy of special legislation for Ireland; and the abolition of the Viceroyalty would destroy not only a standing monument of Imperial rule, but a valuable instrument for mediation between Irish and English opinion. Torrents of abuse have been poured upon "the Castle" by Irish demagogues, and it is quite possible that some useful reforms might still be introduced into Castle bureaucracy. But the broad fact remains that "the Castle" really consists of a few officials, mostly both honest and able, far more accessible to Irish influences than Under-Secretaries or clerks at the Home Office, and traditionally disposed to modify Imperial instructions

so as to conciliate Irish prejudice. The besetting sin of "the Castle" is not its despotism but its weakness; and since the recent extension of local self-government in Ireland—an experiment which no one had demanded and from which no one expects the least benefit—it has become vitally necessary to strengthen the power of the Central Executive, whether it be lodged in Dublin Castle, or distributed, as in France, among provincial authorities.

As for the allegation that Ireland is administered through Englishmen, the fact is that a much larger proportion of Irishmen is to be found in the English Civil Service than of Englishmen in the Irish Civil Service. While the Lord Chief-Justice of England and two or three other English Judges are Irishmen, every Judge on the Irish Bench is of Irish birth; the official staff of every Irish Board consists almost entirely of Irishmen; and if the Under-Secretary has sometimes of late been an Englishman or a Scotchman, it is worthy of remembrance that the last Under-Secretary of purely Irish blood—a Roman Catholic of the old stock—was murdered in broad daylight by hired Irish assassins in the Phœnix Park.

No one could be more admirably fitted than Lord Spencer to fill the office of an Irish Viceroy. However much I may deplore his conversion to Home Rule, I shall always hold that if Ireland could be continuously governed by such men, as independent of the Ministry in office as the Viceroys of India, surrounded by a representative Irish Privy Council with larger powers than "Dublin Castle" possesses,

and not vexatiously controlled from Westminster, the whole aspect of the Irish question would be altered. Lord Spencer may have had too much faith in the Liberal panaceas for the ills of Ireland, but he was a perfectly conscientious, public-spirited, and open-minded man, always seeking and welcoming opinions from persons of experience or ability, and never taking an important step until he was convinced of its wisdom. During his first Administration, his Chief Secretaries were Mr. Chichester Fortescue and Lord Hartington ; but in addition to his official advisers, he was fortunate enough to possess a very honest and able counsellor in the Irish Attorney-General, Mr. Edward Sullivan, afterwards Master of the Rolls, whose premature death facilitated, to say the least, the adoption of a Home Rule policy. His second Administration was inaugurated, so to speak, by the atrocious murder of Mr. Thomas Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish, whose presence on the spot appointed for Burke's assassination was purely accidental. The circumstances of this most dramatic crime are now tolerably well known, but it is not generally known that Lord Spencer had just returned from a ride which, if prolonged in the direction which he meant to have taken, would have brought him on the scene of action as a witness, if it had not put the murderers to flight. In the following winter, I was staying at the Vice-regal Lodge, where the strictest guard was still kept, and precautions enforced which strongly resembled a state of siege. Most of the Lord-Lieutenant's retinue and guests,

including myself, were habitually armed with revolvers, the Vice-regal carriages were followed by armed detectives on cars, and no one was allowed to approach the Lodge after dark without giving the pass-word or "countersign" of the day. At this time the Phœnix Park assassins were still at large, but I believe their names were known to the police authorities, who patiently waited until one of them should turn "Queen's evidence"—a part ultimately played by the infamous Carey. I remember having a conversation with a Dublin car-driver, who professed the utmost horror of the murder, and particular sympathy with Lord Frederick Cavendish, who could have injured nobody, protesting with solemn adjurations that no Dublin car-driver, like himself, could have been concerned in the affair. I told him that I could not feel equally sure of this, especially as his countrymen were constantly shooting down men as innocent as Lord Frederick; and I was so far right, that a man of this very class afterwards confessed to having driven the party.

I almost shrink from avowing it, and yet I have not the smallest doubt, that while the immediate effect of the Phœnix Park murders was a strong Coercion Act, their ultimate effect was to stimulate the Home Rule movement, and pave the way for Mr. Gladstone's adoption of it. The man who openly declared that the Clerkenwell explosion had sounded the doom of the Irish Church, was just the man to imagine that ruffians hired with American money, and unknown to respectable Irish Nationalists

(though afterwards worshipped as martyrs), were true representatives of a misguided but genuine and terribly earnest patriotism. I happen to know that one of his most important coadjutors was more or less under this illusion, and led to conclude that, since Ireland had not been conciliated by the methods in which Liberal politicians had so groundless a faith, nothing remained except to let the Home Rulers have their own way. Unless I am greatly deceived, it was this hopeless sense of impotence, rather than any belief in the capacity of the Irish for self-government, which impelled other leaders of the Liberal Party to follow Mr. Gladstone and Lord Spencer like a flock of sheep, and so the task of governing Ireland under the Union was abandoned in a fit of administrative despair. Had these blind guides been able to foresee even the immediate future, perhaps "the great betrayal" would never have taken place. But they did not foresee that a new spirit would be roused among their countrymen superior to popularity-hunting and time-serving, that a body of men called Liberal Unionists would actually prefer being in power to being in office until a time should come for a strong Unionist Government, and that, under this Government, Ireland, instead of breaking out into rebellion, would remain quieter and apparently more contented than it has been in the present century. One reason why they did not foresee this is, that they mistook an exotic and artificial agitation for an indigenous and spontaneous rising against intolerable oppression. The

fact is that Home Rule, like Fenianism, was mainly got up and supported from America ; moonlighters, agrarian murderers, and assassins (like Joe Brady and his accomplices), were also paid out of American subsidies, and, when these subsidies failed, both Irish disaffection and Irish crime subsided in a highly significant way.

During the last fifteen years I have been very little in Ireland, and my knowledge of Irish affairs has been derived from sources accessible to all, but I have never lost a very warm interest in them. Among the many papers or utterances that I have published on Irish policy, I will mention some on which I bestowed the greatest care. One entitled "The Last Chapter of Irish History" was published in 1880, after the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's Compensation for Disturbance Bill, and before the Report of Lord Bessborough's Commission. It contained a short review of Irish agrarian legislation, a description of the reign of terror established by the Land League, and an attempt to lay down the conditions upon which alone a lasting settlement could be effected. In the same year I delivered an Address at the Royal Institution of Great Britain on "The Land Systems of England and of Ireland." In December 1881 I delivered another Address, afterwards published, in the Hall of Merton College, on "The Irish Land Act of 1881 : its origin and its consequences," wherein I pointed out the radical defects of that most unjust and unstatesmanlike measure, but failed to forecast the heritage of con-

sequential injustice which has followed too surely upon it. In May 1886 I addressed to the *Times* a letter on "Home Rule and Justice to Ireland," designed to show that Home Rule, instead of being a real benefit to its people, would, on the contrary, be the greatest wrong that Great Britain could inflict upon them. In October 1886 I addressed another letter to the *Times* on "The Government of Ireland under the Union," designed to show how all the legitimate aims and aspirations of Irish patriotism could be far better satisfied by a wise development of Pitt's Irish policy, by "a vigorous assertion of Imperial authority, combined with an unprejudiced and sympathetic regard for Irish interests and feelings." In this letter I did not shrink from anticipating the heresy lately adopted by Mr. Arthur Balfour. "Ireland is still a very backward country, and messages of peace have not calmed religious passion. Why not recognise facts, give up the fiction of mixed education in elementary schools, and endow a Catholic University? It is too late to pay the priests, or to renew the dependence of Maynooth on an annual grant. But it is not too late to place the highest education within the reach of the Roman Catholic laity on terms which they will accept; and, whether or not the boon should elicit gratitude, it would be a substantial benefit to Ireland."

In 1887 I headed a deputation from the Liberal Unionist graduates of Oxford, who had joined the Liberal Unionist graduates of Cambridge in an

address to Lord Hartington. This address had been drawn up at Cambridge, and accepted by us without alteration, as I duly informed Lord Hartington in presenting it to him, in conjunction with Sir John Seeley, at Devonshire House. Soon afterwards (July 20, 1887) I contributed to the *Liberal Unionist* an article on "The Classes and the Masses," designed to show the hollowness, as well as the wickedness, of Mr. Gladstone's attempt to set instinct above reason, and popular ignorance against cultivated opinion—sometimes misguided, or even selfish, but never quite fatuous and reckless. In November 1887 I delivered a speech at Bath, afterwards published by the Liberal Unionist Association, under the title of "The Real Meaning of Home Rule and Coercion." In January 1888 I delivered another speech at Oxford, deprecating the immediate fusion of Liberal Unionists into the Conservative Party, and claiming for them a right to stand before the world as the legitimate "heirs and representatives of the great historical Liberal Party." In April 1888 I addressed to the *Times* a letter on "Ireland a Nation," exposing the absurd fallacy that Ireland is a disinherited nation, robbed of its national independence by its English conquerors. As that fallacy is not yet extinct, I will venture to select one passage from this letter. "'Scotland a Nation' is a sentiment which awakens glorious memories; but 'Ireland a Nation' is simply an unmeaning phrase. The consolidation of the Irish provinces and regions under one settled

government has been exclusively the work of English monarchs and statesmen. The civil and political liberties which Ireland now enjoys have been conferred on it by England, and by England alone. Neither trial by jury, nor Parliamentary representation, nor the freedom of the Press, nor the Poor-Law, nor popular education, nor any privilege of citizenship now common to Irishmen with Englishmen, is an institution of Irish origin. They were all imported from England, and there is not one of them which is not grossly abused, at this very moment, by Irishmen, who seem to consider an incapacity for the honest exercise of civil rights a title and qualification for the duties of national self-government." In December 1888 I delivered at Oxford an Address on "Unionism the Basis of a National Party," on which I shall have more to say hereafter. In May 1889 I was Chairman of the Liberal Union Club dinner in London, when the late Lord Derby was our guest, and spoke chiefly on the hopelessly chimerical project of Home Rule with limited liability. In November 1889 I delivered a speech from the Chair at a Unionist dinner at Oxford, in which I dwelt on the duty of Unionists to support a Government, under whatever name, "which should initiate Liberal measures in a Conservative spirit." In May 1890 I presided at a great meeting in the Oxford Corn Exchange, where Mr. Chamberlain was the speaker of the evening, and my chief task was to provide an appropriate prelude to his address. He was extremely well

received, and, in spite of threats, no disturbance occurred to call for the interference of the police, or of the "chuckers-out," of whom we had provided a sufficient body in reserve, and whom I was amused to find described in a private report on the arrangements as "the party of order."

After the Home Rule controversy passed into a less acute stage, I gladly withdrew from the political arena, though I contributed two signed articles in January and March 1893 to a series in the *Oxford Times*, originated, I think, by Professor Dicey. The subjects of these articles were "The Coming Home Rule Bill: a last word to Unionists," and "Present Aspects and Prospects of Home Rule." These two articles contain my final views on Home Rule, and, if that disastrous question should be revived, I could wish to be judged by them. I also played a humble part, by speech and pen, in rallying Liberal Unionists to the support of Lord Valentia at the Oxford City elections of 1892 and 1895; but, for the most part, I have declined platform appearances, and held aloof from political gatherings, during the last few years. I am well aware that whatever I have said or written on this latest phase of the Irish Question is of purely ephemeral interest—committed to air and inscribed on water, or "buried in the catacombs reserved for old newspaper files." Nevertheless, I will select a single passage from an article, not yet mentioned, which appeared in the *National Review* in 1888, and was entitled "Plain Facts about Ireland." This article, as simple in its style as in

its title, was designed to correct in some degree the gross ignorance which then prevailed, as it still prevails, among ordinary talkative politicians on subjects which form the very alphabet of the Irish Question. The following extract contains a summary of its conclusions, based on grounds there briefly stated, which seem to me even now worthy of repetition and consideration. "We have seen, in the first place, that Irish nationality is a past that was never present; that whatever sense of national unity Ireland now possesses, and all its free institutions, it owes to English rule; that it never had a national Parliament worthy of the name till it was admitted to partnership in the Imperial Parliament; that its wise surrender of a nominal legislative independence was not the nefarious intrigue conjured up by Mr. Gladstone, and was justified by the results; that Ireland has made great progress in everything but loyalty under the Union, and is now as truly self-governed as any part of Great Britain; that the Viceroyalty and the "Castle system" are no monuments or instruments of oppression, but rather intermediate links between the Central Executive and the Irish people; that Ireland actually enjoys and constantly abuses local franchises and institutions nearly the same as those of Great Britain; that 'public opinion' in the English sense does not exist in Ireland; and that if intermittent 'coercion' has failed, the failure of conciliation has been still more signal and significant. We have, then, rapidly surveyed the essential conditions of

agrarian disorder in Ireland, and the chief measures whereby it has been sought to remedy it at the sacrifice of every principle except that of expediency. We have seen that no Irish tenant can now be rack-rented by his landlord, though he may be ground down by the payment of an extortionate tenant-right to his predecessor; that his judicial rent may be lowered by a Court as prices go down, but cannot be raised as prices go up; that however much his rent may be in arrear, he can obtain full compensation for improvements on quitting his farm, or sell it to the highest bidder; and that if he wishes to buy it out-and-out from his landlord, he is enabled to do so by the use of public credit, on such terms that his yearly charge will be less than his old rent; in short, that he enjoys the protection of a one-sided agrarian code framed expressly for his benefit, and securing to him privileges unknown to his fellows in the rest of the United Kingdom, on the Continent of Europe, in the Colonies, or in the United States of America."

It only remains to be added that, during the eleven years since this passage was penned, the position of the Irish tenant has been still further improved, partly at the expense of his much-oppressed landlord, and partly at that of the State, especially in the direction of purchase on easier terms. As for "local franchises and institutions," which have now been assimilated more closely than ever to those of Great Britain, it is to be feared that a new and ruinous departure will have

to be recorded by the future historian. For, unless Irish character be wholly changed, or Imperial statesmanship is stiffened into far more peremptory action than has been displayed for many years, I can see but one probable issue to Irish County Councils. The safeguards devised to prevent their robbing the landlords may prove effectual, but no safeguards have been devised, or could prove effectual, against their usurping political functions, and becoming little Home Rule Parliaments, when a fresh wave of revolutionary agitation sets in. If this once comes about, I shall be surprised if the next step is not a periodical reunion of representatives from these Councils in Dublin; one step more, and we shall have a Home Rule Convention, loudly clamouring for statutory recognition as an Irish Parliament. Ten or twelve years ago, I always felt, and often confessed, that I found it equally impossible to conceive either that Home Rule would be carried or that it would not be carried. Being pressed to say what, after all, I thought might be the issue, I used to reply that I feared Home Rule might be introduced, bit by bit, in a form which Irish Nationalists would recognise as adequate for their ulterior purpose, but which could be represented to English Liberals, ignorant of Ireland, as a mere reform of local government. I wish that this prediction were not likely to come true, and that a Unionist Government may not be found to have surrendered the key of the Unionist position.

This is not the place for an argumentative discussion of the Home Rule movement, the history of which I was once urged to undertake. If I have not seen my way to do so, it is partly because I am not sure that we have yet seen the end of the movement, and partly because, having avowed myself a staunch Unionist from the first, and done all in my power to withstand Home Rule, I could hardly expect to be credited with the historical impartiality which, nevertheless, I should have earnestly striven to practise. It is possible to believe that a strong case may be made out in favour of Home Rule—it is even possible to believe that no speech yet delivered and no pamphlet yet written has done full justice to the strength of that case—and yet to hold that it admits of an overwhelming reply, not only from an Imperial point of view, but also, and still more, from an Irish point of view. "The Case of England against Home Rule" has been admirably stated by Professor Dicey; "The Case of Ireland against Home Rule" still remains to be stated, and would be far more crushing, if stated ably, and, above all, without reserve. It is a pity that no speech as telling, comprehensive, and outspoken, as that of Lord Clare, in advocating the Union in the interest of Ireland, has ever been delivered against its wilful destruction. Even staunch Unionists like Mr. Lecky, an acknowledged master of the subject, have sometimes laid too much stress on the connection of Home Rule with the Land League, and the personal demerits of Nationalist leaders—as if these were the chief reasons against

a Repeal of the Union, and as if under better leaders the experiment might perhaps be safely tried, and with some hope of success. For my own part, I have yet to be convinced that Irish Nationalism has ever had, or is ever likely to have, a better leader than Parnell, if the object be to conduct a disastrous revolution under constitutional forms. He instigated men to wholesale robbery, it is true, and condoned, if he did not defend, murder; but this defiance of the sixth and eighth commandments did not shock either his Irish adherents or even his English allies. Some of these, however, at the bidding of the "Nonconformist conscience," held up their hands in pious horror, and actually forsook him, when he was found to have committed a breach of the seventh commandment.

Had I been challenged beforehand to name those of my Liberal friends who would suddenly "find salvation" in Home Rule, and those who would remain faithful to Unionist principles as professed up to 1886 by the whole Liberal Party, I should assuredly have made numerous and grievous mistakes. Even now, I find it impossible to discern the lines along which the cleavage took place. On both sides were found men of apparently independent minds, of moderate or "advanced" opinions, with a higher or lower standard of political morality, and with greater or less knowledge of Ireland. Of one thing, however, I remain convinced—that very few English or Scotch Home Rulers were honestly converted to a Home Rule policy, except under the influence of political

fatalism. They scarcely affected to believe in its merits or probable success, but they were induced to regard it as inevitable, since the new Irish Franchise had resulted in an enormous Home Rule majority, and the people of Great Britain would no longer consent (as they fancied) to support any Government in the measures necessary to keep order in Ireland under the Union. Grievous as this delusion was, and pitiful as the creed on which it rested, it might have been treated as a strange error of judgment on a constitutional problem, and would not, in itself, have justified that loss of confidence, and even of respect, which has so deeply affected private friendship during the last fourteen years. But the schism between Home Rulers and Unionists has never been confined to Academical differences of opinion about the merits of Home Rule for Ireland, whether from an Imperial or from an Irish point of view. As Home Rule had been adopted by Mr. Gladstone and his followers solely in deference to party exigencies, so it soon appeared that party exigencies would require new sacrifices of principle, until the larger section of the Liberal party drifted further and further away from the ancient Liberal moorings, adopting what may be called a policy of Separation in all its forms. Foiled in their first attempt to repeal the Union with Ireland, its leaders shamelessly appealed to Separatist passions in Scotland and Wales; and not only so, but were driven by a kind of fatal necessity into something like an alliance with the forces of disorder and of anarchy, of lawlessness and of crime. During

the crisis of the Free Church Secession in Scotland, one of the seceding ministers is said to have publicly offered up a prayer in the following words: "O Lord, pour out upon us more abundantly the spirit of Disruption." That prayer, if not repeated by the apostles of Home Rule, was certainly fulfilled in their practice. Mr. Gladstone's sinister appeal to the pride and prejudice of ignorance, his deliberate attempt to poison the springs of public life by stirring up the enmity of the "masses" against the "classes," was perhaps his gravest lapse from patriotism and statesmanship. It failed, indeed, in its immediate object, but its evil effects are not yet exhausted. It is easy to say that friendship ought never to be disturbed by disputes about politics. So it may be said that friendship ought never to be disturbed by disputes about theology. But supposing religion to be the supreme interest of two friends, both good Protestants, and to have formed the main subject of their unreserved conversation for many years, with a full concurrence of sentiment in regard to it; and supposing one suddenly to announce his intention of joining the Roman Catholics, following up the announcement by ostentatious homage to Romish superstitions and unmeasured abuse of Protestantism—what are we to say then? Can mutual confidence (not to speak of respect) remain unshaken, can they continue to take sweet counsel together on the questions nearest their hearts, can they keep up the pretence of fundamental sympathy, while the one is most earnestly striving to uphold the cause

which the other is resisting to the death, and flinging himself into the arms of men whom the other regards with repulsion? And yet the parallel is by no means complete. For it would be a gross injustice to compare the worst tenets of the most fanatical Papist with those openly avowed and carried into action by the evil spirits whom Mr. Gladstone summoned to his aid, but could not lay at his will. No; it is possible, as I know by happy experience, for personal friendship to survive such a shock, but not for political friendship. So long as Home Rule was a burning question, friends who took different sides did wisely to avoid it as a forbidden subject. I myself succeeded in never once being drawn into an argument with a Home Rule friend. Only, now and again, when driven into a corner, I have taken refuge in the remark that some of my friends had joined the Roman Catholics while some had joined the Home Rulers, and that, as I never discussed the worship of the Virgin with the one, so I never discussed the worship of Parnell with the other.

# CHAPTER XVI

## OXFORD AT THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Election to Wardenship of Merton—Educational and social changes at Oxford between 1850 and 1881—Increase of "ladies' society," claim of degrees for women, growth of specialism, mitigation of party-spirit, legislative weakness of the University—Position and duties of a Head of a College—Character of modern undergraduates.

Towards the end of 1881, Dr. Bullock Marsham, then Warden of Merton, was attacked by an illness which soon proved fatal. He was ninety-four and a half years of age, and had held office more than fifty-four years, having been elected in 1826, at the age of forty. No other Mertonian is known to have attained so great an age during a College history of six hundred years, and no other Wardenship approached to his in duration. Among notable Oxford men of the present century, he ranked next in longevity to Dr. Routh, the venerable President of Magdalen, who died in 1855, during his hundredth year, but Dr. Macbride of Magdalen Hall, Dr. Symons of Wadham, and Dr. Hawkins of Oriel—all of whom I well remember—had passed the age of ninety when they died. My predecessor was a kindly and courteous old gentleman, more familiar with country life than with Academical studies, but not without scholar-

like tastes, loyally attached to his College, and justly popular with the junior members of it. He stood manfully by Sir Robert Peel when he was rejected by the University in 1829 on his adhesion to Catholic Emancipation, but in 1852 he was himself brought forward against Mr. Gladstone as Conservative candidate for the same constituency. Mr. Gladstone told me, that when he afterwards called upon him with Sir Robert Inglis, according to ancient custom, as M.P. for the University, Dr. Marsham remarked on parting—"Well, Sir Robert, we know that we can always trust you to vote on the right side," then adding, as he turned to Mr. Gladstone—"And permit me to add, Mr. Gladstone, that you will never go far wrong if you will only vote with Sir Robert Inglis." I had never thought of succeeding him, and had no reason to suppose that such would be the wish of the Fellows generally, whose choice, I supposed, might probably fall on some eminent person outside our own body. I received an intimation, however, that, while one or two of my colleagues would naturally prefer a clergyman as Warden, the general voice was in favour of inviting me, and this invitation ultimately became unanimous.

Ten years earlier, however much I should have been gratified by such a proof of confidence, I should probably have felt unable to accept the nomination, the duties of the Wardenship being practically inconsistent with a Parliamentary career, which had been my supreme aim during the best years of my life. But I had definitely abandoned this object after my

defeat in Monmouthshire, and should have declined the offer of any seat except that for the University of Oxford, the reversion of which fell opportunely to my friend, Sir William Anson, on the death of Sir John Mowbray in 1899. On reflection, therefore, I felt that I ought to embrace the opportunity of doing good presented by the position thus opened to me, though in a wholly different sphere from that in which I had desired to employ my best powers, which, as I well knew, could never be called out by the Headship of a College. I cannot say that I thought myself specially qualified for an office of that kind, having no pretence to profound learning, nor any keen interest in Academical matters. On the other hand, I realised that a non-competitive vocation would be, in some respects, more congenial to my sensitive temperament, while I was conscious of a deep and warm sympathy with my juniors. Lord Granville used to say that he doubted whether any one else was ever quite so young as he once was. I wish I could adopt his saying, but assuredly I was never the youngest of the young, or as light-hearted as many of my companions. On the other hand, since I have become an elderly man, I have never felt the least barrier of sentiment between myself and younger men, whom I envy too much to be hard upon them, and whose failings I never can be extreme to mark, except where they proceed from badness or hardness of heart. I was also, and had ever been, a hearty believer in the College system, which I regard as the palladium of the older English Universities,

and the vital source of their beneficent influence on the nation. The result was that I was elected without opposition on February 17, 1881, and entered upon my duties two or three days later. In the olden times, three names of eligible candidates were submitted by the College to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as Visitor, from which he was expected to choose the one placed first on the list, though in one or two historical cases he insisted on nominating an outsider. The Warden-designate then went up to London and received in person the confirmation of his election at the Visitor's hands. On his return he was met by a deputation of Fellows at the top of Shotover Hill, and escorted on horseback into Oxford. On my election, under our new Statutes, it was decided that it would be more proper for the Visitor to be officially apprised of the fact by two of the Fellows, and to notify his confirmation in writing; but Archbishop Tait used to declare that I was only half-appointed, since I was not presented to him in person, and I am not sure that he was wrong. At all events, on receipt of the Visitor's confirmation, the old usage was observed at my installation. This usage required that I should knock at the College gates, which should thereupon be thrown open, that the letters of confirmation should then be read, and that, after replying briefly to a few words of welcome, I should be conducted by the Fellows to the Warden's lodgings. Many were the congratulations which reached me from old friends and others, most of whom assumed, with kindly ignorance of my feelings, that

Academical *otium cum dignitate* was the climax of my lifelong ambition. A truer note was struck by one of my oldest friends, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, who advised me to remember that, while Cabinet Ministers were not few in number, and members of Parliament were as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude, there were not many Wardens of Merton in the world.

The Oxford to which I returned after twenty-five years of non-residence was a very different place from that which I had left in 1856. All the Colleges except three had changed their Heads, some twice, since that year, and all but one since I took my degree in 1854. All the College Statutes had been twice remodelled, and the new code framed by the second Commission was coming into effective operation. The complete abolition of religious Tests, commenced by the University Reform Act of 1854, had already been effected, after a long struggle, by the Act of 1871; but, under these new Statutes, clerical restrictions on Headships were all but swept away, and clerical Fellowships were reduced to a minimum. Instead of being held for life on condition of celibacy, Fellowships were henceforth to be held without any such condition, but to be terminable in seven years, provision being made for re-election in the case of persons engaged in tuition or other service for the College or the University. For the great majority of College scholarships a maximum value of £80 a year was established, and nineteen was fixed as the maximum age for the

election of scholars. A very large proportion of College revenues was diverted from collegiate purposes, and appropriated to the maintenance of new Professorships, Readerships, and University institutions, such as the Bodleian Library. Meanwhile, the monopoly of Colleges, already weakened by the revival of private Halls, had been finally broken down by the full recognition of non-collegiate students. Keble College had been founded on a novel, and not very constitutional, basis; Magdalen Hall had been re-endowed, and re-christened as Hertford College. Meanwhile, a restless spirit of progress within the University itself had subdivided the Natural Science School into several branches, and the School of Law and Modern History into two Schools representing its two component elements; a School of Theology had been added, and a School of Oriental Languages was in contemplation. The portentous question of granting degrees to women (but without matriculating them) was beginning to loom in the distance. With the gradual disappearance of clerical privileges, the clerical spirit of the University had been largely tempered, and though its religious character had not been sensibly impaired by the admission of Non-conformists, it had ceased to be a focus of theological controversy. There was, however, a great preponderance of religious influence on the High Church side, well represented by Canon Liddon and Bishop King, while the sinister alliance of Ritualism and Socialism had already made itself felt. Though the energy of Oxford science by no means kept pace

with the increase of its endowments, it was steadily gaining the respect of Europe; the professoriate had received and was still receiving an accession of eminent names; and the work of College tutors, instead of being the temporary vocation of Fellows waiting for livings, was gradually placing itself on the footing of a regular profession. Nearly all the older Colleges had extended their buildings, mostly by the aid of private munificence; Magdalen and Trinity were about to do so; and the aggregate number of undergraduates, including non-collegiate students, had been nearly doubled within some thirty years.

This internal growth had coincided with three educational movements of national importance, one originated in concert, and two others in friendly rivalry, with the University of Cambridge. The first of these was the scheme of local examinations for pupils of middle-class schools, established by a statute passed at Oxford in 1857, afterwards adopted by Cambridge, and now exercising a regulative influence on middle-class education throughout England. The second, which began in 1873, was the examination of public schools by a joint board representing the two Universities. The third was a movement, initiated at Cambridge, and deserving of a better name than "University Extension," whereby methodical instruction in various branches of knowledge has been brought within reach of students residing in populous centres, at a moderate cost, by University lecturers accustomed to address large and mixed audiences. Through all these agencies, internal

and external, Oxford had lost its old-world aspect, and something of its traditional character, by the year 1881, becoming much less exclusive and more cosmopolitan. It had long ceased to be the peculiar seminary of the Anglican clergy, and was fast ceasing to be the peculiar training-school of the English country gentry; young men of various creeds, and even of different colours, were to be seen mingling in the inimitable freemasonry of undergraduate life; not only claret, but coffee and temperance beverages were challenging the supremacy of port in common rooms; dons were less donnish; and the general tone of Oxford society more nearly resembled that of the West End of London than it had done when I quitted the University in 1856—constantly revisiting it, however, for the purpose of attending College meetings and other gatherings.

One of the greatest contrasts between social life in Oxford as it was in my early days and what I found it in 1881—still more, between what it was and what it now is—has been caused by a prodigious increase in the number of resident ladies. Fifty years ago, with the rarest exceptions, no Tutor was or could be married; Professors could marry, but there were very few of them; while the wives of married Heads were mostly elderly people. The consequence was, that even dinner-parties were scarce, and evening-parties, still more balls, almost unknown except in the Commemoration week. I do not remember to have dined out in a family-house above three or four times during my undergraduate career;

"ladies' society" was a luxury reserved for Vacations, and female visitors were still described familiarly as "lionesses." Of course all this has long since been changed, and the semi-monastic appearance of the University as it was fifty years ago has been entirely obliterated. To borrow language which I have used elsewhere—"a very large proportion of College Tutors as well as of Professors are married, and many have grown-up daughters, with the inevitable result that musical reunions, evening-parties, garden-parties, and even "Cinderella" balls, ending before midnight, are now quite common in Term-time. It has been said that when a tutor marries he is worth less and expects more, being less accessible to pupils, but more tempted, as the father of a family, to study bread-winning at the expense of collegiate interests. At all events, his wife cannot be severely blamed if she regards the College mainly as a source of income, and shows her interest in it by promoting amusement rather than study. Probably the passmen have gained by this importation of feminine influence, for, if they must needs idle away their evenings, it is better that they should do so in the refined company of ladies; but it is certain that men who might otherwise be reading hard are sometimes enervated by distractions which they follow—not in play-hours, but in hours which should be sacred to work. Nor does the general society of Oxford consist wholly or mainly of those actually engaged in teaching, with their families. The increasing number of such families, with limited incomes but refined tastes, has

attracted from all parts of the country the same class of residents which has long frequented Bath, Cheltenham, and Leamington; indeed, it has been discovered that plain living and high thinking can be combined in Oxford more easily than in any other provincial town. Some of these retired officers and Indian civilians have taken an active and a useful part, not only in local committees and charities, but in certain branches of Academical work. Another element which has greatly disturbed Academical repose, both for good and for evil, is the constant influx of visitors from London and elsewhere. For some reason not easy to explain, Cambridge, though equally accessible and equally hospitable, is less frequented by the great London world, and seems to be less susceptible of external influences than Oxford as it is. But Oxford as it was in the old days of coaching, and even in my own time when the railway had been open for several years, was still an Academical town, fifty or sixty miles from the metropolis, whose Colleges sheltered not a few confirmed old bachelors doomed to celibacy on pain of losing their Fellowships, who had no tutorial duties, but who eschewed domestic life, and had perhaps never entered a London club or drawing-room. For the same reason it could not be overrun by sightseers, especially of the fair sex, absolutely indifferent to the studies of the place, and treating it only as a holiday resort.

It is needless to add that ladies' Halls were not only unknown, but would have seemed a pre-

posterous innovation, as much out of place in a University for men as a masculine Hall would be within the precincts of Holloway College. Somerville College, as it now calls itself, and Lady Margaret Hall, had been opened shortly before my return to Oxford in 1881. The former was founded on a non-sectarian but not a non-religious basis; the latter was from the first a Church institution. Both have fulfilled their purpose, if their purpose was mainly to provide a quasi-Academical training for young ladies destined for the educational profession, and incidentally for young ladies more likely to develop their higher powers in quasi-Academical society than amidst the surroundings of home life. It reflects great credit on the discretion of the Lady Principals who have presided over them, and on the rules laid down for the conduct of students, that no scandal has yet arisen from the proximity of these Halls inhabited by young women to Colleges inhabited by young men. Some of these rules, such as those prohibiting attendance at College lectures without a *chaperone* or at least a companion, have been gradually and perhaps inevitably relaxed. It is to be hoped that relaxations of this kind will not be carried too far, lest the spell of immunity from evil report should at last be broken. Hitherto the lady students have been mostly reading for Honours; if there should ever be a large influx of pass-women of the same type as passmen, and bent on having "a good time" at Oxford, difficulties of discipline will be greatly aggravated.

There are many friends of female education to whom it appears strange, and even unjust, that women should be admitted to Academical lectures and examinations, with the privilege of figuring in the class-list, though not in the same classes with men, and yet should be denied the privilege of taking a B.A. degree. The slightest examination will show the futility of this notion. The University was in no way responsible for the immigration of female students into Oxford. They came thither of their own accord, hoping to obtain Academical instruction at a small expense to themselves, instead of resorting to independent female Colleges, such as that afterwards established under the will of Mr. Holloway. At first, they were taught separately by lecturers specially engaged. They were then admitted, gradually and as an act of favour, to University and College lectures, not without injury to the interests of male students, in order to facilitate their getting the best teaching at the least cost. The application for their admission to University examinations was long opposed, partly on the ground that it would open the door to further claims, and concessions were ultimately made, one after another, on the positive and repeated assurance of their advocates that no claim for admission to degrees was contemplated. When a safe interval had elapsed, the claim for admission to degrees was duly made, and based on the very fact of their having been admitted to examinations, which, it was now urged, carried with it in justice, and must have been in-

tended to imply, the right to a formal recognition of the student's attainments by the Academical title of B.A. Of course, it was earnestly declared that, if this were granted, the claim to an M.A. degree would never be made, or at least that, if it were granted, the recipients would be content with the mere *status* of M.A., without being allowed a share in the government of the University. For the favourite argument in support of the claim to a B.A. degree was that female students educated at Oxford were placed at a disadvantage in competing for such positions as that of Head-Mistress against candidates decorated with the coveted title by other Universities. The sufficient reply to such an argument is, that it assumes an incredible degree of ignorance on the part of Governing Bodies and others dispensing educational appointments. These bodies have before them not only testimonials from the Principals of ladies' Halls or Colleges, but evidence of the University honours which each candidate may have attained, and must be perfectly aware that a bare pass-degree attested by the title of B.A. is a very inferior qualification to a good class in one of the Honour Schools. Moreover, no case of the hardship alleged could be made good on inquiry.

A similar question was raised at Cambridge in 1896, and a qualified motion to make women eligible for B.A. degrees was thrown out by a decisive majority of the Senate, swelled by a remarkable muster of non-residents. The proposal never reached this stage at Oxford, being rejected by an equally

decisive majority of the resident Masters of Arts in Congregation during the same year, after an animated though inadequate debate. Strange to say, though almost every other reason on either side was put forward and discussed, that which appears to me the most conclusive, if not the weightiest, reason of all was ignored throughout. This is the constitutional objection to conferring degrees upon persons who have never been members of the University at all, and would thus become graduates without having been undergraduates. The University has no direct cognizance of Somerville College or Lady Margaret Hall, any more than of Holloway College. None of these establishments is licensed in any way by the University, their Principals are appointed by Committees or Councils unknown to the University, their students are under no sort of University control, Proctorial or otherwise, and can be sent in for examinations without having satisfied any conditions of residence or standing. In a word, the University is in no sense responsible for them, except so far as it empowers the Delegates of Local Examinations to "use" the ordinary degree examinations for their benefit, and allows their names to appear in a separate class-list. No such indulgence has been conceded to any private College for young men entirely outside University jurisdiction, but it is quite conceivable that it might be conceded. In that case, can any one doubt that a claim for degrees on behalf of these nondescript and unmatriculated students, per-

haps resident in Oxford but strangers to all that constitutes the common University life, would be scouted and laughed out of Court? No—there is something to be said for matriculating women, thus converting what has been a man's University for seven hundred years into a mixed University of the American type; there is even something to be said for throwing open to women endowments designed exclusively for men, as well as University and College offices, including those of the Vice-Chancellor, Proctors, and collegiate Heads. All this might be very unjust, very foolish, and very mischievous, but it would not be constitutionally absurd. What is a sheer constitutional absurdity is to have young ladies studying at Oxford in their present independent and anomalous position, and then to grant them degrees, not *honoris causâ*, but as of right, upon a mere examination test.

A notable change had come over the system of Oxford lectures and examinations during the interval between 1856 and 1881, nor has any reaction against this change set in during the last nineteen years. The broad general treatment of subjects which used to be a distinctive feature of Oxford education had given way in many directions to specialism, an offspring of the demand for "Endowment of Research," and specialism continues to hold the field. It is curious that Goethe, in his *Dichtung und Wahreit*, censures a like tendency among the younger German Professors of his own day, attributing it to a somewhat different cause. He says that "when these

Professors teach only that they may learn, and moreover, if they have talent, anticipate their age, they acquire their own cultivation altogether at the cost of their hearers, since these are not instructed in what they really need, but in that which the Professor finds it necessary to elaborate for himself." Now, I willingly allow that, in my own time, there was an anti-specialistic tendency sometimes carried to extremes. It was then rather the fashion to exalt intellectual grasp and insight above the mastery of facts, as if mere power could be of much value without knowledge—as if subtlety of analysis or brilliancy of statement were the crown of intellectual greatness, and accuracy of information a secondary accomplishment. Nevertheless, I contend that under "the old system" the supreme worth of comprehensive and well-proportioned views was more justly appreciated, and the all-important art of intellectual generalship more thoroughly cultivated. When I came up to Oxford in 1850, no one could obtain a first class in the *Literæ Humaniores* School without reaching a high standard in Latin and Greek Scholarship, Philosophy, and Ancient History, unless, indeed, he were so exceptionally strong in one of these studies as to compensate for some little weakness in another. When Moderations were established in 1852 for the special purpose of testing and rewarding Latin and Greek scholarship, it was understood that a second-rate or third-rate scholar, incapable of verse composition, and below mediocrity in prose composition, might nevertheless get a first class in the Final

"Greats School," by very marked proficiency in Philosophy and Ancient History. This may have been a salutary alteration, on the whole, but assuredly first class honours in that school no longer betoken so complete an intellectual training as they once did.

But the principle has since been carried very much further. Not only is the student encouraged at every turn by Professors, tutors, and examiners, to specialise his studies, but he is allowed—nay, tempted—to concentrate himself on a few questions in each examination paper, so as to produce on the examiner's mind the impression of having devoted himself to special "research." This seems to me a grievous error, and one calculated to undermine the best characteristic of Oxford culture. The principle of specialism, or subdivision of labour, is wholly misapplied when it is applied to education. In the mechanical arts, perfection of workmanship can only be combined with cheapness if a multitude of workmen are employed on separate parts of the same article to be manufactured. In extending the frontiers of any science or branch of literature, it is equally necessary that numerous explorers should be labouring in separate corners of the same field. But the object and sphere of education are entirely different, and it is a gross perversion of specialism to make it the guiding principle of the student's efforts. He should rather be urged to aim, under proper advice, at a panoramic survey of a period or subject, to read text-books which exhibit it in true proportion, to fill

in its leading details accurately but not too minutely, to cultivate docility rather than critical acumen—in short, to remain the student, and not to imitate the scientific or literary pioneer. For, after all, the special knowledge and exhaustive criticisms which the modern first class man brings forth in the schools and in Fellowship examinations are almost always second-hand, and cannot be otherwise. He cannot possibly have sounded for himself the depths of the latest problems in Philosophy, History, Philology, or Archæology; but he often displays a marvellous skill in reproducing the notes taken down from eminent lecturers, and already embodied in essays revised by tutors, which he contrives to invest with a genuine air of originality. The affectation of philosophical omniscience was a foible of the period just before the reign of specialism, which is, so far, a wholesome protest against it, but the self-confidence of sciolism is common to both. This attitude of mind, combined with constant practice in essay-writing, has a marked effect in developing certain faculties, and the literary ability shown by the best candidates for Oxford Fellowships would compare favourably with that required for ordinary journalism, or for many successful *tours de force* in professional and political careers. But it may be doubted whether minds and characters were not more soundly disciplined, before either "generalism" (if I may so call it) or specialism was invented—whether Peel or Gladstone, for instance, with no pretence of "research" and a much smaller capital of knowledge, did not go forth from

the Oxford Schools better equipped for the highest work of life than their fluent and learned successors.

Another change which naturally followed on the reforms of 1850–6 was the inroad made upon the College system by the introduction of intercollegiate lecturing, and the virtual transfer of instruction in Natural Science to the University Museum. When I came into residence, it was easy enough for each College to provide lectures and tuition in all the subjects then recognised—Classics (including Ancient Philosophy and History), Mathematics, and Logic. When a school of Law and Modern History was founded in 1853, few Colleges had a tutor competent to lecture in either, and still fewer could undertake to find lecturers in Natural Science. The consequence was that almost all teaching in Natural Science was concentrated, from the first, in the Museum, just opened very opportunely, with an incomplete apparatus of laboratories and collections, since expanded into a scientific palace. Here the student finds advantages which he could not get in College, but he is no longer under the eye of Tutors well acquainted with his character, watching his going out and coming in, and charged with a general responsibility for his conduct. However, some Colleges meet this difficulty, to some extent, by having a Natural Science Tutor of their own, and two or three also maintain College laboratories. Meanwhile, the exigencies of new subjects, the demand for collegiate lectures of a more Professorial kind, and the growing tendency to specialisation, led to voluntary com-

binations of Colleges for the purpose of lecturing in Honour subjects. These combinations, facilitating a division of labour among tutors, have certainly improved the quality of lectures, thereby reducing both the attendance at Professorial classes and the necessity for private tuition. While the great extension of the Professoriate had been advocated in the interest of research rather than of education, and while its leading spokesmen have always rather disparaged their educational duties, protesting against the very moderate obligations laid upon them by the University Commissioners, they did not at all relish the process of lecturing to empty benches. Hence their proposal that attendance on their lectures should be compulsory upon students taking up their subjects, and the doggerel Oxford version of the jingo-song which became current twenty years ago:

> "We don't want to lecture, but, by jingo, if we do,
> We'll have a statutable class to spout our lectures to."

It is a great pity that the Commission of 1877, which meddled and muddled so much, did not attempt to frame any organic connection between the separate orders of Professors, University Readers (then first established), and College Tutors—for which the system of intercollegiate lectures afforded a ready-made basis. Had this been done—had all the higher teaching in the University been co-ordinated, a great waste of power might have been avoided, and the abler College Tutors would have been transformed, long ago, in effect if not in name,

into University sub-Professors, without forfeiting their former position. As for pass-lectures, they ought hardly to be needed, and could easily be given by a body of coaches in the pay of the Colleges.

Whether or not the University, as reformed by two Commissions, produces more eminent men than it did in its unregenerate state, may perhaps be doubted, especially by elderly men who, however resolved not to lapse into the *laudator temporis acti*, can hardly be expected to regard their juniors as apostles or prophets. But there can be no doubt that its intellectual life has been greatly enriched by the extension of its curriculum, and perhaps even by the growth of specialism. A modern Erasmus or Casaubon would now find himself far more at home in Oxford than he would fifty years ago, and an accomplished man of the world would be equally in his element, if properly introduced. Though Oxford would not presume, and does not aspire, to keep pace with her German rivals in the multiplication of monographs interesting only to *savants*, a collection of the independent works, and still more of valuable articles in literary and scientific periodicals (not to speak of journals), written by Oxford Professors and Tutors in the course of a single year, would effectually silence those who affect to deplore its intellectual sterility. Nor is there any perceptible "note of provincialism" in Oxford society. Quite apart from external influences, mainly derived from London, a variety of

interests and occupations now exists among senior members of the University which inevitably gathers them into many diverse circles. Side by side with the older Academical studies, to which so many have lately been added, music, art, archæology, and *belles lettres* in the widest sense of the term, are earnestly cultivated by their respective votaries, while numerous social clubs, of various hues, effectually correct any collegiate spirit of exclusiveness. Many of the younger Dons, too, are zealous travellers, especially in the Easter Vacations, when Oxford parties are generally to be met wandering, not only over most countries of Europe, but over North Africa and the Levant. Others are keen politicians, eagerly taking part in election contests far away from Oxford or their own homes. Not that political animosity, in ordinary times, runs high in Oxford. Every one reads the newspapers, and forms, or thinks he forms, his own opinion, but the great struggles in Parliament usually excite much less strenuous partisanship than purely Academical questions.

The Home Rule contest formed an exception, and here the storm in the Oxford tea-cup raged as furiously as in the open sea. I was often amused to observe that grave and learned men, who, lecturing upon their own ground in Philosophy or History, would have been scrupulous and modest in their statements, were perfectly "cock-sure" on a momentous issue of national policy to which they had never given an hour's serious thought, and,

without possessing a child's knowledge of Ireland, would dogmatise confidently on its right and capacity to govern itself. Those who did know something about Ireland were, almost to a man, Liberal Unionists or Conservatives. Not even this supreme test, which severed friendships and divided families in the political world, seriously disturbed the even tenor of Oxford society, and I do not remember that I ever found it necessary to take account of it in the assortment of guests for dinner-parties. Still less has the peace of Oxford society been marred by the *odium theologicum* within the present generation. There was a very slight revival of it some years ago, when Mr. Horton, a Nonconformist, was nominated to examine in the "Rudiments of Faith and Religion," and his name was rejected by the University Convocation; but it very soon died out. The tacit concordat now prevailing between the two great religious parties at Oxford may be dated from the year 1865, when the undignified controversy over the endowment of the Greek Professorship was closed by a compromise, and the defeat of Mr. Gladstone established the ascendency of Conservatism in the constituency. Thenceforward, a philosophical toleration of opinion has well-nigh superseded both the political enmities of the past, and the intolerant dogmatism, not confined to one party in the Church, which had its origin in the Neo-Catholic Revival.

Academical partisanship, of course, remains, and is not altogether an unhealthy symptom. Perhaps

the most important trial of strength within the last twenty years was that, already mentioned, on the proposal for admitting women to degrees, but this was in the limited and decorous assembly of "Congregation." A far more tumultuous contest was that on the proposal for enlarging the rooms appropriated to Physiology, since this came before "Convocation," in which all Masters of Art, resident or non-resident, several thousands in number, were entitled to vote. The proposal was treated by its opponents as a formal expression of confidence in Dr. Burdon Sanderson, now Sir John Burdon Sanderson, then Professor of Physiology, who had written in support of Vivisection (duly regulated), and was represented as intending to conduct barbarous experiments in the University Museum. The combat was, therefore, between the Anti-Vivisectionists and those who trusted the discretion and humanity of Dr. Burdon Sanderson. A vigorous canvass brought up some hundreds of non-residents; the Sheldonian Theatre was crowded and seething with excitement; telling speeches were delivered on both sides, and the proposal was ultimately adopted by a considerable majority. A comical episode in the proceedings was the half-delivered speech of a gentleman who, rising late, failed to get a hearing, but was understood to be arguing in favour of Vivisection on the ground that it had been sanctioned by our Lord Himself when He caused the herd of swine to run down a steep place into the sea, it being a well-known fact that

pigs cut their own throats in swimming, and would thus vivisect themselves in the midst of the waves. Other warm debates and close divisions have taken place on the claims of new studies, like English and Modern Languages, to "Schools" of their own, on projects supposed to involve the relegation of Greek to a secondary place in classical examinations, on various schemes for University Extension and granting certificates in Pædagogy so called, and on other schemes for reducing the minimum of residence required for a degree; but none of these contests, nor the periodical elections to the University Council, have been fierce enough to call for a regular Academical field-day, like those of earlier times. Perhaps the nearest approach to it was on the presentation of Mr. Cecil Rhodes for a D.C.L. degree at the Encænia in June 1899. It has been erroneously supposed that this honour had been awarded to him by the University itself several years before, when he was unable to attend, and that it only remained for him to appear in person and assume it. The fact is that it had simply been offered to him, in a preliminary way, by the University Council, which has no power to confer degrees, and could only intimate to him its intention of submitting his name to a vote of the University Convocation. The proposal, then, came before the University itself for the first time at the Encænia of 1899, and there would have been no inconsistency whatever in rejecting it, especially as the reasons for doing so had arisen since the original offer, and

the personal composition of the Council had entirely changed in the meantime. But it does not follow that it would have been either right or politic to reject it, and the threatened exercise of the Proctorial *veto* would have been wholly indefensible. As it was, an extremely moderate protest was recorded against it, admitting that, under the circumstances, the University Council for the year could not wisely have repudiated the act of their predecessors, whatever might be thought of the discretion shown by those who invited Mr. Rhodes to claim his promised degree at so inopportune a time. It is needless to say that his friends were rallied and increased in number by the ill-advised threat of a Proctorial *veto*, and that he received a far more enthusiastic welcome than if his title had never been challenged.

When I came to Oxford for the second time as a freshman, though as Warden of Merton, one of my kind and candid friends whispered to me that perhaps it would not be wise to speak too often in the University Congregation or Convocation, as if my personal ambition were likely to lure me in that direction. However, I followed his advice by only speaking twice in the former assembly, and never in the latter, the fact being that I very soon formed the opinion that a very large proportion of time spent in Academical legislation was worse than wasted. So vast a business as that of University administration, embracing, as it does, the management of the Clarendon Press, of large estates, of

many institutions, and of a great educational machinery, demands of necessity an ample amount of labour and energy. It was not ill conducted by the old Hebdomadal Board, when it was far less comprehensive than it now is, and it is not ill conducted now by the many Committees or "Delegacies" among whom the work is distributed. Nor should it be forgotten that all this work is carried on by unpaid volunteers, in their spare hours, with the assistance of a very few salaried officials. But the same praise cannot be bestowed on the conduct of legislative business within the University. This is partly the fault of the constitution framed by the first University Commission, and partly of the hypercritical and unpractical spirit which is the besetting weakness of an Academical Society. It might be supposed that, as the initiative of all measures rests with the University Council, and as this body consists of picked and experienced men, no proposal would come before the assembly of resident Masters of Arts known as "Congregation," without having been thoroughly matured, and without being supported by a printed statement of reasons. Instead of this, any one of the crude ideas which multiply like microbes in the Academical atmosphere has a good chance of being taken up, sooner or later, by the University Council, if only to invite a discussion upon it in Congregation, which feels no responsibility for the legislative form that may be given to it. The statute or decree embodying it has probably been loosely drawn in its

original shape, it is then pulled to pieces and overloaded with amendments, and it is ultimately passed without the least foresight of the consequential amendments which it may involve. The favourite diversion of the younger tutors for the last forty years and more has been tinkering examination statutes. During this period hardly one Term has elapsed without some fresh amendment of them, and since they have often been tinkered more than once in the same Term, it would be safe to estimate that at least 150 alterations have been made in them since the great reforms of 1850–7. Assuredly no student and no tutor could stand an examination in the examination statutes themselves, and I have sometimes heard the legislative imbecility of the University compared with the action of a child pulling up plants to see whether they are growing. I believe that at Cambridge this evil is mitigated by means of informal conferences, which might be worthy of imitation. But it is vain to expect business-like and far-sighted legislation from a large body of clever men, each thinking himself quite as wise as any one else, and under no rules of party discipline, especially as they belong to more than twenty different Colleges, with different traditions and sometimes divergent interests.

This last cause has hitherto proved fatal to any working agreement among Colleges for combined scholarship examinations. Thirty or forty years ago, each College had a stated time of year for its election to scholarships, and examined by itself. Parents and

Masters were then guided by various motives in making their choice, the most promising boys at public schools being mostly reserved for competitions at Balliol and one or two other leading Colleges, and few candidates being sent up more than once. Much was to be said for this system, and the character of each College was shown in its scholarship elections. It was thought, however, that examining power might be economised by holding common examinations for several Colleges, and, since this was done, the practice has grown up of entering boys for group after group, in the hope of their ultimately getting a scholarship, or at least an exhibition, somewhere. The Head-masters of public schools have again and again complained of the evils and hardships entailed by this practice—for which, however, they are largely responsible—and have earnestly recommended that Colleges should combine for scholarship examinations in two or three large groups during the first half of the year, leaving the Michaelmas Term a close-time, for reasons of school policy. Attempt after attempt has been made to establish co-operation among Colleges on these principles, but they have all been defeated by collegiate jealousies and self-interest, aggravated by the inherent incapacity of Academical politicians to construct anything that will last. It is fair to say, however, that Head-masters haves teadily declined to support their vehement appeals to Colleges in the aggregate, by putting any real pressure on those individual Colleges which are the

worst offenders, and least disposed to make any concessions for the common good.

After watching the course of University affairs, and the method of conducting them, for some little time, I clearly realised that no one, and certainly not myself, could hope to gain such an influence as would enable him to control them effectively, or to bring order out of the chaos which satisfied a majority of residents, and that infinite time might be wasted in the vain endeavour. I therefore abandoned the idea of rendering good service in the University Council or assemblies, and confined myself to Committees entrusted with practical duties under fairly definite conditions. For like reasons, I allowed it to be known that I was unwilling to accept the office of Vice-Chancellor, which would naturally have devolved upon me in 1898. This office is really an annual one, the Vice-Chancellor being the deputy of the Chancellor, and nominated by him in the autumn of each year. In old times, it was often held by others besides Heads of Colleges, but it has long been regarded as tenable by Heads only, and is practically offered by the Chancellor to each of these in rotation, according to the order of their respective elections. At Oxford, it has been the custom for the Vice-Chancellor to be thrice reappointed, and to remain in office four years, though at Cambridge it is never held for more than two years. The Provost of Worcester, who stood next before me, having intimated his intention of passing his turn, I had seriously to consider

whether I ought to accept it. Twelve or fifteen years earlier I might have done so, resolving to become, so far as in me lay, the Prime Minister of the University, and relying on the loyal support of colleagues. But I should almost certainly have failed, and, when I had to face the question at the age of sixty-seven, I saw that dignity with drudgery but without power was not worth grasping, and that any higher aspirations must end in vanity and vexation of spirit. On my declining the honour, the Warden of Wadham followed my example, and the office was ably filled by Sir William Anson, the Warden of All Souls, until his election in 1899 as burgess for the University. It was then declined by the Master of University College, and accepted by Dr. Fowler, the President of Corpus Christi, who thus succeeded to it nineteen years and a half sooner than he could have taken it if all his seniors (by election) had become Vice-Chancellors, and served out their full term of four years.

The position of a Head in an Oxford College has varied considerably at different periods of University history, and still differs considerably in different Colleges. During the vicissitudes of Church and State in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Universities were treated as instruments of government, and each successive body of Commissioners, Protestant or Catholic, Royalist or Roundhead, proceeded at once to expel Heads of the opposite party and replace them with Heads of their own party, as the surest means of bringing the University into subjec-

tion. Yet the annals of Merton College supply many proofs that its Wardens had but limited powers, and that recalcitrant Fellows could only be coerced by the Visitor. At all events, in recent times, and especially under the codes of College statutes framed by the last two Commissions, the Head of an Oxford College has become little more than *primus inter pares*, with powers infinitely less than are vested in the Head-master of a public school. During the later part of my predecessor's reign, when the Wardenship was almost held in commission, these constitutional powers were still further reduced at Merton by College bye-laws, and I soon found that I must rely upon indirect influence for any real good that I could hope to achieve. Such a diminution of responsibility is perhaps more conducive to a Head's peace of mind than a nearer approach to personal government, but I am not equally sure that it is for the interest of the College. At all events, Colleges are governed, for the most part, by College meetings, that is, by all the Fellows who have kept one probationary year. Now, if we may trust the well-known saying of the late Master of Trinity, all Fellows are fallible, even the very youngest of them; and though government by College meeting is a safeguard against some old-fashioned abuses, it is not an ideal form of government. Happily, in most Colleges, the Fellows are sensible enough to leave ordinary cases of discipline in the hands of the Head and Tutors, and ordinary cases of estate management in the hands of the Bursar, perhaps aided by a Finance

Committee, reserving the more important matters for the decision of the whole Governing Body.

Under such a constitution, it may well be asked, and reformers of the last generation were profane enough to ask persistently, What is the use of Heads, and why should not all their work be delegated, for instance, to Senior Tutors? This is not an easy question to answer, and I, for one, should despair of answering it successfully, if Heads treated their moral duties as co-extensive with their legal duties. Not very long ago, some of them at Oxford actually did so, and it was a received opinion at Cambridge that, so far as concerned his College, a Head might lead the life of an Epicurean God, presiding at College meetings, no doubt, but leaving all the burden of disciplinary superintendence to fall on the "Tutor" or (as at Trinity) the "Tutors." It is right, however, to remember that at both the Universities, while indolent Heads might be mere ornamental figure-heads of their Colleges, and almost wholly ignorant of their "men," they had to conduct the whole business of the University itself, since distributed among representative Councils and Committees. At present, no Oxford Head would be respected who did not take an active part in all College business, financial, disciplinary, or general; and I may confidently say that no Head, old or young, is now to be found in Oxford who regards his post as a sinecure, or ignores its moral responsibilities. From an educational point of view, I never could approve of the suggestion that Heads, unless abolished, should be

compelled to lecture—perhaps at the age of ninety—but, as a matter of fact, some are actively engaged in tutorial work, others in bursarial work, and all in daily co-operation with their younger colleagues. If a Head is at all worthy of his position, he should exercise a liberal hospitality, represent his College honourably in the University and the outer world, promote harmony among the Fellows, enter into kindly relations with the undergraduates, and show himself the friend, if he cannot make himself the adviser, of every one in the College, not excluding the servants. If I may speak of myself, I have been in the habit of going to Chapel regularly, dining in Hall on guest nights, inviting all the Fellows and undergraduates to my own house every Term, and attending all College Committees, disciplinary, financial, or otherwise; and I know that some of my brother-Heads take more upon themselves, being allowed, and almost required, by the custom of their Colleges to do so. A considerable demand is made upon the time of all Heads by interviews at all hours, not only with present members of the College, young and old, but with past members of the College visiting Oxford, to whom the Head is the permanent centre of the society. A still larger amount of time must be occupied in conducting official correspondence with parents desiring admission for their sons, in replying to miscellaneous letters on College affairs, often involving a reference to College archives, and in writing testimonials for young members of the College seeking appointments. Many of the appoint-

ments sought are tutorships, and I have sometimes wondered that men who have scraped through pass-examinations with difficulty, showing little capacity for learning, should boldly profess, and in some cases should actually exhibit, a capacity for teaching. All Heads, too, should take a share in University administration, and with some this involves many hours' work in the week, to which others add a share in City administration, or in the management of local institutions. All this, it may be said, could be done by a Senior Tutor with an increased salary; and, if the Universities should ever be reformed again under the auspices of Social Democracy, Headships of Colleges will probably be among the first offices to be swept away, on grounds of strict economy. But it will not prove so easy to find Senior Tutors capable of discharging efficiently all the duties of Heads in addition to their own; and, though a few hundreds a year might be saved by the abolition of a Headship, it is very doubtful whether the College system itself would long survive the removal of its keystone.

Holding these views, I always treated my College duties as a first charge upon my time, and never allowed any other engagement, however attractive, to interfere with them. From the first, I was anxious to make friends with the younger members of my own College, and found no difficulty whatever in doing so, without the least prejudice to our respective positions. Here the Head of a College has some little advantage over a Tutor. Among young University men there is a tendency to regard any one

who took his degree ten years ago as the oldest of old fogeys; the more so, if he is a Don of their own College, armed with disciplinary authority. But, as I used to say, if you only wait long enough, you cease to be a fogey at all, the distance between your age and theirs being no longer measurable by undergraduate standards, and you can mix with them freely on terms of social equality; the more so, if you are known to have lived in the great world, and are not, like a Tutor, under the daily obligation of correcting their faults. Thus, I have occasionally taken part in meetings of undergraduate societies in College, and presided at bump-suppers, when our boat had won special distinction on the river. My experience of my juniors at Merton, and not only at Merton, has led me to form a favourable estimate of the rising generation. This estimate, which I see no reason to modify, was expressed in an article of mine which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for August 1898, and from which I will venture to borrow a passage descriptive of young Oxford :—

"There is, of course, equal variety in the habits and characters of undergraduates; but here the contrast between the present and the past is yet more striking, while the distinctive influence of Oxford life is more conspicuous. Young men will always be young men, and far more interesting to men no longer young than it is possible or desirable for them to understand. But the young men who now throng the streets and quadrangles of Oxford are very unlike their fathers and grandfathers in appearance, in manners, and in sentiment. The utmost possible freedom of custom is now openly tolerated. 'Men' are

expected to wear gowns in chapel, in hall, and at lectures, but mostly walk about their own colleges bareheaded; some of them do not even possess a cap, but rely on borrowing one from a friend to call upon a proctor or attend an out-college lecture. Still, it is a rule that caps and gowns must be worn in the streets after dark on pain of a fine, but the rule which prescribes the same uniform during the forenoon has long been in abeyance. Young fellows in complete *déshabille*, and with their knees bare, may now be seen flocking towards the river even in the forenoon, and in the afternoon Oxford is alive with oarsmen, football players, cricketers, or athletes of the running ground, mingling freely with ladies, in an undress which assuredly would have shocked the sense of propriety in former generations. A similar laxity prevails in the permission of smoking in college quadrangles, and of wearing shooting-coats at hall dinners, as well as in the general freedom and ease which characterises the manners of the modern undergraduate. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that such freedom and ease is inconsistent with genuine courtesy and respect for others. On the contrary, ladies of all ages may and do walk about the streets and suburbs of Oxford 'unprotected,' without having reason to fear the slightest rudeness; and senior members of the University, with ordinary tact, find no difficulty in maintaining pleasant and natural relations with their juniors, without the least effort or constraint on either side.

"This gentleness and frankness in the rising generation of Oxford men, especially shown in their relation with each other, is partly, no doubt, the result of more sensible and kindly training at home and at school; but it is also, and in a great degree, the result of University life, as may be proved by the very appreciable difference between the freshman and the man in his third or fourth year. The improvement is all the more notable because the University is much less aristocratic than it was in the early part of the century, and the new elements which have

doubled the number of its undergraduates are entirely drawn from the middle or 'lower-middle' classes. Happily, it betokens no lack of healthy boyishness, pluck, or high spirits. The Oxford youth of the present day are as young in character as undergraduates ever were, if they are not still younger, and quite as fond of fun. The popularity of football, which used to be neglected as too rough and boyish a game for manhood, is a good illustration of this youthfulness, especially as it is among the cheapest of games, and can be played by the poorest man as well as by the richest. The same quality sometimes breaks out in juvenile escapades more worthy of schoolboys, which occupy a very undue place in the popular conception of Oxford. Indeed, there is an amusing contrast between the follies into which even quiet and thoughtful young men are occasionally betrayed by their gregarious instincts and the habitual good sense and good feeling shown by the same men acting individually. Upon the whole, it may be said with confidence that Oxford undergraduates, as a class, are more virtuous, better conducted, and better informed than their predecessors in the reigns of George III. and George IV., though it must be added in justice that they get their virtue and their knowledge on easy terms. Not having been persecuted at school for obeying the elementary precepts of Christianity, or left to puzzle out their lessons by the aid of miserable dictionaries, grammars, and text-books (perhaps in Latin), they attain a higher average level of morality, of information, and of culture. But it may be doubted whether that strength of character and independence of intellect which is developed by hardship and stern discipline is not less common than in the olden days."

# CHAPTER XVII

## LITERARY AND OFFICIAL WORK
## 1881–1899

Literary work at Merton—Articles and addresses on Socialism—Service on the City Council of Oxford—Experience of magistrates' work—The Governing Body of Eton College.

My life at Merton was an easy one, compared with that which I had led in London as a journalist, and my official duties in the College and the University left me a good deal of leisure for literary work, as well as for occasional public service. During the years 1881–2, I contributed to periodicals not only three articles already mentioned on Irish agrarian questions,[1] but two others on "The Claim of Tenant-right for British Farmers," and "The State and Prospects of British Agriculture in 1882." In the former of these I sought to show that indefeasible Tenant right, like that conceded to Irish farmers, could not possibly be conceded with any semblance of justice to English farmers, and that "an equally plausible claim might be advanced on behalf of consumers to restrict the price of farm produce, or on be-

[1] "The Last Chapter of Irish History," "The Land Systems of England and of Ireland," and "The Irish Land Act of 1881: its origin and its consequences."

half of labourers to fix a minimum rate of farm-wages." At the same time, I suggested a gentler method of securing the legitimate ends desired, by means of "Compulsory enactments, to be operative only where the parties should have failed to embody their agreement in a lease of a certain duration." The second article concluded with the following passage: "The hierarchy of landlord, tenant farmer, and labourer will continue long, and perhaps for ever, to be distinctive of our rural economy. But it is probable that, in the agrarian constitution of the future, peasant-proprietorship and farmer-proprietorship, co-operative farming and cottage-farming, will prevail over a far larger area than at present. The English land-system, as we see it, is not so much a spontaneous growth as an artificial creation, and it has been moulded not so much by skilful farmers studying the interests of agriculture, as by skilful lawyers and land agents studying interests of an entirely different nature. When English land-owners, as a body, cease to be almost sleeping partners, and bring to bear on the business of cultivation the same intelligence and energy which are the life of British manufactures, there will be less need for appointing fresh Agricultural Commissions, and if they should be appointed, their Reports will probably breathe a far less desponding spirit." In November 1883, and in April 1884, two articles by me appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, the one on "The Progress of Democracy in England," the other on "Democracy and Socialism." In February 1886, I delivered an

Address (afterwards published), at the Birmingham and Midland Institute, on "The Socialistic Tendencies of Modern Democracy," and I have since dealt with the same question in other Addresses on the "Fallacies of Modern Socialism," at Sutton Coldfield, and elsewhere. It is much too large a question to be discussed in a volume of "Reminiscences," but I may say, in a word, that I regard Socialism as the most pernicious, while it is the most demonstrably false, delusion of our age. What makes it the more dangerous in this country is, that it has been taken up, under the plausible *alias* of "Christian Socialism," by a section of the clergy, most of whom are quite ignorant of political economy, and little know the nature of the evil spirit which they are evoking. Christian Socialism, as preached by Maurice and Kingsley was a very different thing, however unwise they may have been in adopting such an appellation. Its creed was simply that of Christian philanthropy; its system was simply that of co-operation in its widest sense. But, as it did not rob Peter to pay Paul, it would not have satisfied the Social Democrats of our time, or the young "priests" who are duped by them. I believe the explanation of this unholy alliance between young priests and Social Democrats to be very simple. The young Socialist priest is, above all, desirous, and that with the best of motives, to gain influence among the people. To do this, he feels that he must conciliate and please them somehow, but he cannot in conscience help making heavy demands on their faith

and conduct. He dares not seek to win popularity by making light of the Christian religion or the moral law, but he scruples not to win it at the expense of political and economical truth, adopting the narrowest prejudices of trades-unionism with very slight modifications, and sanctioning, if he does not foment, those class-enmities which it is part of his sacred mission to assuage.

I had always felt strongly drawn towards historical studies, and had meditated writing a serious work on more than one historical subject, including "The Wars of the Roses." If I abandoned such projects, it was largely due to reasons which I have some hesitation in avowing. One reason was that, so far as I have observed, serious works depend for their success, in these days, far less upon their intrinsic merits than on skill in advertising and procuring favourable reviews. Another reason was that, however ably an historical writer may have delineated his subject, and however brilliant his style, he is liable to be disparaged by the critics, and discredited with the public, unless by grubbing in archives never ransacked before, and perhaps barren of interest, he has satisfied the modern craze for "research." Now and then, a book like Green's "History of the English People," deserves, and obtains, a wide circulation by virtue of its real value, but such exceptions are rare, and I fear that others capable of producing solid contributions to historical literature have been deterred by the same motives which deterred me. However, I bestowed some labour on

the history of my own College, and of the University. In 1885, a volume by me entitled, "Memorials of Merton College," was published by the Oxford Historical Society, containing the substance of lectures on Merton history, with short biographical notices of Wardens and Fellows, up to the early part of the last century.[1] In 1886, another volume by me, containing a compendious summary of University history within a compass of some 220 pages, appeared in a series called "Epochs of Church History," edited by Bishop Creighton. Some of my critics affected surprise at not finding in this summary, rigorously limited in length, subordinate details which might fairly be expected in a classical History of the University, extending over several large volumes; for my own part, I shall be satisfied if my readers find in it an accurate account of the leading events, arranged in just proportion, and expressed in good English. These volumes were followed by an article on "The Evangelical Revival of the Eighteenth Century," which in its origin formed an episode in University history, but could not be given an adequate place in my little synopsis, and by an article on "Oxford in the Middle Ages," being a review of Mr. Maxwell Lyte's excellent "History of the University," from the earliest times to the year 1530—a work which has never been fully appreciated, and which remains to be completed. In 1890 I was invited to deliver

[1] A more complete History of Merton College, partly founded on materials inaccessible to me, has since been published by my colleague, Mr. B. W. Henderson.

a course of three lectures at the Royal Institution on "The place of Oxford University in English History." These lectures covered much the same ground as Mr. Gladstone's more famous Romanes Lecture delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford a year or two afterwards, except that Mr. Gladstone availed himself freely of Mr. H. Rashdall's later researches into the origin of European Universities. My own lectures have never been published, but were reprinted in my "Literary Fragments," privately issued in 1891.

In the year 1889, the municipal constitution of Oxford, which had been highly anomalous, was entirely remodelled. The old Local Board, on which the University had been represented, was merged in the new City Council, in which three Aldermen and seven ordinary Councillors, being one-sixth of the whole body, were allotted to the University. I was elected one of the University Aldermen, and sat for three years on the Council. During this period, I was favourably impressed by the public spirit and capacity for business generally shown by my associates from the City; indeed, I could have wished that some of the latter quality could have been transfused into certain Academical conclaves. Only two burning questions emerged from the ordinary topics of discussion, while I was on the Council, and on both the old feud between the City and the University flickered up into life. One was the proposed erection of a statue to Cardinal Newman on a conspicuous site in Broad Street, which the Duke of Norfolk and

other Catholics had offered to provide at their own expense, and which had been provisionally accepted by some influential citizens. Considering that it was intended to place it within twenty or thirty yards of the stone marking the spot on which Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer were burned to death, I could not but agree with Sir M. E. Grant Duff's remark that, except Smithfield, no more inappropriate site could have been selected in all England for a memorial to Newman. But, apart from this objection, a large majority of Academical residents felt strongly that Newman was not the one *alumnus* of the University who should be singled out as the first to receive this unique honour, while his connection with the City was of the very slightest. The knowledge of this disapproval on the part of the University, was enough to inflame the zeal of citizens into a white heat of hero-worship. Men who had been adverse to public monuments in Oxford, who had probably never read a line of Newman's writings except the hymn "Lead, kindly Light," and whose Nonconformist bias would naturally have been altogether on the other side, became enthusiastic advocates of the statue, and roundly denounced the bigotry of their University colleagues. They carried their point, but the Duke of Norfolk wisely declined to foment an angry controversy at Oxford over the memory of Newman, and withdrew the offer of his statue.

The other question which revived the ancient and ever-latent antagonism between the University

and City was one of which the source may be traced far back into the Middle Ages. It was the question of the Vice-Chancellor's peculiar jurisdiction in causes to which members of the University are parties, and, still more specially, over charges against dissolute women parading the streets. It happened that an alleged miscarriage of justice in a case of this kind had excited a violent agitation against the Vice-Chancellor's jurisdiction at Cambridge, and, though no similar miscarriage was alleged at Oxford, its citizens were resolved not to lag behind those of Cambridge in the assertion of their liberties. A further grievance was the necessity of obtaining the Vice-Chancellor's license for the performance of any stage-play or public entertainment of a like character within the precincts of the City. It is not easy to justify such privileges, in theory, but it is quite certain that, in practice, they are hardly ever abused, and work well for the maintenance of good order in the City no less than in the University. Indeed, it has been doubted whether some of the shrewdest citizens really desire their abolition, partly on this very ground, and partly because they are loth to part with a time-honoured but harmless irritant, which serves a useful purpose in local elections. Many a conference has taken place between the rival authorities, and at one time a reasonable compromise had been framed, but it was thrown over by the City Council, and the dispute is still outstanding, though means have been taken, by private arrangement, to diminish the risk of its becoming acute. The fact is

that public opinion, both in and out of Oxford, greatly exaggerates both the Vice-Chancellor's legal powers, and, still more, those of the Proctors. The Act of George IV., on which the latter are supposed to rest, and which does create a more stringent control over the streets of Oxford than exists in London, practically vests this control not in the Proctors, but in the Oxford constabulary, including the "bulldogs" or sworn constables in the pay of the University, but also including all the constables in the pay of the City. When the matter was being discussed at a Committee of the City Council, I pointed out this popular fallacy, but earnestly advised that nothing should be done to undeceive the people who cherished it. For, as I ventured to argue, though every one on the Committee knew that Vice-Chancellors are almost always just and capable magistrates, sitting in an open court and not in a secret chamber (as was often stated), and though it was equally well known to us that Proctors exercised their very limited rights with discretion, yet it was highly expedient that the disorderly classes should continue to regard the Vice-Chancellor in the light of an inquisitor and the Proctors as constantly resorting to arbitrary search and arrest, since this wholesome delusion operated to protect the youth of the City as well as of the University against the notorious seductions of the Haymarket and Piccadilly. I also pointed out that the same statute which gave the Vice-Chancellor a veto on theatrical performances gave the Mayor, too, a concurrent veto,

and that, if this statute were repealed, supposing the Vice-Chancellor wished to patronise a highly improper and demoralising stage-play, the Mayor would not be able to stop it. These arguments were not accepted as decisive, but they were received as possessing the merit of novelty.

When I ceased to be Alderman for the University at the expiration of my term in 1892, I did not offer myself for re-election, having found it difficult to pull a labouring oar on the City Council, without neglecting other duties. But I have always done my best to promote friendly relations between leading men in the City and University, therein following the example and advice of the late Professor T. H. Green, who did more than any one else to break down the middle wall of partition between them. In accordance with a hint from him, I have made it a practice since 1881 to gather together mixed parties, representative of both, in my own house, after the municipal elections in November, and I have reason to believe that some good has indirectly resulted from these little *réunions*. I have also been for many years on the Governing Body of the Oxford High School for Boys, one of the best City institutions, which has done much to bring forward promising lads from elementary schools, and to give them the means of earning academical distinction. It is hardly to be expected that a complete social amalgamation can be effected between University and City—at least, as long as ladies dominate society, emphasising a marked difference of habits and culture between the commercial and

non-commercial sections of the English middle-class. But, for all other purposes, the *rapprochement* of Town and Gown is yearly gaining strength, and a sufficient proof of its reality is furnished by the fact that while the City buildings were being reconstructed, during the height of the controversy over jurisdiction, all the municipal business was conducted in the Examination Schools, lent for the occasion by the University.

In the meantime, I had been put into the Commission of the Peace by Sir Henry Dashwood, then Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, who had been my only supporter among country gentlemen in my contests at Woodstock. Thenceforth, I was tolerably regular in my attendance at the Bullingdon Petty Sessions, held weekly at Oxford, but exercising jurisdiction over the large district encircling Oxford on the east and north-east beyond the City boundary. This district included Burcote, the residence of Mr. Jabez Balfour, and I remember that, on two occasions, that gentleman attended our Bench, and gave us the benefit of his counsels, as a brother-magistrate. It has been the popular opinion, from Shakespeare's time downwards, that magistrates' cases are of the simplest possible kind, and are decided offhand, with more or less common-sense, but without much regard to law, or much necessity for consulting law-books. Having practised for two or three years at the Somersetshire and Bath Quarter Sessions, I was under no such illusion, and my experience on the Bench causes me to wonder that it should ever have prevailed so

widely. The cases of crime which come before magistrates are not so grave as those received for the Quarter Sessions or the Assizes, but the great difficulty of all, the difficulty of weighing conflicting evidence, is just the same in all courts of justice. The frequent changes in the criminal law must be studied by magistrates as much as by judges, and two such changes, very recently made, have imposed a heavy burden upon them. One of these is the law enabling prisoners to give evidence on oath, which applies to all criminal trials, though not, according to most authorities, to inquests before Grand Juries. The other is the law under which magistrates are charged with the whole responsibility of granting certificates of exemption from Vaccination, a law which reflects little credit on the wisdom or moral courage of Parliament. There are many other classes of cases, outside the criminal law, with which magistrates have to deal, requiring constant references to the Statute-book and an accurate knowledge of procedure. If serious mistakes are seldom made, it is chiefly because magistrates' clerks are generally very competent lawyers, and the most experienced magistrate is generally put into the chair. In both these respects, we of the Bullingdon Bench have been very fortunate, being assisted by a clerk thoroughly versed in all branches of magistrates' law, while our late Chairman, Mr. Thornhill, was a trained barrister with every judicial qualification, and has been replaced by a worthy successor in Sir William Anson. No doubt, magistrates, who personally know the

character of prisoners tried before them, may sometimes find it rather hard to exclude that knowledge from their minds in estimating the weight of evidence, but their colleagues are on their guard against any prejudice of this kind. Whatever Mr. Labouchere may say, I have observed no want of sagacity and love of justice on the magisterial bench, nor any disposition to punish crimes against property more severely than crimes against the person—a bias which I should condemn as strongly as he does. But magistrates, like all judges, have to consider many circumstances which do not appear in abridged newspaper reports. A man, for instance, may be sentenced to one or two months' imprisonment for some petty theft hardly deserving a week's imprisonment if it were a first offence, but perhaps the magistrates had before them a long list of previous convictions. Or a husband may be let off with a light penalty, after beating his wife, for which the angry censor would have sentenced him off-hand to a sound flogging, regardless of the fact that the law gives no such power. But, apart from this slight difficulty, perhaps the magistrates had good reason to believe that he acted under the greatest provocation, or that a light penalty would be greatly preferred by the wife, and conduce to future domestic peace; whereas the censor has perhaps not pictured to himself the return of the flogged husband to the bosom of his family. The new element introduced by Chairmen of District Councils, sitting as *ex officio* magistrates, has yet to be more fully tested, and may possibly incline to weakness in vaccination

cases, for instance; but I can speak very favourably of the judicial capacity shown by my *ex officio* colleagues.

In the year 1887 I was elected to represent the University of Oxford on the Governing Body of Eton College. This body is a good specimen of those created under the Public Schools Commission for the government of what may be called the leading schools of England. The Provost of Eton is, *ex officio*, its chairman, the Provost of King's College is next in precedence, and most of the other nine members are nominated by various learned corporations, one being elected by the masters of Eton itself, and one being appointed by the Lord Chief-Justice of England. Among the members so appointed have been two ex-Lord Chancellors, the late Lord Selborne and Lord Herschell, and the present Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury. Notwithstanding the eminence, and pressing engagements, of some among the Governors, the attendance at meetings has generally been regular, and our proceedings have always been conducted in a spirit of friendly harmony. Still, it may perhaps be doubtful whether so large and heterogeneous a Governing Body is really the best machinery for ruling the affairs of a school like Eton, or rather for ruling that part of its affairs which is not within the very comprehensive province of the Head-master. The most essential function of a Governing Body is the appointment, and, in the last resort, the dismissal of the Head-master; and all are agreed that he should be left, as far as possible, supreme in all

matters of discipline and school administration. But it would be easy, if it were proper, to specify a multitude of subjects, from the management of landed estates and house property down to the regulation of petty domestic charges in boarding-houses, on which the intervention of an independent authority is all but necessary. What that authority should be, is too delicate a question for me to discuss. I will only suggest that, while a large Governing Body may be more trustworthy for the purpose of appointing a Head-master, a smaller Governing Body, thoroughly conversant with the school affairs, and meeting at short intervals, might be more efficient for purposes of general control. In my opinion, the immense popularity of Eton among the richest classes, and the increasing number of entries for boarding-houses, involves difficulties which are not equally felt in any other public school, and on which I will touch lightly. On the one hand, too many parents of this type care little how their sons are taught, so long as they are made happy, and would not support the masters in enforcing upon them even a *minimum* of industry. On the other hand, the vested interests, real or imaginary, of assistant-masters founding their expectations on a rising market, are liable to become a formidable obstacle to arrangements which may be thought necessary in the interests of the school. Many of such difficulties arise out of the system whereby the incomes of senior masters are chiefly derived from the profits of boarding-houses, and there are those who have

the audacity to challenge the absolute perfection of that system.

The administration of Eton has often been the subject of public criticism, and I, for one, do not deprecate such criticism, though it is apt to be strangely misdirected. For instance, I have sometimes heard the Governing Body of Eton accused of a niggardly parsimony in bricks and mortar, whereas those who remember the school as it was "in the forties," when I was a boy, might accuse us, with far more justice, of extravagance in the provision of buildings and playgrounds. Some of our critics have conjured up the ominous vision of a Government Inspector sent down, under the new Secondary Education Act, to spy out the weak points of the School. If such an Inspector were commissioned to study the Eton system, as a whole, and to examine not only schoolrooms, boarding-houses, and educational plant, but the efficiency of teaching, the standard of industry among the learners, and the educational results achieved, I confess that I should await his judgment with some anxiety. In this case, I fear that he would discover shortcomings wholly different from a deficiency in domestic comfort or means of recreation, and would be impressed, not by the scantiness of the school accommodation in any department, still less by the cheapness of Eton education, but, on the contrary, by the fact that expenditure so lavish, both from the pockets of parents and from the endowments of the College, should produce so little fruit of an intellectual kind. But if he were a competent

inspector, he would not throw all the blame of this upon the masters, well knowing how difficult it is for masters to enforce industry, unless loyally supported by parents. Nor would he fail to appreciate the success of Eton not only in turning out gentlemen, but in turning out men eminently qualified for the public service in all its branches.

If, however, he were to look at Eton with the eyes of an architect and surveyor, he would surely form a very favourable impression. In the first place, he would of course admire the grandeur of our noble College Chapel, and he would hear with surprise that, when it proved too small to contain the whole School at once, the expedient of using it for two sections of boys in turns was barely considered, and a new Lower Chapel was built at a cost of many thousand pounds. He would next discover that within the last forty years two immense blocks of schoolrooms had been erected, so that at present there are three or four times as many schoolrooms as there were under Dr. Hawtrey, the worst of which is better than the best of those which then served for 700 or 800 boys. Being informed that none of the old rooms was heated in any way, and that all were overcrowded, he would not see any extravagance in this very liberal increase of accommodation; but he would hardly be prepared to learn that, in the opinion of Eton masters, each of nearly sixty assistants ought to have a separate class-room for himself, that twenty specially-constructed rooms have been claimed for musical teaching alone, and that, although Natural Science has already two

laboratories, a very large extension of buildings is still demanded for that branch of study. If he should pursue his inquiries a little further, he would find that about £40,000 were spent in the course of fourteen years in the construction and conversion of school buildings, over and above the large sums invested by house-masters in the erection and improvement of boarding-houses.

Knowing how large a space athletic sports occupy in the life of English public schools, he would assuredly not grudge the greatest of them an ample proportion of cricket grounds, football grounds, and other appliances for games, but he would as certainly be amazed by the scale of our resources for outdoor amusement. Foremost among these he would reckon the river Thames itself, which Eton, alone of public schools, possesses as an accessory to its splendid recreation grounds on land, and which occupies the athletic energies of at least half the boys during the whole summer. Then he would learn that, while at Rugby and Harrow respectively less than sixteen and less than eighteen acres are allotted to cricket, the old Eton playing fields, containing nearly ten acres of cricket ground, have been enlarged within the last twenty years by the addition of new grounds covering above 100 acres, and costing upwards of £50,000. He would learn that part of this enormous area had been allotted to football, a game which already possessed grounds of its own large enough to excite the envy of any other school, not to speak of racquet-courts or fives-courts, or of the great extent

of practically open country over which Eton boys can and do range freely. Upon the whole, therefore, I do not think an impartial Inspector would pass a severe judgment on the provision made at Eton for athletic exercises, or on its School buildings, including the boarding-houses, in which each boy has a separate bed-room.

# CHAPTER XVIII

## APPEARANCE BEFORE THE SPECIAL COMMISSION

## 1889

Foundation of the "Oxford University Unionist League"—My Presidential address—Motion against me before the Special (Parnell) Commission for contempt of Court alleged to be committed in a passage of this address—My appearance and affidavit—Dismissal of the case—Lord Bramwell's letter—Memorial from Oxford friends.

In accepting the Wardenship of Merton, I abandoned all idea of a Parliamentary career, and felt that, however lawful, it would not be expedient to engage actively in political struggles within the University or City of Oxford. On this principle, I declined overtures from the Liberal Party in the City and in the new division of Mid-Oxfordshire, as well as in other constituencies, and, so far as I remember, my only political speeches in Oxford before 1886 were an Address on "Household Suffrage in Counties," delivered in May 1884, and an Address on "The Duty of Moderate Liberals at the coming Election," delivered in November 1885. My reason for this reticence was not that I had become indifferent to politics after ceasing to be an effective, but chiefly that I held a position which I think inconsistent with the rough and vehement partisanship of elec-

tioneering. Above all, I recognised that, as towards the College, and especially towards its junior members, my character was non-political, and I carried this view so far that I have never once allowed myself to be drawn into any political discussion in the Merton Common-Room, or in conversation with undergraduates. As a citizen, and as one whose life had been spent in forming political convictions, I should not have felt it right to suppress those convictions, but I would not bandy arguments upon them, or attempt to propagate them in Oxford.

The Home Rule crisis forced me to deviate for once, to a certain extent, from these principles. Here was no ordinary issue of party-politics, but the deliberate alliance of those who adhered to Gladstone, with a body of men whom they had denounced as guilty of a criminal and all but treasonable conspiracy. Whether or not the alliance was struck for the purpose of securing a great party majority, was to me a secondary question; it was enough for me that it was a base surrender of interests which I, in common with the whole Liberal party in Great Britain, had maintained as sacred, and the vital importance of which my study of Ireland had brought home to me ever more and more. In such an emergency I felt it a duty to show my colours, and, though I seldom appeared on a platform, I supported the Unionist cause as a speaker at Rugby, Bath, Cambridge, and Farnham, where my nephew, St. John Brodrick, now Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, held a meeting,

as candidate for the Guildford Division of Surrey. I was also among the leading promoters of a Liberal Unionist Association for Oxfordshire, of which the backbone was supplied by University men—among whom I may name Mr. P. Lyttelton Gell, my nephew by marriage, upon whom much of the hard work devolved. We always succeeded in keeping up the best possible relations with the Conservatives, and the crown of our success was the return of Unionist members, in 1895, for all three Divisions of Oxfordshire, as well as for the City of Oxford. I was fortunate enough to assemble all of these, together with both the Unionist members for the University, the Unionist member for the City, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, the Bishop of the diocese, and many of our fellow-labourers, at an Unionist dinner-party in my own house on November 1 of that year. But I am here anticipating the course of events, and must recur to a little episode which rudely disturbed my quiet life during the winter of 1888–89, and attracted some public attention. This episode arose, under circumstances which require explanation, out of the violent controversy which raged over the publication of the celebrated articles on "Parnellism and Crime" by the *Times* newspaper. It will be remembered that some of these articles contained what purported to be facsimiles of letters signed by Mr. Parnell and other Nationalist leaders, which letters were said to show complicity with the Phœnix Park murders and other crimes. Of course, these accusations were furiously

resented by the Home Rule members, and Mr. Parnell at last took up the challenge of the *Times* by instituting an action for libel, but in the meantime a Special Commission was appointed by Parliament to inquire into all the questions, including that of the letters, which had been raised in the obnoxious articles. Of this Commission Sir James Hannen was President, with Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice (now Lord Justice) A. L. Smith for his colleagues. It sat for several months in 1888 and 1889, with the result that its report has been quoted ever since by Home Rulers as an acquittal on the smaller issues, and by Unionists as a conviction on the larger issue.

It happened that while the Special Commission was sitting, I had taken the chief part in founding a society called the "Oxford University Unionist League," and had become its President. In an address delivered at the first meeting of this body on December 1, 1888, I frankly admitted that I had long hesitated to do anything which might seem like encouraging political agitation among the younger members of the University. I stated that, in my opinion, the University, as a place of education and learning, was not a suitable arena for politics, and that, if it were, it would seldom be well for undergraduates to mix themselves up prematurely with political controversy. I justified my departure from academical neutrality partly on the ground that the country was in the throes of a great national crisis, making it the duty of all patriotic citizens to

stand together shoulder to shoulder, in presence of a common enemy and of an overwheming danger; partly on the ground that unscrupulous efforts had been made in Oxford itself "to enlist recruits in the service of the National League—a body which is now on its trial for crimes which shock humanity." "The Irish Qnestion," I said, "has ceased to be a question of mere party politics—it has ceased to be a merely political question, and has become mainly a moral question. The Liberals, headed by Mr. Gladstone, have entered into an open alliance with men who receive their instructions and draw their pay from the foreign enemies of Great Britain, who have declared war against Civil Government itself, and who defy the supremacy of the law. We Unionists might almost say of them in the language of Scripture: 'Our princes are rebellious, and have become the companions of thieves.' There is but one answer to such an alliance. It is the formation of a counter-alliance—that is, of a National Party—and I know no reason why the formation of such a party embracing Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, should not begin at Oxford."

I have ventured to quote this passage, not only as containing an early forecast of the present Unionist Coalition, then in the clouds, but also as throwing light upon another paragraph in the same address, upon which a motion for contempt of Court was actually founded. The full text of that paragraph, abridged in the report of the London papers, is given in the affidavit which I submitted to the

Court, and which I reproduce on a later page of this chapter. It may appear incredible to any one who reads it fairly, and ought to have been impossible, that an utterance of this kind, ironical on the face of it, and perfectly harmless, even if it had been serious, should be treated for a moment as a "contempt of Court"—that is, as adapted, if not intended, to interfere with the course of justice. But things which are impossible are constantly happening, and the Special Commissioners innocently fell into a trap skilfully devised for the purpose of shielding another person at my expense. On December 14, 1888, an application was made by the Attorney-General before the Commission against Mr. William O'Brien, described as the proprietor of *United Ireland*, for a contempt of Court, alleged to have been committed by the publication of an article in that paper. This article, read in Court, was represented to convey not only libellous reflections on the conduct of the prosecution, but gross imputations on the impartiality of the Court itself. Before the President had expressed any opinion upon it, Mr. Reid, Q.C., as counsel for Mr. Dillon, Mr. E. Harrington, and other Irish members of Parliament, started up and made a similar application against myself, founded on a passage, carefully divorced from its context, in the condensed *Times* report of "what purports to be" the address delivered by me on December 1. This passage he declared to be "a clear comparison of Mr. Davitt and Mr. Dillon with an infamous criminal." He stated that the matter had been under his considera-

tion for several days, but that he shrunk from pressing it on the attention of the Court until the Attorney-General brought his charge against Mr. O'Brien. In other words, the language used by me, thus garbled, was to be treated as a set-off to that used by Mr. O'Brien, in the hope that the Court might deal the same measure to both of us. This *ruse* proved entirely successful, but in one important respect I received scantier justice than Mr. O'Brien. In his case, the Court pointed out more than once the necessity of "a proper affidavit," as well as notice, unless the requirement of an affidavit should be waived, and Mr. O'Brien's proprietorship of *United Ireland* admitted. This was forthwith done on his behalf by Mr. Reid, and the Attorney-General further stated, without contradiction, that the proprietorship had already been proved at an earlier stage of the proceedings. In my case, no such affidavit was required, and the President, without any more inquiry, authorised Mr. Reid to give me notice to appear on the first day of the next sitting, that is to say, on January 14, 1889. For, though it had been proposed to sit on the following day, or the following Tuesday, in order to deal with both applications promptly, it turned out that Mr. O'Brien was in Ireland, and so they were allowed to stand over during the recess.

The preposterous charge thus sprung upon me first came to my notice through a placard summarising the contents of an evening newspaper, which I happened to see at the Richmond Station. On reaching London, I immediately took steps to inform

the President that I should appear in Court the next morning and answer for myself, little knowing that an adjournment of a whole month had been arranged, during which interval I should have this sword hanging over me. I was most anxious to conduct my own case, feeling sure that, by a plain statement of the circumstances, and a simple rehearsal of the paragraph containing the sentences extracted, I could easily expose and explode the whole proceeding. However, in deference to the advice of Sir Henry James (now Lord James), I determined to seek legal assistance, and, as he felt himself unable to speak on my behalf (being already engaged as Counsel for the *Times*), I placed myself in the hands of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, already a rising barrister, on whose tried friendship I knew that I could thoroughly rely. It was decided that my answer to the application should be embodied in an affidavit, drawn by myself, to which Mr. Lyttelton should add any remarks or explanations which he might find necessary. On Jan. 14, when the Court resumed its sittings after the recess, Sir C. Russell, now Lord Russell, made another application for a contempt of Court against the *Worcester Daily Times*, the hearing of which was postponed, after an earnest protest by the President against the multiplication of such interruptions. The Attorney-General then brought forward the case of Mr. O'Brien, who, being present, elected to speak for himself, and made a spirited defence of the article in *United Ireland*, part of which, had I followed him, I might have been disposed to adopt. After a brief reply

from the Attorney-General, the Court reserved its decision, and my own case was called on. Having defined my position in a most conciliatory tone, Mr. Lyttelton proceeded to read my affidavit, which I here subjoin *verbatim*, as it contains the whole substance of my argument,—an argument which ought never to have been required at all, and mainly consisted in the interpretation of language which clearly interpreted itself:

"In answer to the application made to this Honourable Court by Mr. Reid, Q.C., on the 14th day of December last, I, George Charles Brodrick, make oath and say as follows:—

"1. I desire respectfully to state that I do not disavow the substance of the words cited by Mr. Reid, but that I do repudiate, most strongly and most indignantly, the construction which it is sought to force upon them. I deny absolutely that in the passage cited I said anything constituting or resembling a 'contempt of Court,' either by showing disrespect towards the Special Commission—for which no man entertains a higher respect than I do—or by commenting directly or indirectly on its proceedings, or by prejudging any one of the issues now before the Commission.

"2. I respectfully submit for the consideration of the Court the circumstances under which I spoke and the context of the passage cited. I was addressing a private assembly, mainly composed of Oxford undergraduates, and my one object in the introductory paragraph to which exception is taken, was to ridicule, in a spirit of good-humoured banter, the love of innovation and of sensational notoriety-hunting prevalent in a certain school of young Oxford politicians. This is self-evident on the face of the paragraph itself, which I here subjoin, and the whole

of which, as the Court will see, is conceived in that spirit:—

"'And first I would point out that our main object is defensive. That is more than our opponents can say. Their policy and tactics are essentially aggressive, and this —strange to say—gives them a great advantage, specially in appealing to young Oxford minds. Some of you may remember the old Parliamentary squib in which the Radical reformers are described as framing a motion, "to abolish the sun and the moon," and if such a measure were proposed by Mr. Gladstone, I do believe that it would be easier to get up an association in Oxford to support the abolition of those ancient institutions than it would be to rouse enthusiasm in favour of maintaining them. And so we have not only a Home Rule League, which undergraduates of advanced views have been earnestly pressed to join, but also, as I understand, an Oxford branch of the National League, with a Nonconformist minister for its president, which has not yet taken any very active part in organising outrage, so far as I know, but which may yet succeed in attracting the attention of the Parnell Inquiry Commission. We have also already had visits from Mr. H. George, Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Davitt Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Healy, and my impression is that it the Whitechapel murderer could be identified, he would be invited to lecture by an Oxford club which I could name if I thought proper.'

"3. There are three allusions of the same character in this paragraph. I would ask whether the first is to be construed seriously as attributing to Mr. Gladstone an intention to move for the abolition of the heavenly bodies? If not, is the second to be construed seriously as attributing to an Oxford branch of the National League the design of organising outrage, and thus coming within the cognisance of the Commission? If not, is the last to be construed seriously as purporting to associate and compare, in respect of criminality, gentlemen represented

before the Commission—and not only these, but Mr. Henry George and Mr. Hyndman—with the most atrocious of unknown murderers? The very extravagance of the supposed parallel is enough to rebut so absurd a construction. However, since it has been gravely urged, I hasten to admit that if such had been the real purport of the allusion, I should have been guilty of a grievous impropriety and injustice towards the gentlemen named, including Mr. H. George and Mr. Hyndman, as well as those represented before the Commission. But I can assure the Court, and I can assure these gentlemen—if they care to accept my assurance—that no such idea ever crossed my mind. The single idea present to my mind was the idea of notoriety, and not that of criminality. Having named several gentlemen notorious for their advocacy of extreme opinions on various subjects, all of whom had been invited to lecture at Oxford, I suggested, by way of climax and *reductio ad absurdum*, the invitation of the Whitechapel murderer, simply as the most notorious personage that occurred to me. Perhaps it was not the most felicitous illustration which could have been chosen, but I am certain that no man who heard me understood me for one moment to associate Irish Nationalists with the Whitechapel murderer *in point of criminality*, and I maintain that no rational man reading the passage would put so preposterous a construction upon it.

"4. The rest of the speech referred to in the summons has been greatly abridged in the *Times* report, which embodies but one-third of the original. It contains strong expressions of political convictions, which I believe that I share with the whole Unionist party, and strong reflections on the revolutionary movement in Ireland; but I submit that it contains no expression of opinion upon the subject matter of the present inquiry, nor any statement imputing criminality to Mr. Reid's clients, or calculated to prejudice in the smallest degree the conduct of these proceedings. Not only had I no such intention, but I

abstained throughout from touching upon topics which might appear to fall within the jurisdiction of this Commission, acknowledging, as I do, that it is the duty of every fair-minded man to suspend his judgment on all matters which are now *sub judice*.

"5. This is my explanation, and I leave it with entire confidence in the hands of the Court. If I have erred unwittingly, I beg to express my sincerest regret. But I submit to the Court—as a matter of reason and common-sense—that my words, fairly interpreted, were perfectly innocent. Were it necessary or relevant, I should be prepared to contend that I did not overstep the legitimate bounds of political discussion. But this is not the question before the Commission. The question before the Commission is exclusively one of 'contempt of Court.' Now, I submit once more to the Court, that I said not a word that can possibly be construed to show disrespect for its authority, or to comment directly or indirectly on its proceedings, or to prejudge any one of the issues now pending before it. I therefore appeal to the Court, most respectfully, but most earnestly, to acquit me honourably of an offence which, I declare on my honour, was as remote from my thoughts as it is repugnant to my character. GEORGE C. BRODRICK."

After reading this affidavit, Mr. Lyttelton commented on the delay in taking proceedings against me, as a proof that Mr. Reid's charge was "in the nature of a counter claim." He went on to submit "that it would be a monstrous injustice, if words which are absolutely innocent in themselves should have an odious construction placed upon them, simply because complaint has been made against another person with whom Mr. Brodrick has no connection whatever." Instead of withdraw-

ing from this offensive construction, Mr. Reid, in reply, insisted that it was the natural one, until Mr. Justice A. L. Smith pointed out that it was negatived by the suppressed context. Mr. Reid then fell back on the contention that I ought at all events to have expressed regret *if my language was capable of that construction*, whereupon Sir J. Hannen pointed out that I had distinctly expressed that conditional regret, and Mr. Lyttelton emphatically repeated the disavowal made in the affidavit itself. Nothing remained but a formal declaration from the President, that, upon a perusal of the whole passage containing the words impugned, the Court accepted my assurance and saw no cause for its intervention.

So ended this frivolous and vindictive attempt to damage the Unionist cause through me,—as though I had any claim to be treated as a standard-bearer of the party. On the same day, and on a later occasion, Sir James Hannen, whom I knew personally, expressed a wish to discuss the matter privately with me, but I firmly declined, and, on his pressing me, told him plainly that I feared I could not do so, without being guilty of *a real contempt of Court*. It is needless to say that, while I received a shower of condolences and congratulations from Unionist and even non-Unionist friends, I was vilified for some weeks by the Home Rule press. Out of many sympathetic letters I select that of Lord Bramwell, as expressing the deliberate judgment of an eminently judicial mind :—

"17 Cadogan Place,
*Jan.* 25, 1889.

"Dear Mr. Brodrick,—I have read the speech, and for the first time rightly understood and known what it was that you said. I am utterly surprised that any one could have considered it a contempt of Court, or any imputation on the Home Rulers. And, as to saying that you liken them to the Whitechapel murderer, it is preposterous. You say that in Oxford there are people with extravagant notions, and in particular one club which would give a hearing to the Whitechapel murderer. So far from saying that the Home Rulers are murderers, you by implication say that they are not. For you say that certain persons had been to Oxford, and that even the murderer would be invited by one club. Besides, George and Hyndman are not Home Rulers, or at least not notorious as such. It really was outrageous to charge this as a contempt. I thought Reid ungracious, and, to say the truth, I thought Hannen cold. *I cannot but think now that he ought to have severely denounced the proceeding.* I have the highest regard and respect for him. He is the perfection of a judicial character. I wonder if he apprehended the matter rightly.—Very truly yours,

"Bramwell."

A few weeks later a kindly memorial was presented to me, bearing the signatures of some 130 Oxford friends, including several professed Home Rulers. It repudiated indignantly the false accusation of which I had been the subject, and I valued it highly as a gratifying proof of confidence, but, as it was marked "private," it was of course useless as a protest or protection against public attacks. A more effective testimonial from my fellow-Unionists was an invitation to preside at the

next dinner of the Liberal Unionist Club, when Lord Derby was the chief guest. I accepted this office, but on the morning of the appointed day came the news of John Bright's death. The dinner was therefore put off until May 18, 1889, when I was in the chair, and Lord Derby made a characteristic speech, full of inspired common-sense, in the utterance of which he was so great a master.

# CHAPTER XIX

## RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

Fallacies of forecasts—Temptations of optimism in retrospect—Ground for a hopeful view of the national health.

No man can look back over a life of nearly seventy years, and forward into the opening vista of a new century, without framing to himself some estimate of his own times, and even some forecast of those which are to follow them. Such forecasts, however, whether optimistic or pessimistic, must needs be highly delusive, if, indeed, they are not in their very nature presumptuous. One simple reason for this is that, although we may clearly discern tendencies, we cannot possibly know which of them are destined to die away, and which of them to prevail. Another is, that very much—though not so much as hero-worshippers believe—must depend on the action of epoch-making individuals, whose birth and death are equally beyond the range of prediction. The men of the eighteenth century would have been quite impotent to cast the horoscope of the nineteenth century, and who are we that we should rashly attempt to cast the horoscope of the twentieth century? It is but a few years since my old friend, Mr. C. H. Pearson, indulged in speculations of this

kind in his volume entitled "National Life and Character." They attracted great attention, were treated with great respect, and purported to rest on an almost scientific basis. Yet the war between China and Japan, with its momentous sequel, was sufficient to upset some of his most important conclusions, and had he lived to revise them by the light of those events, he must have rewritten much of his work. No—let us frankly recognise the fact that we can no more foretell the future course of national life than we can that of individual life, though in both cases we may do something to influence that course.

Retrospect, no doubt, is safer than prophecy, and yet how few retrospective eulogies of the Queen's reign, put forth in the Jubilee years of 1887 and 1897, were untainted by a certain *fin de siècle* spirit of self-complacency. We justly congratulated ourselves on our progress in material civilisation, typified by railways, steam-vessels, telegraphs, and engineering works; on our social progress, as represented by the spread of education and refinement in manners; on our intellectual progress, chiefly shown in the marvellous development of Natural Science; on the constant growth of inventions for the increase of human comfort and the relief of human suffering. But who ventured to point out that in the ominous advance of Socialism, and what Socialists call "Militaryism," we are confronted with two portentous evils and dangers to civilisation, which go far to balance its conquests in other directions? Certain it

is that we seem to be further removed from the Millennium of social and international peace than we appeared to be some fifty years ago, however grateful we may and ought to be for the benefits that we have secured in the meantime. Whatever be the subject on which we are tempted to claim superiority to former ages, we may find something to rebuke our vanity, and to warn us against undue admiration of our own times.

After all, however, it is a legitimate and profitable question whether, on the whole, our world is a better world than that in which our grandfathers were living before the Queen's accession. Now, if the happiness of men, women, and children be the supreme test of world-bettering, as it should be the supreme aim of statesmanship, there is surely no self-deception in believing that we in this country have indeed reached a higher stage. The mere fact that population has been doubled is not in itself conclusive, for misery and crime might possibly have increased in still greater proportion; but the plain fact that we have twice as many fellow-citizens as before, with less misery and less crime than before, cannot but indicate an accession of human happiness. Most of the unfavourable symptoms which now cause us anxiety are outweighed by a general improvement in the national health. Life is assuredly better worth living for the mass of the poor than it was two generations ago; they are better paid, better fed, better housed, better clothed, better taught, and better provided with innocent recreations. No less

true is it that life is more enjoyable for all those of the middle and upper classes who know the meaning of reasonable enjoyment. Luxury and the love of pleasure may be carried to excess, but the innocent luxuries of one age are the comforts of the next, and a taste for refined pleasures, such as those of Music and Art, is not only an important element of happiness, but in harmony with the highest ideal of life. Let us take comfort in the belief that English society at the end of the nineteenth century is permeated with public spirit and the sense of public duty to a degree which atones for many grievous failings. Ours is not an age of faith; it is not even a religious age, if religion be measured by spiritual devotion; yet it is an age in which a truly Christian philanthropy is no longer confined to philanthropists or to Christians, but has been accepted by the national conscience as it never was in the olden days. Whether the new gospel of philanthropy will be perverted into the creed of Socialism, or purified and ennobled by a new inspiration of personal and practical Christianity, is a problem reserved for another century. For us, "that is a secret which lies behind the veil."

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